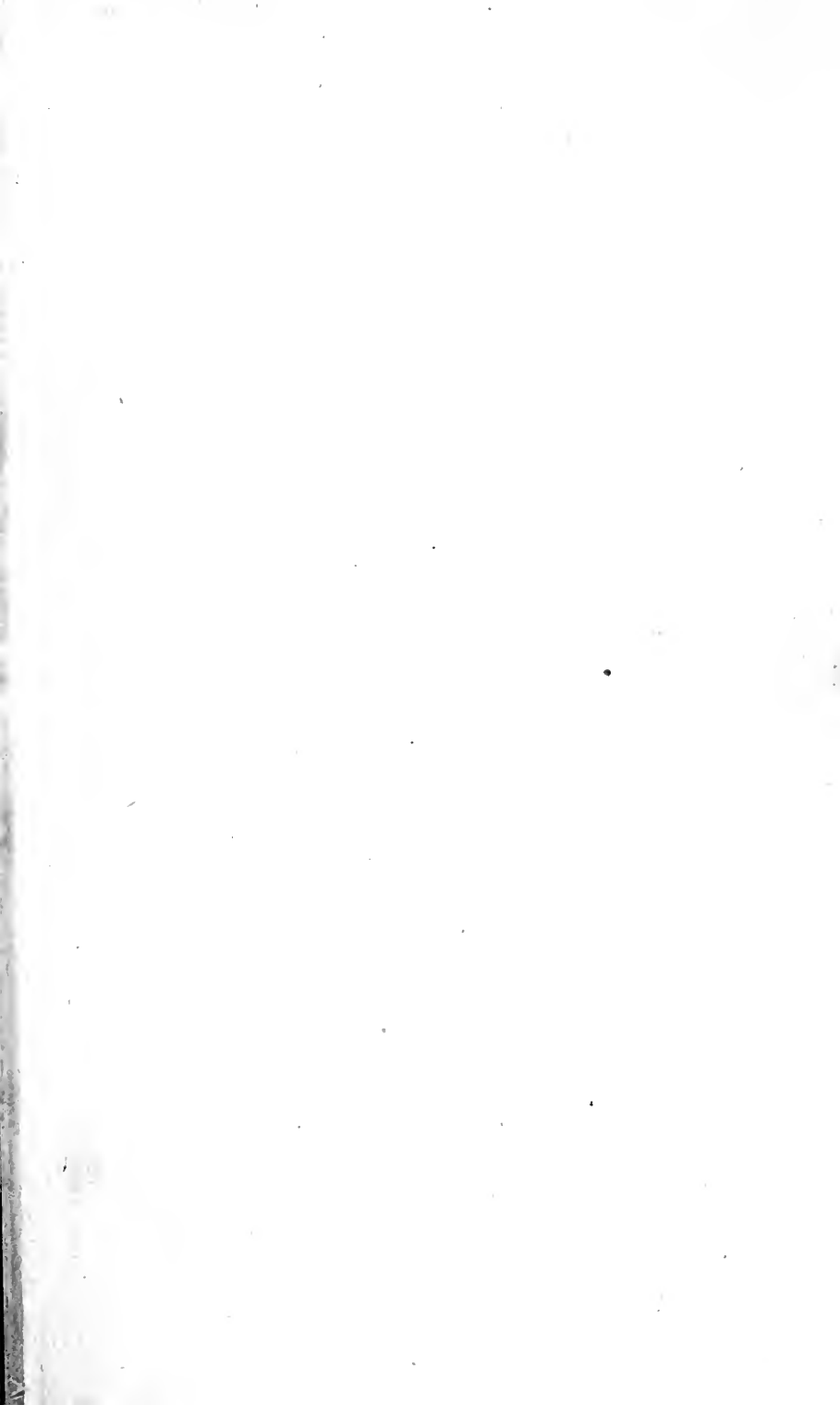
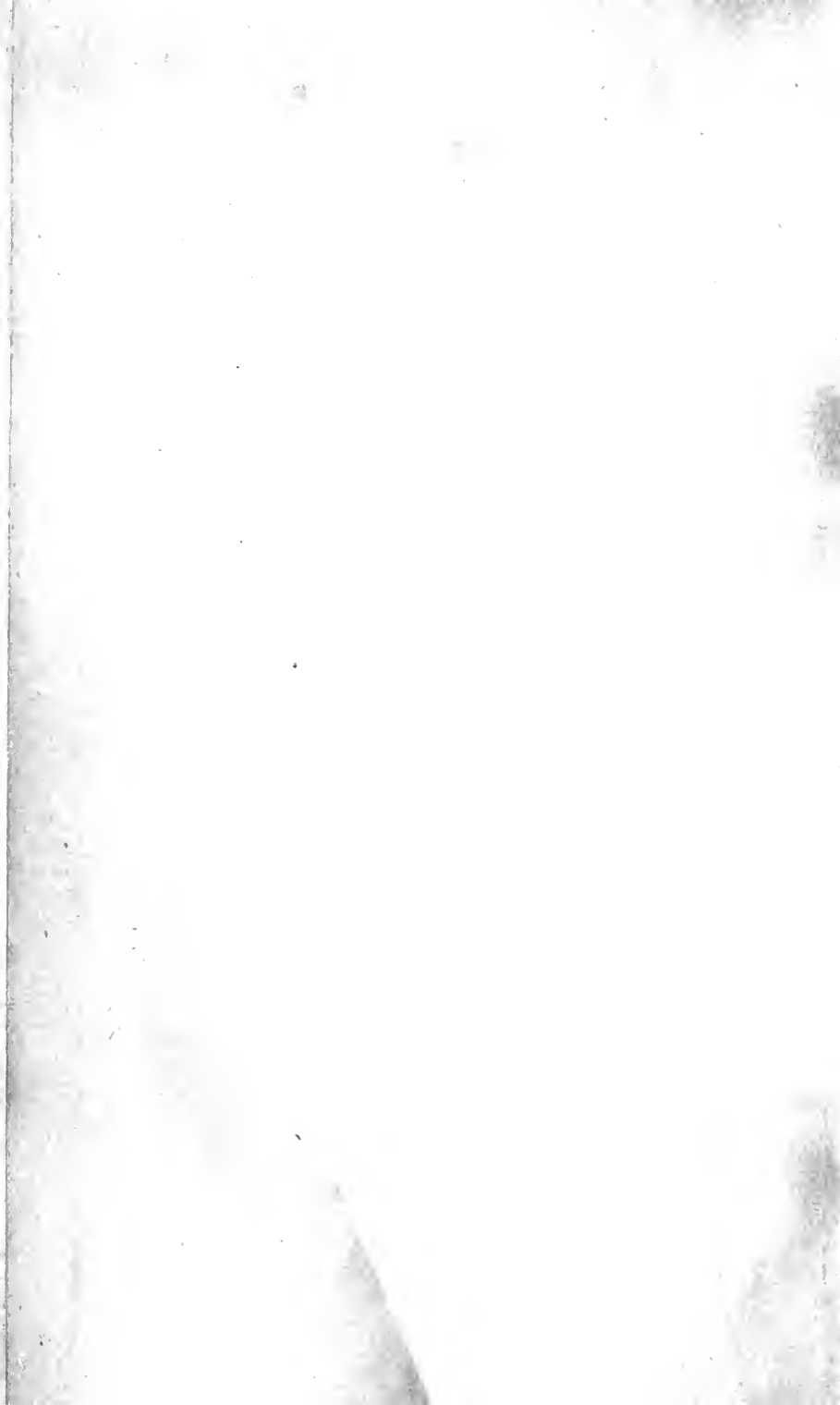
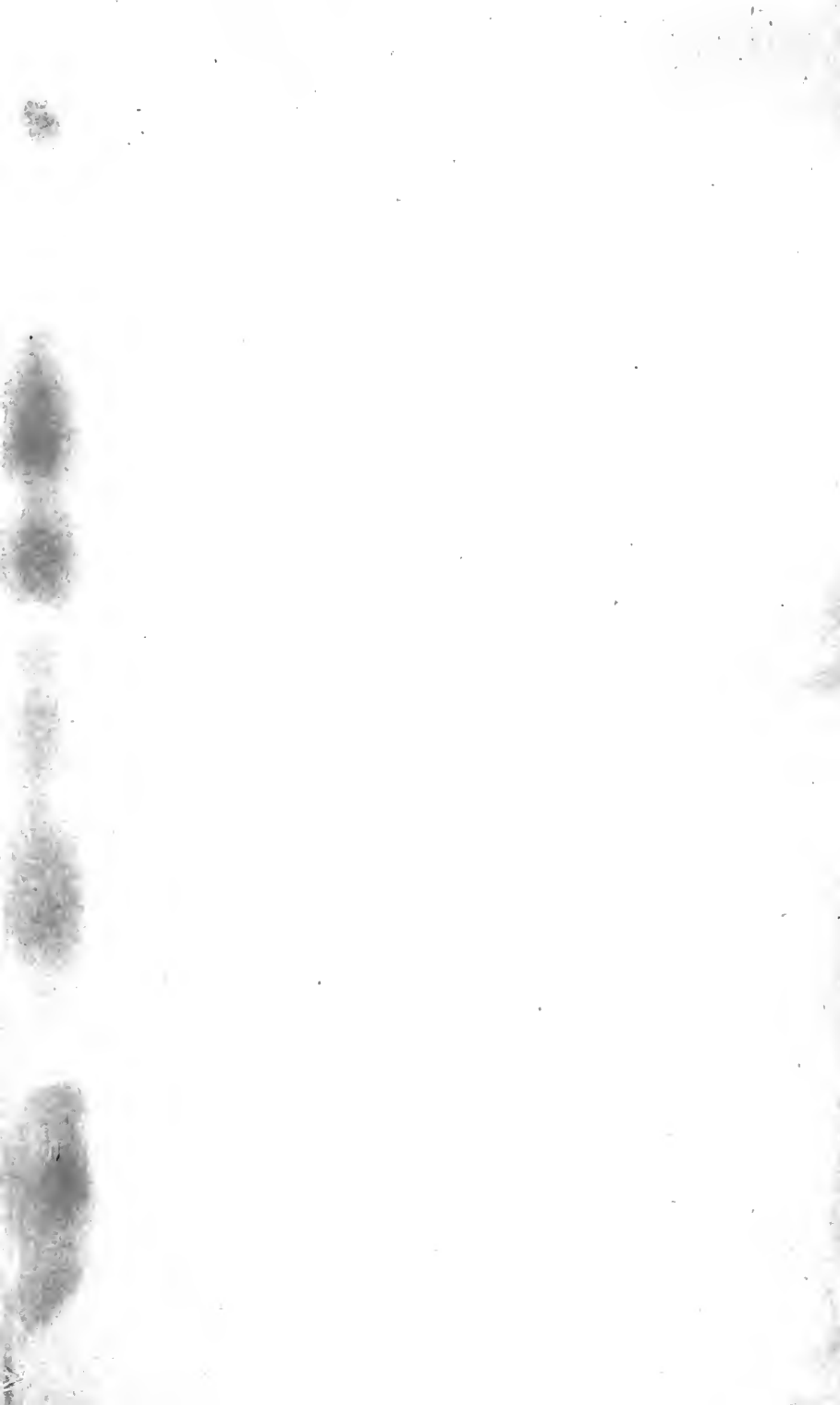


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MY BOOK.

MY BÓOK is tó mysélf so like,
Ánd there 's so féw mysélf who like,
I féar there 's féw my Bóok will like.
Íf I had cáred to páint less like
Únádorned Náture, ánd more like
Dáubings of Bóz, Phiz, ánd such like
Cáricatúrists, móre would like
Mé and my Bóok, fewer dislike.

MY BÓOK is a bazáar
In which my poems áre
Each óne a separate shóp;
If in this one you don't find
What 's exáctly to your mínd,
Intó the next one póp.

JAMES HENRY.

WA'SENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN,

Full of 1853.

BOOKSELLER.

Búy this bóok, it is a géod one,
Fúll of sénse and wít and léarning.
Think of thé poor áuthor pining,
Hálf fed, hálf clad, in a gárret.

Hé has máde me his recéiver,
Fáithfullý with him I 'll réckon.
Búy his bóok, it is a chéap one,
Fór three shillings yóu shall háve it.

Thánk you, Sír; of thése three shillings
Thréé pence cléar goes tó the áuthor,
Óut of which he 'll páy the printer;
Í 've the bálance fór my tróuble.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 8. 1853.

POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Réistry preserves the date,
Thirtéenth Decémber, Nínety éight,
When first the spíndle óf my fáte
Begán to twírl, and át Fiftéen
Of Hóggín ónce, now Cóllege, Gréen,
In the Írish cápital óf our Quéen,
I éntered ón this mórtal státe,
Néarly two thóusand yéars too láte,
A chúbby, hándsome, héálthy bóy,
My fáther's príde, my móther's jóy.
At twó years óld I 'd léarned to wálk
Ánd my half-nátive lánguage tálk;
Fórtý months ólder wént to schóol,
Whére I was fórced to líve by rúle,
To spéll, make fígures, ánd to hámmér
Hárd at the quírks and quérks of grámmar.
My Máster wás one Jóseph Húttón,
Black brówed, black dréssed, black évery búttón;
Grim, féruled týrant! skílled to rúle
By féar, not lóve, his íll-taught schóol;
Who cóuld of Chrístian chárity préach,
Yet knéw each schóolboy bý his bréech.
At tén I fírst begán to dánce;
At twélve I 'd wíttén a románce
Fúll of the Arábian táles and Hómer,

Minérva, Márs, and cáliph Ómar.

At fourteen, sént to grópe for knówledge
Amóng the mónks of Trinity Cóllege,
I léarned each hád an íncome cléar
Of twice five húndred póunds a yéar;
For which he tóok an óath to préach
Staunch órthodóxy, ánd to téach
Saint Pátrick's rising gènération
To knów, by cértain cálculation,
How mány times four póps make éight,
And whý a cúrved line is not stráight.
Fíftéen and hálf yéars óld, one dáy —
'Twas in this flówery mónth of Máy —
A páir of blúe eyes béamed on me
So sóftly, swéetly, ténderly,
I áll at ónce forgót books, knówledge,
And órthodóxy ánd my cóllege;
All vánished, like dissólving víews,
Fróm my young bráin, or, if ye chóose,
Fróm my poor héart, and in their pláce
Came áirs angélie, fórms of gráce,
Vísions of cónstancy and trúth,
Dréams of unchánging lóve and yóuth.
I gázed, I wished, I hóped, I sighed;
She smíled, looked sád, and droóped and díed;
Ánd I had wépt, ere quíte sixtéén,
Upón the chùrchyard híllock gréen,
That ánswered cöldly tó my sighs:—
For éver clósed those bríght, blúe éyes;
Corrúption, clóds and wórms dwell hére;
Áwáy, young mán, dry úp that téar.

Ígnorant, árdent, ánd seventéen,
Médícine 's a glórious thíng, I wéen:

How nêar a Gód is hé who cãn
 Assuáge the pángs of bróther mán,
 Smóoth the sick píllow, ánd, with bálm
 Pótent the thróbbing púlse to cálm,
 Wóo to the áching lîds coy Sléep,
 And plúnge the sênsê in Léthe déep.
 Five yéars, long yéars, I visitéd
 Éarly and láte the póor man's béd,
 Lîved midst contágion, fîlth and gróans,
 Póred over déad men's móuldering bónes,
 Or wîth the anátomîser's knîfe
 And microscópe tracked súbtle Life
 Fróm her outwórks through nêrve and véin
 Ínto her dónjon ín the bráin,
 And thénce to hér outwórks agáin,
 Báckwards and fórdwards, róund and róund,
 O'er áll th' enchánted cástle's gróund —
 Ín váin! ín váin! — I béat the áir —
 She hás been hêre, she hás been thêre;
 Her fóotprints thêy are évery whêre;
 Bút the fay's sêlf — put úp thy knîfe —
 Thou sêek'st thysêlf, thysêlf art Life.

A Dóctor léarnéd at twénty twó,
 Gréat is my wónder Í 've so féw
 Sick cálls; what cãn the réason bé
 Scarce ónce a mónth drops in a fée?
 There 's Dóctor Lâncet — éunning féllow! —
 Pósting bý in his cárriage yéllow;
 I dóubt if hé could diagnóse
 'Twixt Scárlatína ánd the Róse,
 Yét his door knócker 's ídle néver,
 Ánd abóut he 's gálloping éver,
 Paying minute vísits tó the sick,

And writing récipés so quick
 His pills and pówders, draughts and dróps,
 Jóstle in the chémists' shóps.
 I knów five times as mûch as hé,
 Yet rãrely cómes a cáse to mé;
 What is — what cãn the réason bé?
 I 'll ásk himsélf — who knóws so wél?
 Knóws, to be sùre — but will he téll?
 I 'll trý. Betíde the wórst that will,
 Small wáy is máde by sitting still.
 Knock knóck, knock knóck:— "Doctor at hómé?"
 "Yés sir, step in." "Doctor, I 'm cóme
 To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,
 How 'tis you gét so mány fées,
 So kéepe in ápple-pie condition,
 While Í, no léss a góod physicián,
 Pérish, almóst, of inanítion."
 The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—
 "I think I knów your cáse," he sáid;
 "Yón study sickness ánd deséase;
 Théy have no móney, páy no fées.
 Í study mén, and mén to pléase;
 Mén have the móney, páy the fées."
 "But if the pátient chãnce to díe?" —
 "Why, thén *God* killed him, ánd not Í;
 Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —
 Áll that recóver Í have cúred."
 I bówed and thãnkéd him, ánd saw cléar
 Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar,
 Fame, liveries and yéllow cóach,
 Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;
 And wéepeing Hónor ón the right
 With óutspread wings ready for flight:—
 "Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll nót part só;

Together through the world we 'll go:
Fold up thy wings —" and, as I spoke,
Vanished into thin air, like smoke,
Coach, liveries, and income clear
Two thousand sterling pounds a year.

Till twenty eight my destiny
Kept her best gift in store for me —
A second self, than self more dear —
My paper 's blotted — 'tis a tear:
Four years two months ago this day
In South Tiról a corpse she lay.
Wreathed round with lily and with rose
In yonder marble vase repose
The relics of her funeral pyre,
The cinders that survived the fire.
Still twenty years the lot be mine,
Fresh roses round that urn to twine
And on the garland drop a tear,
As I renew it year by year;
Then come, my child — my Katharine, come —
That urn is my long-chosen home;
There lay my cinders, and each year
Honor thy parents with a tear
And a fresh wreath; and, when at last
Thou too through life's long death hast past,
Rejoin thy parents in their urn,
And there with them to dust return,
Happy if some kind heart a tear
Drop on that urn the following year,
Or hang fresh wreath of rosemary,
And sigh, and say:— "I knew the three."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

And writing récipés so quick
His pílls and pówders, draughts and dróps,
Jóstle in the chémists' shóps.
I knów five times as mûch as hé,
Yet rãrely cómes a cáse to mé;
What is — what cãn the réason bé?
I 'll ásk himsélf — who knóws so wél?
Knóws, to be sùre — but will he téll?
I 'll trý. Betíde the wórst that will,
Small wáy is máde by sitting still.
Knock knóck, knock knóck:— “Doctor at hóme?”
“Yés sir, step in.” “Doctor, I 'm cóme
To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,
How 'tis you gét so mány fées,
So kéepe in ápple-pie condition,
While Í, no lèss a góod physician,
Pérish, almóst, of inanítion.”
The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—
“I think I knów your cáse,” he sáid;
“Yóu study sickness ánd deséase;
Théy have no móney, páy no fées.
Í study mén, and mén to pléase;
Mén have the móney, páy the fées.”
“But if the pátient chãnce to díe?” —
“Why, thén *God* killed him, ánd not Í;
Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —
Áll that recóver Í have cúred.”
I bówed and thãked him, ánd saw cléar
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar,
Fame, liveries and yéllow cóach,
Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;
And wéepeing Hónor ón the right
With óutspreáded wings ready for flight:—
“Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll nót part só;

Together through the world we 'll go:
Fold up thy wings —" and, ás I spóke,
Vánished into thin áir, like smóke,
Coach, liveries, and income cléar
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar.

Till twénty éight my déstiný
Képt her best gift in stóre for mé —
A sécond sélf, than sélf more déar —
My páper 's blótted — 'tis a téar:
Four yéars two mónths agó this dáy
In Sóuth Tiról a córpse she láy.
Wreathed róund with líly ánd with róse
In yónder márble vâse repóse
The rélies óf her fúnéral pýre,
The cinders thát survived the fire.
Still twénty yéars the lótt be míne,
Fresh róses róund that úrn to twíne
Ánd on the gárland dróp a téar,
Ás I renéw it yéar by yéar;
Then cóme, my child — my Kátharine, cóme —
That úrn is mý long-chósen hóme;
There láy my cinders, ánd each yéar
Hónor thy párents with a téar
Ánd a fresh wréath; and, whén at lást
Thou too through lífe's long déath hast pást,
Rejóin thy párents in their úrn,
And thére with thém to dúst retúrn,
Háppy if sóme kind héart a téar
Dróp on that úrn the fólloving yéar,
Or háng fresh wréath of rósemary,
And sígh, and sáy:— "I knéw the thrée."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

POET AND MUSE.

Now, wáyward Múse,
You 'll nót refúse
 To síng a sóng,
A vérse or twó
Of sómething nów,
 And nót too lóng,

Síng it yoursélf,
Poétic élf,
 It 's yóu 're inspíred;
You 've drágged me thróugh
Both óld and nów,
 Till Í am tíred,

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

EDWARD AND ROSALIE.

There 's a knock at the door, there 's a pull at the bell,
There 's a step on the stair, and she knows the step well;
The work drops from her hand, and she bounds cross the floor,
And the same arms enclasp her, that clasped her of yore —
That clasped her at parting, when o'er the wide sea
To the wars Edward went, from his fair Rosalie:—
“Now, Edward, my Edward, thou look'st thin and pale;
What 's befallen thee, my loved one? What can Edward ail?
Hast been sick, or a prisoner? or travelled too far
And too fast home again from the long Turkish war?”
“I have not been prisoner, I have not been sick;
And who to his bride home e'er travelled too quick?
No, Rosalie, Rosalie — But I 'll not speak
The fatal word out — rather let my heart break.”
“Speak it out, renegade — for the Crescent I see
Glittering here on thy breast, where the Cross used to be —
Speak it out, renegade — then for ever farewell —
From this hour I 'm the cloister's — thou hearest the bell.”
“One moment, one moment, my Rosalie, stay —
I 'm no longer poor Edward; I 'm rich Osman Bey;
The steed 's at the door, and not far off the sea
Where the ship rocking lies that shall this night with me
Far away from the Christian's land bear Rosalie.”

"I know thee not, recreant — ah, black, dismal day! —
Poor Edward my truth has, not rich Osman Bèy.
Away o'er the waters without Rosalie —
I give thee thy truth back — away — thou art free."
He 's gone down to the ship, he 's away o'er the sea,
And the cloister gate 's closed upon fair Rosalie;
True lover 's for ever from true lover parted,
He in sorrow to live, she to die broken hearted.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 29. 1853.

DING DONG.

"Ding dong, Ding dong,
Póosting alóng
Through the móorning áir,
Stop thére, stop thére."
"What wóuld'st thou sáy?
Be brief I práy,
The minutes flý,
Short time have Í
In chát to spénd;
Make háste, good friend."
"Few wóords will dó;
Just téll me trúe,
When Í am déad
And ón my héad
By séxton's spáde
The gréensward 's láid,
Únder the sháde

Of yón grey bírch
Behind the chúrch,
What wilt thou sáy
Upón that dáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong dǐng, Ding dóng."

"One móment móre —
And íf, befóre
The séxton's spáde
The swárd has láid
Upón my héad,
I chánce to wéd,
And léad a bride
In beauty's príde
Úp the church áisle,
Méeting the smíle
Of friends, and shówers
Of bright spring flówers,
What wilt thou sáy
Upón that dáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong dǐng, Ding dóng."

"And whén my bride
Lies bý my síde
Únder the swárd
Of thát churchyárd,
And séxton's spáde
Has éven máde
Her sód with míne,
And children twíne
Sweet églantine
And jéssamine

Round that grey birch
Behind the church,
Or sit and weep
By the new raised heap,
Oft wondering why
Up to the sky
Mother should go
That loved them so —
Upon that day
What wilt thou say?"
"Ding dong, Ding dong,
Dong ding, Ding dong."

"Begone, Ding dong;
Thou 'st staid too long.
Through the morning air
Whitherso'er,
Or quick or slow,
Thou lik'st to go,
Begone, Ding dong,
And sing thy song.
Whether thou guide
To th' altars side
Bridegroom and bride,
Or to the tomb
Bride and bridegroom,
I care not, so
From hence thou go,
Sad voice of woe.

GOOD NIGHT.

Sweet, good night;
Till morning light
In slumber lie,
Then come and stay
By me all day
And I 'll not sigh.

Sweet, good night;
Till morning light
Dream but of me,
Who dream alway
Both night and day
Only of thee.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow, Sweet;
Pleasant to meet
Thee and the light;
Dark without thee
Were day to me,
Dark as midnight.

Good morrow, Sweet;
Pleasant to meet
Thee and the light;
Stay but with me,
And I 'll not see
Darkness in night.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht.

Aus dem Englischen des Dr. J. Henry.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!
Bis der Morgen lacht
Ruh' in Schlummer gewiegt.
Dann komm, bleib hier
Den Tag bei mir,
So seufz' ich nicht.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!
Bis der Morgen lacht
Träum' nur von mir,
Der schlafend und wach
Bei Nacht und Tag
Träumt nur von dir.

Dresden, 15. Mai 1853.

M. Lindemann.

“Prétty máid, tell mé the réason
Whý you blúsh when Í come néar you?
Whý you trémbles, cást your eýes down,
Ánd so fúmble with your knitting?”

“Ráther téll me, sílly yóung man,
Whý you 're éver hóvering néar me?
Whý I néver cán alóne be,
Súnday, wéekday, mórn or évening?”

"Prétty máid, it is so pléasant
Tó be álwáys lóoking át you;
Í would líke to bé your bróther,
Ór your síster, tó be néar you."

"Sílly yóung man, Í 'm no pícture
Tó be ídly stáired and gázed at;
Gó, get sómething tó emplóy you;
Húnt or fish — or knít as Í do."

"Cóme with mé and wé 'll go húnting,
Ór with mé come tó the ríver,
Ór I 'll sít down hére beside you,
Ánd assist you with your knítting."

"Ídle yóung man, Í 'll emplóy you.
Hére 's a létter fór my Trúelove;
Gó and find him, gíve it tó him,
Ánd bring báck the ánsWER quickly."

"Whére shall Í look fór your Trúelove?
Ín the city, ór the cóuntry?
Whát 's his náme? there 's nó addréss here,
Nót one wórd of súperscription."

"Gíve 't me báck — I 'm só forgétful —
Lét me sée — what is 't they cáll him? —
Thére — write yóu the súperscription;
Í 'm too búsy with my knítting."

"Prétty máid, I 've fóund your Trúelove;
Ánd he sénds you báck this ánsWER.
Ón your fínger éver wéar it.
Dróp your knítting; cóme with mé, Love."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 6. 1853.

POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

Through the wide world go where I will,
Two shadowy forms go with me still:
One tall and handsome, fresh and bright,
And gaily clad, keeps on my right;
To look on him from morn till night,
And night till morn, is my delight.
A stunted dwarf in shabby clothes
The other on my left hand goes,
Odious to look on or be near.
Who these forms are I'd like to hear,
Or why with me for ever so
Round and round the world they go.

FRIEND.

Though you're no Sphinx, no Oedipus I,
To read your riddle I will try.
Those forms are shadows of yourself;
He on the left — that stunted elf —
Your very image, all declare,
Sir poet's likeness to a hair.
The right hand figure, I confess,
Is far less like you, yet, I guess,
Is still your silhouette; painted bright,
As you appear in your own sight.
By two such shapes, one on each side,
Each traveller's accompanied
Along life's road. I'll lay my head
Against a pin, your riddle's read.

HUMBUG'S SECRET.

It háppened, ór by cháiice or fáte,
One évening próménáding láte
Upón the máll, Humbúg and Í
Fell into each óther's cómpany:—
“Cóme, knowing Húmbug, téll me whý
So mány yéars in váin I trý
Úp in this wórld one stép to rise;
Though riches, hónors, dignities
Róund me descénd in héaven-sent shówers,
Gláddening this thirsty éarth of óurs,
They néver on mé their déw let fáll,
I néver come in for a dróp at áll.
There 's nóne can téll so wéll as yóu
If hálf men sáy of yóu be true.”
Húmbug looked gráve, and shóok his héad,
And thús in sólemn áccents sáid:—
“There 's sóme good cáuse; let 's féel your skúll:
Here 's Cúnníng smáll, and Hónor fúll —
A fátal cómbinátió that —
And Wórldly-mindednéss quíte flát;
And this bump, like an órange, hére
Upón your fórehead, hów I féar
It 's Póetry, not Cálculátió;
And thén I find no Ádulátió,
And nó a gráin of Vénerátió,
But húge Philósophý instéad —
I néver félt a wórse shaped héad.”

I dréw a déep and héartfelt sigh:—
“Shów me but hów, I ’ll gládly try
To exchánge my héad, Humbúg,” said Í,
“For óne of á more módern cút —”
“You táke me quite too sérious; tút!
I was ónly jóking, héads are bút
Of sécondáry cónséquence,
Unléss they ’re quite weighéd dówn with sénse.”
“Then whát ’s the máin throw, Húmbug, práy?
The chíef point óf impórtance, sáy?
The first great thíng which Í must dó
To gét on in the wórld like yóu?”
“Accórding tó their várious views,
Sóme men the hát praise, sóme the shóes,
Sóme say kidglóves are thé main thíng,
Óthers that yóu must léarn to síng
Not first, but sécond; sóme insist,
A mítre hás been gót by whíst:
You múst believe in héaven and héll
So lóng as yóu in Éngland dwéll;
But, gó to Gérmaný, they ’ll stáre
And flý perháps intó your háir,
Íf you but hínt it póssible
A góod God éver máde a héll —”
“Stop thére,” I ánswered shórt and grúff;
“Your rígmárole is lóng enóugh;
I ásked you hów best tó succéed
In éarthly thíngs, not fór a créed.”
“And só, young mán, you thínk you ’re wiser
Than hé you ’ve chósen for yóur adviser?
Gó, rise to hónors and digníties
Whatéver shórtér wáy you pléase;
I ’ve dóne with yóu.” “Stay, Húmbug, stáy —
Forgíve me — léave me nót this wáy;

Command me, bid me, Í obéy."
 "I 'll take your word," Humbúg replied,
 And came up kindly bý my side,
 And took my árm, and in my éar
 Close whispered, thát none élse might héar:—
 "The sécret lies neithér in hát,
 Créed, nor kidglóves, but in a cát."
 "A cát?" said Í, cocking my éar;
 "A cát? or did I rightly héar?"
 "A cát," said hé, close whispering báck,
 "Whéther gray, tórtoiseshéll, or bláck,
 Or white, you 've ónly tó take cáre
 To stróke her cánný with the háir:
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir,
 Púrring her féline grátitúde;
 But shóuld you chánce with áction rúde
 To rúb her ónce agáinst the háir,
 Bewáre her fángs. The wórl'd 's a cát —"
 "Enóugh!" said Í, and thrice my hát
 Pitched into the áir, "I háve it pát:
 Stróke with the háir the húman cát,
 Íf you 'd not fáre worse thán a rát.
 The húman cát stroke with the háir,
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir.
 Ah, Húmbug, bútt true wisdom 's ráre!
 And nów, you rógue, I 've stróked you right,
 And gót your sécret — só, good night."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD.

Máry, I swéar —
By this light and áir —
By héaven abóve —
Thou árt my Lóve —
For thee I sigh —
For thee I díe —
Stáy, Mary, stáy —
Ah, dísmal dáy!
And cánst thou gó?
And léave me só?
Then fáre thee wéll!
How hándsome 's Néll!
Her eýes how bríght!
Her skín how whíte!
What rúby líps!
How light she trips —

MARY.

I dón't believe.
You bút decéive.
It is not true.
I lóve not yóu.
In váin, in váin.
'Twill cúre your páin.
Good býe, good býe.
How háppy Í!
Gone, góne for éver.
To cóme back néver.
What did you sáy?
Who 's Néll, I práy?
You dó but jést.
You plágue, you pést!
Édward, I sáy —
I 'll stáy, I 'll stáy.

How like a fawn —
Acróss the láwn!
When Néll is nigh —
I néver sígh.
Her sílver vóice —
Makes my héart rejóice.
And thén her mínd —
As sóft as kínd!
There líves but óne —
One, ónly óne —
Whom Í prefér —
To Néll prefér —
And thóu art shé —
Máry, thou 'rt shé —
Máry, thou 'rt míne —
And Í am thine —
Then góod bye, Néll —
Máry and Í —

I 'm yóurs alóne.
I 'm Édward's ówn.
I 'm in despáir.
I 'll téar her háir.
Discórdant screám!
Do I wáke or dréam?
I 'll frét her yét.
The pért Grisétte!
How rásh was Í!
I díe, I díe.
Stay, lét me héar —
I féar, I féar —
What díd you sáy?
Blest dáy, blest dáy!
Yes, Édward, yés.
O háppínéss!
And góod bye, sórrów —
Are óne tomórrów.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 20. 1853.

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Promenáding as úsual alóng the same stréet
Todáy and Tomórrrow once háppened to méet:—
“Now, good cóusin Tomórrrow,” thus sáid sad Todáy,
“How cómes it you ’re álwáys so mérry and gáy?
Not a clóud shades your brów, not a téar dims your eýe,
All súnshine and róses and bríght, sapphíre ský.”
“Don’t móck me, dear Yésterday,” ánswered Tomórrrow;
“I am héavy and sád, my heart bréaking with sórrów.
It ’s *yóu* have the súnshine and bríght, sapphíre ský,
A brów ever clóudless, a téar undimmed eýe.
From mórning till níght *I* do nóthing but sigh —
Sigh for Yésterday’s háppiness, Yésterday’s jóys;
It ’s Yésterday ónly no tróuble annóys.”
“Alás! dear Tomórrrow, and dó you say só?
And that smíle on your fáce ónly hídes your heart’s wóe?
I could néver have thóught you wore súch a false shów.”
“Your unfórtunate cóusin you ’d nót so upbráid,
If you knéw with what gríefs to the gróund he is wéighed.”
“Forgíve me, dear Cóz; from the dépth of my héart
I píty your cáse. Could I cómfort impárt —”
“Nay, náy, that ’s impóssible — Cóusin, good býe;
Enjóy your good fórtune, and léave me to sigh.”
So sáid, he went ón, and no wórd added móre,
And Todáy slowly fóllowed, more sád than befóre.

RECOVER Y.

Hush, ye rude ones, stir not, breathe not —
Slumber 's falling on his eyelids;
From the fever's heat and tossing
The tired frame at last is resting.

Softly draw the window curtains —
Shut out the intrusive daylight —
Stay; stay: let one little ray in,
Just to show how calm he 's sleeping.

Pale and sunk although his cheek is,
Yet it 's soft, and cool, and placid;
And he draws his breathing even;
And there 's dew upon his forehead.

Richly now how ye 're rewarded,
All my nights and days of watching!
More than payment this one moment
For a hundred years of sorrow.

Down my cheeks the tears are stealing,
On his blanched hand noiseless dropping;
Blessed, blessed Sleep, I thank thee —
They 're a wife's tears, not a widow's.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 7. 1853.

M A R Y.

Máry, plúck me yónder rósebud;
Fróm thine hánd I 'm fáin to háve it.
Íf thou wilt not, lét it háng there —
Whát care í abóut the rósebud?

Máry, síng me thé new bállad;
Fróm thy líps I lóng to héar it.
Íf thou wilt not, líttle cáre I
Íf I néver héar the bállad.

Máry, cóme, and lét us sáunter
Hálf an hóur abóut the méadow.
Íf thou wilt not, Í will stáy here —
Lét who wíll, stroll ín the méadow.

Máry, sít down hére beside me,
Till we chát a while togéther.
Íf thou wilt not, Í 'll be silent —
Í care bút to chát with Máry.

Máry, cánst thou gó and léave me
Hére alóne to pine in sórrow? —
Áh, she 's góne! and líttle cáre I
Íf I néver sée tomórrow.

BESSIE, 'TIS A SUNNY MORNING.

Béssie, 'tís a súunny mórning,
Ánd the lárks are singing gáily;
Gét your bónnet, láy your bóok down —
Théy are át the háy alréady.

Táke your fórk, toss óut the láp-cocks —
With the déw they 're wét and héavy —
Spréad them tó the sún and áir well,
Thére 's a mórning sóon will drý them.

Sháke them, tóss them, túrn them óver,
Lét no twó stalks lie togéther,
Tíll the whóle field wé have cóvered
With a líght, soft, springy cárpet.

Whát a pléasure tó be wórking —
Máking fód for hónest Pieball —
Ín the bright, sunshíny mórning,
With the lárks abóut us singing!

Bút it 's néither hónest Pieball,
Nór the lárks abóut me sínging,
Nór the frésh, sunshíny mórning
Thát makes mé work with such pléasure;

Fór were yóu not with me, Béssie,
Hélping mé to tóss the háy out,
Í 'd scarce knów the lárks were singing,
Ór sun shining ón the háyfield.

Tóss it, túrn it, spréad it wéll out
Tó the hót sun ánd the dry áir;
Ín the évening wé will cóck it:
Yóu 're a bráve haymáker, Béssie.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 11. 1853.

Ónce it háppened ón a Fríday —
Frídays álwáys wére unlúcky —
Ín the dóubtfúl mónth of Ápril,
Í walked óut withóut umbrélla.

Í had ón thín shóes and stóckings,
Ánd a cóat more fit for Júly
Thán the tréacherous mónth of Ápril,
Ánd my trówsers wére of nánkeen.

Í was thinking óf my Trúelove,
Ánd my wáy lay tóward her dwélling
Twó miles dístant ás the bírd flíes —
Shé expécted mé that évening.

Óf the wáy I 'd máde a quártér,
Éver thinking óf my Trúelove,
Whén the ráin begán to pátter,
Ánd to spót my nánkeen trówsers.

Túsh! said Í, it is no máttér —
Ápril shówers were néver lásting,
Nánkeens wón't be lóng a-dryíng —
Í 'll not díssappóint my Trúelove.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,
Ánd the dróps grew éver lárger,
Ánd befóre long mý nankéens stuck
Tó my skín like wét brown páper.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,
Ánd the dróps fell thícK and thícKer,
Ánd the róad grew déep and spláshy,
Ánd my shóes let in the wáter;

Ánd the stréam that fróm my hát ran
Dówn behind upón my shóulders,
Wóuld have túrned a líttle míll-wheel
Hád there béeen one át my cóat tail.

Néver wétter wás Leánder
Tó his Héro níghtly swímming,
Néver wétter wás a drówned rat,
Nóah's árK was néver wétter.

Súre I ám, she 's thínking óf me,
Lóoking óut upón the wéather;
Wéll she knóws the ráin won't stóp me,
Wéll she knóws there is no shéltér.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,
Ánd the róad grew éver déeper;
Wéll! said Í, it is smáll máttér —
Cóme what wíll, I 'll tó my Trúelove.

Ás I spóke, a súdden gúst came;
Ín a twinkling óff my hát flew;
Pútting úp my hánd to sáve it,
Dówn into the ditch my fóot slipped.

Ín the strúggle Í fell óver;
'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me,
Élse I 'd spráined my wrist or áncle,
Ór perháps put óut my shóulder.

'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me —
Cáught me bý the nánkeen trówsers —
Bróke my fáll — but áh! my nánkeens —
Whát a rént! — What sháll I nów do?

Récreant, cánst thou túrn and léave her
Wáiting, wáatching át the wíndow? .
“Whát is 't kéeps my Lóve from cóming?
Trúelove néver mínded wéather.”

Thére 's the hóuse in víew alréady;
Ánd the hóur, I héar it chíming —
Spite of trówsers, spite of wétting,
Í 'll-be with thee, Lóve, this évening.

Fórtune éver smíles on cóurage:
Ín my sléeve behóld a stróng pin —
Táilored in a tríce my trówsers,
Júst énóugh to kéep my shírt in.

Pócket hándkerchief, tied néatly
Twíce round héad and éars and témples,
With extémporáneous túrban
Lóss of béaver hát replíces.

Brávo! Brávo! Í have cónquered;
Hére 's th' appróach up tó the hóuse leads;
Ráin, wind, fáll, lost hát, torn trówsers,
Í despise you — thére 's my Trúelove.

Thére she 's át the wíndow stánding;
Tó the dóor she flíes to méet me —
Néver in sunshíny wéather
Hád we hálf so pléasant méeting.

Fírst she láughed, and thén she máde me
Tén times óver téll my stóry,
Ás she héaped the fíre with bíllets,
Ánd set dówn tea, wíne, and swéctmeats.

Ánd she lóoked so kíndly ón me,
Ánd so cálléd me hér Leándér,
Ás she chíd me fór persísting
Tó come ón despíte the wéather,

Thát as Í sat thére beside her,
Drýing mý wet clóthes, and sípping
Thé hot téa that hér own déar self
Máde, poured óut, and hándéd tó me,

Í could nót but práy in sécret
Í might álways gét a drénching,
Lóse my hát, and téar my trówsers,
Ón my wáy to sée my Trúelove.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 9. 1853.

WILLIAM AND LUCY.

WILLIAM.

Like a summer morning early
Fresh, and sweet, and mild is Lucy.

LUCY.

Like a summer noonday 's William,
Radiant, bright, and strong, and handsome.

WILLIAM.

Tender, pensive, melancholy
Lucy 's like a summer evening.

LUCY.

William, when he 's sad, is like a
Summer's night when stars are twinkling.

WILLIAM.

Lucy 's like a golden willow
Bending o'er a garden fountain.

LUCY.

William 's like a stately cedar
When it 's in full leaf in July.

WILLIAM.

Lucy 's like the autumn moonlight
On the yellow cornsheaves sleeping.

LUCY.

William 's like the crimson sunbeams
On the new-ploughed upland fallow.

WILLIAM.

Lucy 's like the glassy, clear lake
When no breath its bosom wrinkles.

LUCY.

William 's like the deep, full river
Onward rolling toward the ocean.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like Acánthus vólute
By the hánd of Phídias chiseled.

LUCY.

William 's like the pórfhyry píllar
Thé entáblature sustáining.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the nún's' chant stéaling
Through the cloíster bárs at véspers.

LUCY.

William 's like the ánthem péaling
Through the áisles of thé cathédral.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the tímíd ríngdove
Cóoing in the fórest's cóvert.

LUCY.

William 's like the gállant góshawk
Sóaring through the ský at mídday.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the máid I dréamt once
Stóod beside me át the áltar.

LUCY.

William 's like the yóuth I twice dreamt
Pút the ríng upón my fínger.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like — aye, bý this ríng, Love —
Lúcy 's like the bríde of William.

LUCY.

William 's like — by this same ríng and
Héaven I swéar it — Lúcy's brídegroom.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.

Ín the fields or ón the róadsíde
Néar a líttle cóuntry víllage,
Múttéríng tó hímsélf and líltíng,
Áll day lóng a yóung man sáunters.

Múttéríng, líltíng, ás he sáunters,
Chíldrén póínt the fínger át híim,
Ánd wíse párénts cáll híim ídle,
Crázy, góód for nóthíng póet.

Thát yóung mán sees nótt the víllage;
Gréat thóughts ín híis sóul are bármíng —
Héroes, Césars, fáme ímmórtal —
Thát yóung mán ís Públius Máro.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 10. 1853.

Where wás I ére there wás ány Whére?
Ére there wás ány Whát, wát wás I?
When wás I ére there wás ány Whén?
And hów or whý made Í míysélf
Ére there wás ány Í or Hów,
Or ány Whén, Where, Whát or Whý?

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.



S U P R E M E L Y B L E S T .

“Six little góslings in one nést,
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,
Áll benéath one sóft warm bréast,
Áll by óne kind bíll caréssed,
Áre ye nóť supré mely blést?”

“Six little góslings in one nést,
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,
Wé are nóť supré mely bléssed.
Wé will léave the sóft warm bréast,
Wé will léave the párent nést,
And gó of nóvelty in quést,
And thén we’ll bé supré mely blést.”

Written while travelling from SLIGO to DROMORE WEST. CO. SLIGO
May 10. 1852.

L I T T L E F L Y .

Síp on fréely, little fly;
Í’ll not hárm thee; nó, not í.
Sóme are gréat and sóme are smáll,
But Gód is fáther óf us áll;
And in the párent’s équal éyē,
Mán ’s the bróther óf the flý.

Síp on fréely, little flý;
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.
Fórmed like mé for jóy and páin,
Wárméd by súnshine, wét by ráin,
Bórn like mé, like mé to díe,
Thóu art déar to Gód as Í;
Síp on fréely, little flý,
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.

Written while travelling from DROMORE - WEST to WESTPORT.
May. 11. 1852.

CHATTERING MEG.

Bláck and white
Páinted bright,
Stóut of limb,
Of bódy light,
Fierce in báttle,
Swift in flíght,
Cáalled by birds
The róbber knight.

Kéen of sight,
It 's mý delight
From the áiry héight
Of áspen bóugh,
Or rócky brów,
To spý aróund
Where ón the gróund
For cháattering pýe
Fit próg may lie
Of crúst or bóne,

There cáreless thrówn
By fárm-yard Jóan;
Or jóyful márk
Where éggs of lárk
In méadow gréen,
Half híd, half séen,
Or cállow thrúsh
In háwthorn búsh,
Meg's áppetite
Daintý invite.
But Még, not rásh
To máke a dásh
Like háwk or kíte,
Stays áppetite,
And hóps abóut,
And mákes no róut;
And wáatching slý
With pérking eýe,
Steals tó the búsh
And dínes on thrúsh;
Then súcks lark's égg,
Hardhéarted Még!
And óff to nést
Flies with the bést
Old crúst or bóne
Of thrífless Jóan.

Such life lead Í,
Blithe cháattering pýe,
Oft wóndering whý
Man só should sígh,
And kéep such cóil,
And cárk and móil
Till swéat, and tóil,

And cáire to sáve
Dig déep his gráve.

I énvý nóť
Pálace or cóť;
The life I léad
On híl and méad
Is life indéed;
And, while I ránge
Round field and gráuge,
I wóuld not cháuge
For mán's high státe
Meg's háppier fáte.

Written while travelling from WESTPORT to CLIFDEN. May 12. 1852.

FALSEHEARTED JOAN.

In móuntain déll,
Beside a wéll
And móssy stóne,
Únder a thórñ
I sát forlórn,
And máde my móan: —
“This wórld and Í
Cannót agrée,
No chárm hath nów
This wórld for mé.
She has bróke her tróth,
Falsehéarted Jóan,
And léft me hére
To díe alóne.

Hére in this wild,
Untródden déll,
Únder this thórn,
Beside this wéll,
I'll strétch me ón
This móss-grown stóne,
And wéep, and cry: —
'Falsehéarted Jóan.'

'Falsehéarted Jóan',
I'll wéep and cry
'I lived for thée,
For thée I'll die';
Write on my tómb: —
'He died alóne,
Forsáken bý
Falsehéarted Jóan.
Ye fáithful swáins,
His déath deplóre,
And néver trúst
To wóman móre'.

As thús I láy,
And máde my móan,
Strétched on that gréy
And móss-grown stóne,
I héard a líght,
Small fóotstep néar;
A kindly vóice
Fell ón my éar,
That swéetly said: —
"Why dóst thou móan,
And whó is this
Falsehéarted Jóan?"

'Twas Jóan hersélf —
 My téars were stáyed;
 I thréw my árms
 Abóut the máid:
 I cáannot téll
 What wórds we sáid;
 But thére in thát
 Untródden déll,
 Únder that thórn,
 Beside that wéll,
 As Í wept ón
 That móss-grown stóne,
 I fóund my ówn
 Truchéarted Jóan.

Written while travelling on Bianconi's car from CLIFDEN to GAL-
 WAY. May 13. 1852.

BE THANKFUL.

"Be thánkful"; — tó a silly lámb
 I ónce heard sáy its bléating dám —
 "Be thánkful thou art clád so wárm,
 And in this párk kept sáfe from hárm,
 And évery dáy supplied with fóod
 So swéet, and pléntiful, and góod."

"Sáfe in this párk" — thus tó its dám
 I héard reply that silly lámb —
 "Sáfe in this párk I'm képt from hárm;
 To yíeld man fóod, and máke him wárm.
 Todáy I léad an éasy life,
 Tomórrow cóme the shéars and knife."

Written in Railway Carriage while travelling from GALWAY to
 DUBLIN — May 14. 1852.

TRUE LOVE.

As árm in árm upón the shóre
We listened tó the breákers' róar,
She pickéd and pút into my hánd
The fairest pébbles from the stránd.

As through the méadow gréen we wálked,
Ánd of our háppy future tálked,
She culléd the flówers I lóved the bést,
And pláced the nósegay in my bréast.

A lóck she gáve me of her háir,
Set róund with péarl and rúby ráre,
Ánd a cornélian sígnet stóne,
Engráved with hér name ánd my ówn.

For mé she léft fathér and móther,
For mé she léft sistér and bróther,
Hóuse, home, and friends she léft for mé,
With mé to live and míne to bé:
She léft them áll to bé mine ówn,
And éver live with mé alóne.

She hád-no jóy when Í was sád,
No gríef had shé when Í was glád;
To máke me glád was hér delight,
Her thought by dáy, her dréam by night;
When Í was glád her eýe grew bríght.

To chárm my spírít's glóom áwáy,
She 'd.síng me sóng or róundeláy,
As strétched on thé greenswárd I láy,
Or téll me táles the lívelong dáy.

She 'd téll me of the róbber-chief,
Ánd of the téarless máiden's grief,
Ánd of the ópal-háfted knife
With which she tóok the róbber's life.

She 'd téll me óf the diamond tówer,
Ánd of the wóndrous wórd of pówer
To ópen wide its gáte of bráss,
And lét the white-robed figure páss.

Stóries she 'd téll me óf the Éast,
Of vízier, pácha, dérvish, priest,
Of mósque, kíosk, and músselman,
Of Ál-Raschíd and Kúblí Khán;
But stíll her lást and swéetest tále
Wás of the róse and nightingále.

Ánd when she sáw me pléased and gáy
She 'd dánce as ón her brídál dáy,
Or wréathe her fíngers ín my háir,
And líft to hér guitár this áir: —

“Let míser's ín their hóards take pléasure,
Séek not thóu the yéllow tréasure,
Gréed of góld is bút a mádness,
Néver énding cáre and sádness:
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

She sáng, she síckened, and she díed;
Ánd with her lást farewéll she cried: —
“Wríte on my tómb no wórd of sádness,
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

T O M S H O E B L A C K.

Your shóes, good Sír; your shóes to cléan;
Such dírtý shóes were néver séen.
With dírtý shóes upón his féet
What géntlemán would wálk the stréet,
Whén he might háve them bríght and cléan
For júst two hálf-pence óf the Quéen?
A pénný, Sír, you'll nótt refúse;
One pénný, Sír, for cléan bríght shóes.

Here, Sír; sit dówn: I prómise yóu,
You sóon shall háve a cléan bríght shóe;
The ríght foot fírst; yes, thát will dó;
A lóvely thíng 's a cléan bríght shóe,
As smóoth as gláss, as bláck as jét:
Stay, Sír; this fóot 's not hálf done yét;
A cléan bríght shoe 's a lóvely thíng;
A cléan bríght shóe sets óff a kíng.

There, Sír, it 's dóne; this shóe is cléan:
A bríghter shóe was néver séen,
Glóssy and smóoth as ráven's wíng;
A wéll-blackéd shóe 's a lóvely thíng;
A wéll-blackéd shóe sets óff a kíng.

The léft foot, Sír; fie, whát a shóe!
One scáree can sée the léather thróugh
This míry, slímý, múddy glúe.
Now dó your wórk, my brístles trúé,
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

These bristles, Sir — a bétter sèt
Néver in one bláck-box mét —
Are néither quíte worn-óut, nor néw;
And évery háir 's a bristle trúe;
You sóon shall háve a shíning shóe;
See thére 's the pólish cóming thróugh.
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;
A shíning shóe sèts óff a kíng.

My “Dáy and Mártin” 's frésh and néw,
As bláck as ínk, as bríght as déw,
Fít pólish fór a gémman's shóe.
Rúb rub-a-rúb, my bristles trúe,
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;
A shíning shóe sèts óff a kíng.

Rúb rub-a-rúb, my wórk is dóne:
My pénny fée is fáirly wón:
No bríghter shóe the sún shínes ón.
Let wíser fólk say whát they wíll,
Í'm of the óne ópíníon stíll,
Bárefóot or shód, a mán 's a mán,
But blácking mákes the géntlemán.
I méan no slúr to smárt cravát,
Or jémmy whíte, or glóssy hát,
Or smáll-clothes smóoth; but áll won't dó,
Unléss you háve a wéll-blácked shóe.
A wéll-blácked shóe 's a lóvely thíng;
A wéll-blácked shóe sèts óff a kíng.

And nów I 've képt my prómíse trúe,
Each fóot has gót its eléan bríght shóe,
And póor Tom Shóebláck bíds adíeu:

Adieú, kind Sir, and don't compláin,
 If dirty fóotways, dúst, and ráin
 Soon bring you tó poor Tóin agáin:
 Ít's an ill wind blows nó one góod,
 And dúst and ráin are póor Tom's fód.

EPPING FOREST; near LONDON. May 30. 1852.

THE CRYSA LIS.

In lóng loose dráwers, and stóckings without féet,
 Wide flannel vést, grey shirt, and nightcap néat,
 Wéaried mine eýes of sights, of souns mine éars,
 Mine ánxious flútering héart of hópes and féars,
 The light put óut, and lócked my chámber dóor,
 I láid me dówn upon my béd once móre,
 To rést, to sléep, to dréam, perháps to snóre;
 My léft cheek héavy on the píllow préssed,
 My right arm cróssed obliquely on my bréast,
 Bláncet and cóunterpáne tucked tightly ín
 Róund by the shóulder quite to the éar and chin.
 Íf you had séen me ín the párk that dáy
 Ór at the lévee or subscription pláy,
 All bríght with díamonds, ál alért and gáy,
 And thén been shówn that shápeless héap of clóthes
 With scárce an áir hole léft for móuth and nóse,
 And tóld it was esséntially the sáme,
 The sáme ín spírit, súbstance, éven ín náme,
 Hów you 'd have stáred, and rúbbed your eýes, and vówed
 That fréakish náture had at lást allówed
 To mán the prívilege of the bútterflý,
 To cást his figúre óff, and ýet not díe,
 To fláunt a gáudy ínsect ál the dáy,

And dróne, a sénseless grúb, the níght áwáy!
Whére, even in wóndrous Óvid, is there chángé
One hálf so trúe, miráculóus and strángo?

Written in bed. ANTWERP. June 9. 1852.

MODEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Dear lóvely Dóris, Í admire thee móre
Than éver mán admired a máid befóre;
Thy smíles, thy dímples, and thy vírtues ráre,
Thy chárms, thy gráces, and thine áuburn háir,
Each párt, no léss than thé harmónious whóle,
Has máde a prisoner óf thine Édward's sóul.
In cháins and sórrow Í conféss, thou árt
Gréater than Wéllington or Buónapárt;
Théy conquered bódies ónly, thóu the héart.
Dear lóvely Dóris, hów can wórd's expréss
One hálf the amóunt of Édward's ténderness!
Hów from the shádes of éven till dáwning líght
He dréams of thee álone the lívelong níght!
Hów the whóle dáy of thee álone he thínks,
Whéther he stánds, or wálks, or éats, or drínks!
Hów he cries stíll! — "Ah! wére but Dóris míne
In whát true cómfort Í might súp or díne;
Nót as I nów do, in the dísmal glóom
Of cíty cóffee-house or díning-róom,
Mídst stífing smélls and déafening Lóndon cries,
Bút in the álcove of some páradíse!"
Hów from the dáwn of líght till shádes of éven
Thou ónly árt his thóught, his hópe, his héaven!
Dear lóvely Dóris, héar thine Édward's cry,
One kíndly lóok, or sée thine Édward díe,

Die of the misery of this bachelor's life,
 More slów, but quite as sùre as córd or knife.
 Dear lóvely Dóris, mine 's no ídle móan;
 Nó sentimentál sórrow makes mé gróan;
 Réal and substántial are the wóes Í féel
 At hóme, abróad, at mórn or évening méal.
 At hóme, I sít in dúsky, díngy róom,
 Where néver wóman's smíle dispéls the glóom,
 And wáteh the children pláying in the láne,
 Or cóunt the flíes, that créep along the páne;
 Or cróuch beside the fire and pénsive eýe
 The cúrling wréaths that úp the chimney flý;
 Or páce impátient úp and dówn the flóor,
 Betwéen the windew and the clóset dóor,
 Oft stópping, to inscribe my Dóris' náme
 On cúpboard-dóor, or wáll, or window-fráme,
 Ór in the thíck dust of the táble tráce
 With fínger-énd the óutline of her fáce;
 Ór to turn óver a book's léaves begín;
 Ór from the flóor pick úp a héadless pín;
 Ánd in the sófa-cóver prick all shápes
 Of dógs, trees, stéeples, windmills, gócks and ápes;
 Ór, pleased with nóthing, ring and ásk Janétte,
 Whát is 't o'clóck, and if the téa be wét;
 For mílk give hér one hálfpenny, twó for bréad —
 Ah Dóris! Dóris! bétter fár be déad,
 And déep in the churchyárd, than live to sée
 One lónely cup and sáucer láid for téa.
 Dear lóvely Dóris, túrn not thús awáy;
 Góds themselves lísten whén poor mórtals práy;
 Pity 's a gráce dívine, even héathens sáy.
 Let óthers with the póet's wóndrous árt
 Dréss up a tále, to tóuch the féeling héart;
 Mý story néeds no glóss; see, Dóris, whére

My new shirt-ruffle 's gót this ugly téar,
 And unmatched stóckings wéddeed folk invite
 To táunt with mány a jóke the unmárried wight.
 Last évening, ón the Máll, an úrchin cried: —
 "He wálks a sólo!" bút the úrchin lied;
 That móment, lóst in thóught, I wálked with thée
 Fár from the Máll, upon the móon-lit léa,
 And préssed thy hánd, as with a róguish smíle
 Thou sáid'st: — "Dear Sir, pray hélp me ó'er the stíle."
 Yés Dóris, ít 's a bárgain; lét 's agrée:
 I 'll hélp thee ó'er the stíle, thou 'lt máke my téa;
 And lóving man and wife we 'll éver bé,
 Till gréat-grandchildren tóddele róund our knée.

Written while walking from ANTWERP to LOUVAIN. June
 12. and 13. 1852.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

My stóry 's óf an élfín knight,
 So fúll of vénom and pure spíte,
 That dóing hárm was his delight,
 Both mórn and nóon, and dáy and night.
 In trúth, he wás a ráncorous wight,
 To whóm no thíng on éarth seemed ríght
 But míldew, rót, decáy, and blight;
 He stripped the bráñch of flówer and frúit,
 And tóre the trúnk up bý the róot,
 Ínto the íron áte with rúst,
 And gróund the márble róck to dúst.
 Still móre he lóved on líving thíng
 Mísery and pain and déath to bríng:
 Bird, béast, and fish he láughed to sée

Writhing in mórtal ágony;
But néver wás his héart so glád,
As when he máde man sick and sád,
Wóunded him sóre, or sét him mád,
Róbbed him of hóuse, and hóme, and friend,
And bróught him tó a wréched énd,
To díe in páin and míserý
Not áll at ónce and súddenly
(For thát were dównright charity)
Bút by sure stép and slów degréé;
He púlléd his téeth out, óne by óne,
Plucked óut his háir, and léft him nóne;
With a thick fláil-staff cúdgelled him,
Till évery sínéw, jóint, and límb
Was bláck and blúe, and stiff and sóre;
Ánd, to tormént him móre and móre,
Séaled up his éars, scooped óut his éyes,
And cút him dówn to hálf his síze;
Then pitched him, gásping hárd for bréath,
Ínto the gáping jáws of Déath.

Man súffered sóre, and súffered lóng,
But sáw no áuthor óf his wróng;
Félt every blów, but sáw no árm,
No lífted hánd to dó the hárm.
Invíble as móuntain wínd,
The cáitiff cáme his préy behind,
And kíccked and cúffed him hárd and sóre;
Then cáme, and stóod his préy befóre,
And kíccked and cúffed him móre and móre.
Poor mán laménted, ánd in váin
Cúrsed the foul áuthor óf his páin,
And wátched by dáy, and wátched by níght,
To cáteh of his fell fóe a síght.

At lást with páin and wáatching wórn,
 Ánd of his féll foe láughed to scórn:—
 “A háppy thóught” (’twas thús he sáid)
 “Has cóme at ónce intó my héad;
 Let ’s sée, if Í can ’t máke a béli,
 That sháll my énýmy’s cóming téll.”
 So sáid, so dóne; a smíth by tráde,
 Has sóon a páir of slippers máde,
 And ón each slipper fástened wéli
 A stróng steel clásp and sílver béli.
 The slippers láid upón the flóor,
 The smíth ’s to béd and bárréd the dóor;—
 “Íf he comes néar the béd,” says hé,
 “The slipper bélls will wáken mé.”
 He sáid, and tó the wáll turned róund,
 And féll asléep, both fást and sóund.
 How lóng he slépt I cánnót téll,
 When tinkle tinkle wént the béli;
 The smíth awóke, and eried:— “What hó!
 A light, a light — I ’ve cáught the fóe.”
 “Not quite so fást, good smíth”, quoth hé;
 “You ’ve lóst your slippers, nót caught mé;
 I ’ll wálk hencefóorth with slippers néat
 And sílver bélls upón my féet,
 That fóolish mán may sírely knów,
 Both, whén I cóme, and whén I gó,
 And whéther Í move fást or slów.”
 So sáying he déalt such héavy blów,
 As máde the smíth cry:— “Wóe! more wóe!”
 “More wóe indéed”, the kníght replíed,
 And strúck him ón the óther síde:
 “Think’st thou, becáuse thy dóor is bárréd,
 My stálwart árm will strike less hárd?
 What thóugh thy tínkling sílver béli

[An énémy's appróach may téll,
And whéther hé move swift or slów,
Think'st thou 'twill sérve to wárd the blów,
Dealt ón thee bý thine únseen fée?"
No wórd the élfín knight said móre,
But, viewless, thróugh the wéll barred dóor
Passed óut as hé passed in befóre,
And dówn the stáir into the stréet,
The silver bélls upón his féet.

Full mány a yéar and dáy has spéd,
Sínce the green túrf closed ó'er the héad
Óf the brave smíth, that máde the bélls
Of whích my trúthful stóry télls;
Yet óft by dáy, and óft by night
I héar the tréad of the élfín knight,
And trémble át his slíppers' sóund,
From hóuse to hóuse, as he tákes his róund.
In váin like thé brave smíth of yóre
I bólt and bár my chámber dóor,
The élfín fóot is ón the stáir,
The élfín knight, viewless as áir,
Pásses thróugh bárréd and bólted dóor,
Crósses with méasured stép the flóor,
And gripes me hárd, and hits me sóre.
"Tórment me nó't" in váin I cry;
"Tormént me nó't, but lét me díe."
He sáys no wórd, but móre and móre
Pínches and cúffs me thán befóre.
My tále's truth lét these gáshes spéak,
These zígzags ón my ónce smooth chéek,
This sállow skín once sóft and fáir,
This súnken eyé, these témples báre
Where ónce so séemly cúrled the háir.

In dárk dismal wéeds I wánder abóut,
Úpstairs and dównstairs, and indoors and óut;
No pléasant thought nów ever énters my héad;
My pléasant thoughts áll with my yóung days are fléd.

When I sée a pair háppy, and smíling, and gáy,
I túrn away fróm them, and tó myself sáy: —
“Sport ón, happy insects, while spórt on ye máy;
Black and dámp falls the night on the súnniest dáy.”

When I héar the great báss and the clárionet sóund,
And the light tripping fóotsteps’ elástic rebóund,
I think to mysélf, how these sáme tripping féet
Will soon líe stiff and stárk in the lóng winding shéet.

Amidst cháplets of róses, by chándelier light,
When I sée the feast spréad, and the wine circling bright,
I think, how soon róund every sightless eyebáll
The mággot of flésh-fly, and béetle will cráwl.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since in bláck weeds I wándered, and wépt o’er the déad;
Time, that ’s áble the náme on the tómb to effáce,
Begíns from my héart the loved fórm to eráse.

I can sée a bride smíle, without thinking of *Hér*;
I can héar a bride sing, yet not féel my heart stír;
Alóne though I wánder, I néver compláin;
To all jóy if I ’m déad, I am déad to all páin.

My téars are dried úp, and my sórrows are pást;
Sweet Oblivion, I sée thee appróaching at lást;
Come! pillow my héad on thy cáre-soothing bréast,
And clóse my tired eýelids, and lúll me to rést.

Written when walking from LOUVEIGNEZ in BELGIUM to
LOSHEIM in PRUSSIA. June 18th to June 22nd 1852.

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

"Mighty Sir Wind,
Pray, bé so kind,
Pass civilly,
And hárm not mé,
Who néver yét
Did hárm to thée."

"Stúrdy Sir Trée,
Lécture not mé;
I fáin would bé
Cívil to thée,
But in my wáy
I find thee stíll,
Stópping my páth
Acróss this hill."

"This híll is míne,
As Í opíne;
For mány a yéar
My fáthers lived
Free búrghers hére;
Í am their héir,
And will not sháre
My bírthright fáir
With són of éarth,
Or són of áir;
So máke no róut,
But gó abóut,
And tóuch not mé,
An indepéndant
Fórest trée."

“Of s6n of 6arth
Or s6n of 6air,
I little kn6w,
And little c6re;
But this I kn6w,
I ’ll h6ve my will,
And g6 the sh6rt way
Cr6ss the h6ll.”

“Not s6, not s6,
Unr6ly W6nd;
Some 6ther p6ssage
Pl6ase to f6nd;
Th6re on the l6ft
The p6th stands cl6ar;
No b6siness h6st thou
T6 pass h6re.
Str6ng though thou 6rt
I ’m f6in to exp6ct
Thou ’lt sh6w the l6w
Its d6e resp6ct.”

“I w6re 6nd6ed
A silly w6ght,
To w6it up6n
The l6w for r6ght,
When 6n this 6rm
I h6ve the M6ght,
That m6kes al6ne
Both L6w and R6ght.”

No m6re words p6ssed;
Sir Tr6e stood f6st;
On c6me Sir Bl6st,

Like páynim knight,
Fúrious in fight,
With púsh and crúsh
And héadlong rúsh;
Or like the gúsh
Of flóod let lóose
Through milldam slúice.
Stóut though he bé,
What cán Sir Trée
Agáinst a shóck,
Would máke a róck
Or cástle wáll
Tóttér and fáll?

Yield he will nót,
Or fróm the spót
Retréat one inch,
Or báckward flinch;
Or stép aside,
The hílł though wide,
One single stride,
To lét Sir Blást
Rush hármless pást.

Leónidás
In Pýlae's páss,
As stóries téll,
Fírm against Might
Stóod for the Right,
And nóbly féll:
And só fell hé,
Stúrdy Sir Trée;
And só will áll
Those wóρθies fáll,

Who'éer they bé,
That fór the Ríght
Stríve against Míght
And týranny.

Written while walking in the EIFEL between LOSHEIM and
BITBURG, June 23 and 24. 1852.

Four knights there áre far in the East,
Where wónders háve not yét quite céased,
All bróthers, and abóut one síze,
Not óne has éither éars or éyes,
Or móuth, or nóse, or féet, or hánds,
Yét to obéy their Lórd's commánds,
More réady théy than mány a knight
With pérfect límbs, héaring, and síght.
Each óne to hélp him háa a bánd
Of fóur knights móre at his commánd.
Sixtéén subálterns, léaders fóur,
The brótherhóod 's in áll a scóre;
A scóre of súch preux cávalíers
As rárely, éven in thóse bríght yéars,
When hístory was stíll a fáble,
Togéther mét áround one táble.
In yéllow léather áll are cásed,
A bélt some wéar abóut the wáíst,
Of góld, studded with súch bríght gémis
As shíne in Éastern díadéms.

Nót for base lúcre ánd rewárd
Atténd these knights upón their Lórd;
To atténd upón him dáy and níght,
Itself their jóy is ánd délight.

So soon as in the mórning réd
His róyal Highness léaves his béd,
Two chief knights ánd subálterns éight
With elóthes and bréakfast ón him wáit;
His fáce they wásh, and cómb his héad,
Féed him with bútter, éggs, and bréad,
Cárry his téa-cup tó his líps,
And hólđ it stéady while he síps.
Two chiefs and éight subálterns móre
Crouch róund his fóotstool ón the flóor,
Réady his Mightiness to béar
Upón their shóulderns ány whére,
Índoors or óut, or high or lów,
Báckward or fórward, quíck or slów;
Like stéam-engines obédient still
Tó the dríver's sóvereign will.

If sád their Lórd, these knights dívide
Ínto two bánds, ten ón each síde;
And whíle one bánd a mérry túne
On fíddle pláys or lóud bassóon,
The óther béats tíme tó the méasure,
Ór, to affórd him lívelier pléasure,
Tákes him, and tó the músic's sóund
Whírls him the chálked flóor róund and róund.

Néver fróm their Sóvereign's síde,
In lífe or déath, these knights dívide;
Through íll, through wéal, with hím they gó;
His jóy 's their jóy, his wóe 's their wóe;
Ínto the wórld with hím they cáme
Ón the same dáy, and ón the sáme
Dáy that he díes have vówed to díe,
And with him in the sáme tomb líe.

Say yé, that wiser are than Í,
Whére under áll our Wéstern ský,
On Héathen or on Christian gróund,
Such twénty knights are tó be fóund?

Written while confined to bed with a sore toe, in BITBURG,
RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 25 and 26. 1852.

S W E E T A I R.

A cripple slów,
On féstered tóe
Límping I gó,
And crý “Woe! wóe!”

The Grécian só,
As schóolboys knów,
In Lémnos’ ísle,
Shóuted erewhíle
To rók and séa
His míserý.

Like him to thée,
Kind, géntle Séa,
For hélp I flý,
And shóut and crý: —
“Woe! wóe is mé!
Ah míserý!
Woe! wóe is mé!
Ah míserý!”

Kind, géntle Séa,
Ah! pity mé;

Quick with thy bálm,
My páins to cálm.
Benéath thy wáves,
In córal cáves,
Gróws there no wéed,
Whose pótent séed,
These pángs may lúll,
These fires may dúll?
No ánodýne,
Of pówer divíne
The sénse to stéep
In slúmber déep?

Fierce, ráging Séa,
Thou héar'st not mé;
Ah míserý!
Woe, wóe, is mé!
Ah míserý!

Soft, ténder Stóne,
Hear thóu my móan;
Thy véins explóre
For sóme fine óre;
Some Ámmonite's
Or Crýsolite's
Benignant spár,
Glittering afár
With pówer to cùre
Spéedy and sùre.
Ín thy deep mínes,
Where néver shines
Day's chéerful light,
But bróoding Night
In ébon célls

For éver dwélls,
Séarch till thou find
Some lóadstone kind,
Some précious jét
For ámulét,
By mýstic láw
Empówered to dráw
Pain's víper fángs,
And éase these pángs.
From cléar, cold spring,
Elixir bring,
Or ámber dróp,
Of pówer to stóp
This thrób, this thróe,
This búrning glów.

Vain, vain, my móan;
Ídle, my gróan;
Thou héar'st me nót,
Hardhéarted stóne;
Fixed to the spót,
Thou túrn'st deaf éar,
And hástenest nót
From déep, cold spring,
Or míne, to bring
Elixir cléar,
Or ámber dróp,
Or ámulét
Of précious jét,
Pótent to stóp
This thrób, this thróe,
This fiery glów;
Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!

Come, géntle Wind;
Be thóu more kind;
Blow, sóftly blów,
And cóol this glów.
Of Prócris' spóuse
Thou héard'st the vóws,
When át high nóon,
Alás, too sóon!
(Ye Góds, why hád
That mórn a nóon?)
Ín the deep sháde
Of mýrtles láid,
His lónging árms
ExténdeD wide
On éither síde,
Gásping, he cried:—
'Aúra, sweet Aúra,
Hither hie,
For thée I pánt,
For thée I díe!'
Thou héard'st his práyer;
Hear míne, sweet Air;
Hither repáir,
And sóftly blów,
And cóol this glów,
Thís héat assúage,
Thís fiery ráge.

Ah, nó! ah, nó!
Woe! wóe! more wóe!
A déeper, rédder,
Fiercer glów!
Whose bréath is thát
Fánning the fire?

Whose hánd heaps fúel
Hígh and hígher?
Siróceo hót,
I cálléd thee nóť;
Plágue - spot and déath
Áre in thy bréath;
Fróm thy crisp háir
Red méteors fláre;
Shrivelled and dry
Thy blóodshot eyé,
And néver yét
By kind tear wét.
Héncé to thine ówn
Dry sándy zóne,
Where crócodíle
Infésts the Níle,
And ráttlesnáke
Lúrks in the bráke;
Héncé with thy bréath
Of plágue and déath;
And thóu, sweet Áir,
Híther repáir;
Áir, Áir, sweet Áir,
Híther repáir.

Nymph débónnáire,
And frésh and fáir,
Elástic, gáy,
And yóung alwáy,
Áir, Áir, sweet Áir,
Híther repáir.

Free móuntain - chíld,
Búoyant and wíld,

Yet méek and mild,
Air, Air, sweet Air,
Hither repáir.

From bréezy hill
Where, néver stíll,
Whirs táll windmill;
From whispering sháde
Of cólonnade
Or fórest gláde;
From rippling síde
Of ríver wíde,
From wáving sédge
On blúe lake's édge,
Air, Air, sweet Air,
Hither repáir.

Cóme with perfúme
Of ápple blóom,
And mignonétte
With frésh showers wét,
And bláckeyed béan,
Sweet ódours' Quéén,
And líly wíte,
Lóver's delight,
And háwthorn gáiy
In éarly Máy,
And háy new-mówn,
And róse just blówn;
Come, cóme, sweet Air,
Hither repáir,
Sweet Air, sweet Air.

With músic cóme
Of wíld bee's húm,

Or lárk's shrill sóng,
Néver too lóng;
Or líquid nóte
From tóad's smooth thróat,
Or évening pláint
Of níghtingále,
Or chùek - chuek fáint
Of ámorous quáil;
Or swéeter sóund
Of hárp or flúte,
Or óf thine ówn
Eólian lúte,
Or rústling léaves,
Or wáterfáll;
Or mán's deep vóice
Swéetest of áll;
Come, cóme, sweet Aír;
Hither repáir,
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

Yes, yés, sweet Aír,
I féel thee thére,
An ángel méek,
Kíssing my chéek,
And ín my háir
Wéaving thy déwy
Fíngers báre.

Yes, yés, bless'd Aír,
Thou héar'st my práyer,
And hóverest thére,
Chármíng my cáre,
Stílling this thróe,
Cóoling this glów,

No móre I cry,
“Woe! woe! ah, woe!”

Pain-sóothing Air,
All dáy stay thére;
Stay thére all dáy,
The livelong dáy,
And spórt and pláy,
Angélic méek,
Kiss my flushed chéek,
And in my háir
Wéave thy lank fingers
Cóol and báre;
And whén at níght
Thou ták'st thy flíght,
To móuntain héight,
Or whispering sháde
Of cólonnáde
Or fórest gláde,
Or ríppling síde
Of ríver wíde,
Or wáving sédge
On blúe lake's édge,
Léave in thy stéad
To wách my héad,
And guárdian stánd
Abóut my béd,
Thy pláymate míld,
Health's plácid chíld,
Delícious Sléep;
Till át first péep
Of mórning light
Thou cóm'st agáin,
Blithe-héarted spríte,

And bring'st me frêsh,
 New-bórn delight;
 An úrn of ódours
 Shák'st aróund,
 And stéep'st mine éars
 In thé full sóund
 Óf the harmónious
 Mátn sóng,
 With which all Náture's
 Créatures thróng
 Befóre the fóotstool
 Óf their Quéen,
 Who hásh anóther
 Súnrise séen.

Written while confined to bed by inflammation of the loe.
 BITBURG, in RHEINISH PRUSSIA, June 26. to July 1. 1852.

THE POET.

A Póet is a spíder, and his líne,
 As ány cóbweb's délicate and fíne,
 Spún into stánzas, in a córner lies,
 And gáthers dúst and bliemold, móths and flíes.

A Póet is a máker of fine láce,
 Brússels, Valenciénnes, or Páys de Wáes:
 Upon the cúshion of his bráin all dáy
 And hálf the night, the twirling bóbbins pláy;
 From pin to pin in éndless dánce they gó,
 Cross-hánds and Quéue-de-chát, and Dós-a-dós;

Turn at the sides, and set, and down the middle,
In as good time as if they heard the fiddle.

A Poet is a pastry-cook, and bakes
In his brain's oven, puddings, tourts and cakes;
Fancy 's his miller, thought his bolted flour,
Good nature is his sweet, and ill his sour;
Wit his fine salt, humour his ratafie;
For his short-cake he must have irony.
Plain truth 's his batter, which he 's forced to thin
With many a well-meant lie — forgive the sin —
Else the weak stomach it were sure to cloy,
And with fierce colic pains the bowels annoy.

Your Poet's tarts of epigrams are made,
Of elegies his orange marmalade,
Sonnets and songs his barnbracks are and buns,
And ponderous epics are his sàllelons.
Wide o'er the world the réputation flies
Of his romantic currant and rhubarb pies;
None skilled like him to beat up human vice
And human folly into pancake nice
Which he calls satyr, delicatest treat
Where wholesome bitter 's hid in luscious sweet.
Taught by experience dire how weary slow
Works brewer's barn to raise a Poet's dough,
When pressed for time he uses rant instead,
And finds it answer wondrous well, 'tis said.
Where vulgar cooks throw bits of cassia in,
Or laurel leaves, or orange-paring thin,
Or pinch of grated nutmeg, or a squeeze
Of lemon juice, men's various tastes to please,
Our Poet uses for the selfsame end
The nobler gifts the liberal Muses send:

Figures of spéech and trópes and símilés,
He knóws, are síure the léarned táste to pléase;
But símpler héarts by símpler árts are wón,
Bróad innuéndo, fáree, and jólly pún.
So évery tíme he sés abóut to báke,
Whéther it púdding bé or pie or cáke,
The séasoning is the thíng that first demánds
The thóughtful héad, and wéll-perfórmíng hánds;
An érror hére and áll his lábour 's lóst;
Tíme, fire and swéat, and the matéríals' cóst;
Thís lást, some sáy howéver, is but smáll
Tó the póetic cóok, or nóne at áll.
But bé that ás it wíll, one thíng is síure,
His púdding, ónce ill-séasoned, 's pást all cúre:
Not áll the stréams of Hélicón's sácred híll,
Not áll the déws Parnássus' tóps dístíl,
Of Býron's púddings cóuld abáte the sténch,
Of Býron's pies the súlphurous ódour quénch:
Not éven Apólló's sélf wíth áll his Níne,
Góds thóugh they bé, and évery háír dívíné,
Cóuld gíve to wíshy-washy Wórdsworth's dóugh
One smáek, by wích the uninfórméd míght knów
Thát 'twas real píecrust báked in póet's bráín,
And nó shoemáker's páste from Gólden Láne.
Ye póets áll and pástry-cóoks atténd
The pártíng cóunsél óf your cómmón fríend,
In cóokíng póetry and cóokíng pies,
The rúle 's the sáme and in smáll cómpass líes;
Néver on gráíns and hálf gráíns péddlíng stánd,
Throw lárge ly ín, God lóves a líberál hánd.
Let nó bold spírít tó the práíse aspíre
Of mástership of púddíng-pan or lýre,
So lóng as in hís héart's core lúrks one spíce
Óf pársímóny's méan and ódíous více.

Cursed be the c  ok, that first with frugal c  re
 Cut raisins into sixths, good fruit to spare,
 And in his d  ugh one sixth here dropped, one there;
 Of Milestone Pudding whence the s  ubriquet
 To him and to his heirs down to this day;
 And cursed the poet, who with one poor thought
 Cut into sixths, the first dull Sonnet wrought,
 Let drop a sixth in every second line,
 Then clapped his hands and called his work divine.

BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 6. 1852.

DIRGE

FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.

The turret's awful voice cries — ONE.
 Another hour its work has done,
 And flown away viewless as air,
 Where to be found again? Ah! where?
 Six times nine years have rolled away,
 Since at this hour, on this same day,
 A helpless new-born babe I lay,
 In a fond mother's arms caressed,
 Lulled by a mother's voice to rest,
 And nourished at a mother's breast.

The turret's awful voice cries — TWO.
 How swift life's sands an hour run through!
 Five times five years have o'er me sped,
 Since in my arms my child lay dead,
 Just at this hour released from pain,
 My firstborn child, my M  ry J  ne;

A painful bréath four mónths she dréw;
'Twas áll of this sad wórld she knéw.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — THURÉE.
'Léarn what thou árt,' it sáys, 'from mé:
A púlse, a sóund, a mómént's chíme,
A ripple ón the flóod of time.'

It thrills me tó the bósom's córe
To héar that áwful vóice cry — FÓUR.
The sáme its cry when Bállitóre
Échoed alóng its hillside hóar
My sécond ínfant's fúneral knéll,
And sád and slów my téardrops féll
Ón my dead Ánna Ísabél.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — FÍVE.
Ah, héartless són! that cúldst survive
The clósing in etérnal night
Of thóse kind eýes, that póured their light,
Néver bút with nów delight,
On thée, a móther's hópe and jóy,
Her firstborn chíd, her bést loved bóy.
Héavy and slów seven yéars have pássed,
Since I behéld her bréathe her lást;
Since in the róom her fáther died,
Her wéeping children át her side,
She méekly whispered: — "Ít is déath" —
And bléssed us with her pártíng bréath.
Séventy six yéars had ó'er her rólled,
Yet whó had cálléd my móther óld?
So cléar her vóice, so bríght her eýe,
Her stép so fúll of dígnítý,
And Óh! her héart as wárm as éver,

And tóward her lóved ones áltered néver.
 We láid her cásed in píth beside
 Hím, that in yóuth called Káte his bríde,
 The móther óf his children five,
 Queen-bée of óur doméstic hive.
 Róbert and Káte, six times six yéars,
 Ye sháred each óther's hópés and féars,
 Each óther's jóys, each óther's téars.
 Your hópés, féars, jóys, and téars all pást,
 Rést, Kate and Róbert, rést at lást,
 Ín your bléssing children blést,
 Síde by síde for éver rést.

Síx — is the túrret's áwful crý,
 Wárning all mén that áll must díe,
 Léave the sweet áir and life and líght,
 And lie down ín etérnal níght;
 But mé more thán the rést that crý
 Wárns that áll who líve must díe,
 For súch the crý I héard that níght
 From Árcó tówer, when mý díelíght,
 My Ánn Jane léft me hére to móurn,
 And wént the ród whence nóne retúrñ.
 Níne dáy's and níghts I wátched her béd,
 Ón the tenth dáy at éve she sáid:—
 "I díe, dear Jámés, and ám contént;
 Twénty three yéars with thee I've spént,
 A háppy bríde, mothér, and wífe,
 The háppiest óf my yéars of lífe:
 Líve, and be háppy, ánd sometimes
 Thínk, when thóu héar'st the túrret's chímes,
 Of hér, who wíth thee héars them nów
 Fór the last tíme, and Óh! may'st thóu,
 Whén they ring fórth thine hóur to díe,

Be háppy ánd resigned as Í.”
She sáid, and páused; then lánguidly
Her eýes uplifting, gázed at mé
A móment’s spáce; then droóped her héad,
Ánd in a trémulous whísper sáid:—
“And if thou éver chánce to wéd,
All bléssings fáll upón the héad
Óf thy new bride, and máy’st thou bé
Háppy with hér as ónce with mé.
And nów all ’s dóne, but tó resign
Ínto the hánds that máde it míne
This ríng, to kéeep while thóu hast bréath,
And gíve, when stríkes thine hóur of déath,
Tó our dear child, our Kátharine,
Memórial óf thy lóve and míne.”
Fáltering she sáid, and ón her chéek,
While she continued yét to spéak,
While from her hánd the ríng she drów,
Séttled death’s pále and áshy húo,
Ánd her exténderd hánd fell cóld,
The ríng upón the pávément rólled,
And Ánn Jane is — a tále that ’s tóld.
Where Álmonds scátter theír perfúme,
And Péaches shéd their éarly blóom,
Within the sóund of Sárca’s wáve
We láid her in her lónely gráve,
Till bigotrý should céase to ráve;
For Árco’s bigots, tó the sháme
Of áll who béar the Chrístian’s náme,
Agáinst her clósed their chùrchyard gáte;
Áh! if thou hádst but héard them práte
Of fáith, and créed, and héresý,
And hów no córpse should búried bé
In fáithful córpse’s cómpáný,

That hād not, ére it diēd, conféssed
 Tó the same crédence ás the rést.
 Twice thírty dāys we visítēd
 On Sárca's síde her lónely bēd,
 And bý it ón the gréen sward láy,
 And wépt the móurnful hóurs awáy;
 But whén the Péach its blóom had shéd,
 And Ápril's látest dāys were spéd,
 And pétty Árcó's bigotrý
 Bégān to rámp less fúriously,
 We cóme with spādes at déad of níght,
 And with the lántern's flíckering líght,
 And córpsē and cóffin fróm the cláy
 Raise sílently, and bēar awáy
 To whére on lónely Céole's híll
 Gápēd the tile búrner's blāzing kíln.
 Two hóurs befóre the rísing sún,
 The héat inténsē its wórkhás dónē,
 Ánd with the rélics ín an úrn,
 Sáfe to óur lódgings wé retúrñ.
 Spéedy and shórt our lást adíeu
 To Árcó ánd its zéalot crēw,
 Forgíve them héaven; and íf thír créed
 The ónly trúē one bē indéed,
 Téach thēm the wáy íts trúth to próve
 By déeds, not óf íll wíll, but lóve.

SÉVEN — ís the túrret's áwful crý;
 Lónely wídwōwer whý not díē?
 Why líve whēre óthērs smíle to sígh,
 And móurn thy dāys of jóy gōne bý?
 A wídwōwer, búť not lónely, Í,
 So pléasant ís my cómpāny:
 A bróthēr ánd déar sísters thrée

Péople this wildernéss for mé,
Ánd my loved child, my Kátharine,
If é'er to sádnness Í incline,
Bids me fór her déar sake chéer,
And kísses fróm my lids the téar.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÉIGHT.
Éarly lét it cóme or láte,
Cálm and conténted Í awáit,
The arríval óf the appóinted dáte,
Last limit óf my hópes and féars,
And áll my sád or jóyful yéars.

NÍNE — is the túrret's áwful crý:
Kátharine, my child, thou too must díe;
And Óh! when Í think ón 't I sigh,
Perháps withóut one kind hand nigh,
Thy líps to wét, or clóse thine eýe.
Éven while thy púlse of life beats high,
And fár off yét thine hóur to díe,
Kátharine, my child, let nótt thine eýe
Too fónclý rést on váníty;
Lóve not too múch this wórld of strífe;
At bést a dóubtfúl bóon is life:
And whén at lást thine hóur draws nigh,
Héir of thy móther's énergý,
Áwáy from life thy clósing eýe
Túrn, and withóut a síngle sigh,
Díe, as thou sáw'st thy móther díe:
Remémbering wéll that déath 's the clóse
Nótt of joys ónly, bútt of wóes.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — TÉN.
Whó would live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

Agáin the unéqual cóntest wáge
 With páin and sickness, grief and áge;
 See, óne by óne, his pléasures flý,
 See, óne by óne, his lóved ones díe,
 See Vice triumphant, Virtue póor,
 The pród man's scóffs and seórns endúre,
 Ánd in the ántechámber wáit,
 Swélling the págeant óf the gréat;
 Wríthe under wróngs unmérited,
 Ánd to the týrant bów the héad;
 Ór for sórrors nóť his ówn
 Héave the sýmpathétic gróan,
 Ánd for griefs he cánnót héal
 Únaváiling ánguish féel;
 Whó is hé, so fónđ of páin,
 Thát wóuld live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

ELÉVEN — 's the túrret's áwful crý:
 To cóunt my sórrors lét me trý;
 False friends, vain hópes, declíning áge;
 O! láy me ín some hérmitáge,
 Fár from the wórld's discórdant járs,
 Beyónd its énvies, feúds, and wárs;
 Beyónd the bígot séctaries' réach,
 Whó, when they óught to práctise, préach.
 Thére ón the díal I'll fíx míne eýe,
 And cóunt the hóurs as théy go bý;
 One, twó, three, fóur, five, six, and séven;
 Fóllowed by éight, nine, tén, eléven;
 The hóurs shall bé my hómilies,
 On évery hóur I'll móralíse,
 Ánd to the héart a léssoń réad
 Far trúer thán the séctary's créed.

TWÉLVE — is the túrret's áwful cry:
The mídnight móon is ríding high,
I héar the fítful níght-breeze sígh,
I héar the móping ówlet cry;
Vísions óf the dáys gone bý
Flit befóre my hálf-closed eýe;
With my néw-betróthed I róve,
Ín the whíspering áspen gróve,
Ánd our tálk is áll of lóve;
My ríght arm 's clásped ábout her wáíst,
Her léft arm 's ón my shóulder pláced;
But whénce that shriek, that súdden stárt?
Whý that convúlsive béat of héart?
My lóve, my lífe, what dóst thou féar?
Cóme to my bósom, cóme more néar;
Good Gód of héaven, what clásp I hére?
A wínding shéet wrapped róund dry bónes;
And thén I stúmbles ón tomb-stónes;
And fáll íntó a néw-made gráve;
Chínless skúlls íts bóttom páve;
Stríngs of téeth festóon íts sídes;
Whóse the béck'ning hánd that guídes
Thróugh the chárnel-hóuse my wáy?
"Make háste, my Jámés, why dóst thou stáý?
Tomórrów ís our wéddíng dáy;
Héar'st not the túrret clóck stríke Óne?
Pút this ríng thy fínger ón;
Hást forgót '*Auf éwig dein,*'
Thíne I ám and thóu art míne;
Cóme, my Jámés, and lét us síng
The scróll upón our wéddíng ríng;
Thíne I ám, and thóu art míne;
Cóme let's síng '*Auf éwig dein.*'

Háste, my Jámes, and lét 's awáy,
 Tomórrrow is our wédding dáy."
 I wóke, and Í was áll alóne;
 The móon in át the window shóne;
 I réad the scróll upón the ríng,
 But nóne was thére the scróll to sing;
 And ás I sát there áll alóne,
 The túrret's áwful vóice cried — ONE.

Written while travelling on foot between MILAN and BOTZEN
 from Sept. 22nd to Oct. 1st 1852.

Trauerlied

für den 13. December 1852.

Aus dem Englischen des

Dr. James Henry

in's Deutsche übertragen von

B. Carneri.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Eins!
 Noch eine Stunde hat ihr Werk vollbracht
 Und ist entflohn, unsichtbar wie die Luft;
 Wer weiß, ach, wer, wo man sie wieder fände?
 Sechsmal neun Jahre sind dahin gerollt,
 Seit ich an diesem Tag, um diese Stunde,
 Ein hilflos neugebor'nes Knäblein, lag,
 Von einer Mutter Liebesarm umschlungen,
 In Ruh' gesullt von einer Mutter Stimme,
 An einer Mutter Brust genährt.

Des Thurmes erste Stimme ruft: Zwei!
Wie schnell verrinnet eine Stund' im Lebenssand!
Fünffmal fünf Jahr' sind über mich gegangen,
Seit todt mein Kind in diesen Armen lag;
Um diese Stunde ward von allem Schmerz,
Ach, Mary Jane¹, mein erstes Kind, befreit;
Hier Monde peinlich athmen, dies war alles,
Was sie gekannt von dieser düstern Welt.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Drei!
"Von mir" — spricht's — "lerne, was du bist: ein Schwingen,
"Ein Schall, ein flücht'ges Glockenspiel, —
"Im Zeitenstrom ein Wellenschlag."

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Vier!
Mir rieselt's bis in's Innerste des Herzens!
Es war derselbe Ruf, als Balltore
Das Bügenglöckchen meines zweiten Kindes
Die grauen Berg' entlang erschallen ließ,
Als trüb' und langsam meine Thränen sanken
Auf meine todtte Anna Isabell.

Des Thurmes erste Stimme ruft: Fünf!
Herzloser Sohn, du konntest's überleben,
Daß ew'ge Nacht die lieben Augen schloß,
Die stets mit immer sich erneuerndem
Entzücken über dich ihr Licht ergossen,
Ach, über dich, der Mutter Freud' und Hoffnung,
Das erstgebor'ne Kind, den meistgeliebten Sohn.
Langsam und schwer hinschwanden sieben Jahre,
Seit ich geseh'n ihr letztes Athmen,
Seit im Gemach, wo einst ihr Vater starb,
Die Kinder weinend ihr zur Seite,
Sie mild gelispelt: "'s ist der Tod" —

Und uns gesegnet mit dem letzten Athmen.
Sieben und siebenzig Jahre waren über
Ihr Haupt dahin gerollt: jedoch
Wer hätte meine Mutter alt genannt!
So klar war ihre Stimm' und hell ihr Blick,
So voll von Würde war ihr Gang,
Und, oh, ihr Herz so warm als je
Und gegen ihre Lieben stets dasselbe!
Wir legten sie, mit Harz umgossen, Dem
Zur Seite, der in seiner Jugend
Kate² seine Braut genannt,
Die Mutter der fünf Kinder sein,
Die Königin in unserm Zinnenhaus.
Robert und Kate², sechsmal sechs Jahr'
Habt Einer Ihr des Andern Furcht und Hoffen,
Einer des Andern Lust und Schmerz getheilt;
Doch Furcht und Hoffen, Lust und Schmerz entchwanden,
Ruh't endlich, Kate² und Robert, ruhet,
Beglückt von Eurer Kinder Segen,
Auf ewig Euch zur Seite!

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Sechs!
Und mahnet All', daß Alle müssen sterben
Und lassen von der süßen Lust, vom Licht,
Vom Leben, — um sich hinzulegen
In ew'ge Nacht. Doch mich mehr als die Andern
Mahnt dieser Ruf, daß Alle,
Die leben, sterben müssen;
Denn diesen Ruf vernahm ich jene Nacht
Von Arco's Thurm, als meine Seligkeit,
Als meine Ann Jane¹ mich der Trauer überließ,
Hingehend, woher Niemand wiederkehrt.
Neun Tag' und Nächte hab' ich ihren Pfuhl bewacht;
Am zehnten Tag, es war am Abend, sprach sie:

“Ich sterbe, theurer James³, und bin's zufrieden;
“Hab' drei und zwanzig Jahr' mit Dir verbracht,
“Beglückte Braut und Weib und Mutter, —
“Die glücklichsten der Jahre meines Lebens.
“Leb' und sey glücklich und von Zeit zu Zeit,
“Wann Du des Thurmes Glockenspiel vernimmst,
“Gedenk' an Die, die nun es mit Dir hört
“Zum letzten Mal; oh, mögest Du,
“Wann es Dir kündet Deine letzte Stunde,
“So glücklich und ergeben sehn, als ich!“ —
Sprach's und hielt inne; drauf den matten Blick
Erhebend, sah sie mich ein Weilchen an;
Dann senkte sie das Haupt und läppelte mit Beken:
“Und sollt' es jemals wieder Dir begegnen,
“Dich zu vermählen, möge jeder Segen
“Herniederträufeln auf die neue Braut,
“Und mögest Du mit ihr
“So glücklich sehn, wie einst mit mir.
“Und nun ist's aus; und was mir bleibt,
“Ist, diesen Ring in Deine Hand, die einst
“Zum meinen ihn gemacht, zurückzustellen,
“Auf daß Du ihn bewahrst, dieweil Du athmest,
“Und, wann die Stunde Deines Scheidens schlägt,
“Du unserm theuern Kinde,
“Du unsrer Katharine⁴ ihn gebst,
“Ein Andenken Dein und meiner Liebe.“ —
Sprach's mit gebroch'ner Stimm', und während sie
Noch sprach und sich den Ring vom Finger zog,
Festsetzte sich des Todes blasse Farbe
Auf ihren Wangen;
Erkaltet sinkt die ausgestreckte Hand,
Der Ring rollt auf den Boden nieder
Und Ann Jane¹ ist — ein Sang, der ausgefungen. —

Wo ihren Duft die Mandelbäum' ergießen,
 Des Lenzes Nah'n die Pfirsichblüte kündet
 Und wohin noch des Sarca Brausen reicht,
 Versenkten wir sie in ihr einsam Grab,
 Bis Frömmerei zu wüthen aufgehört;
 Denn vor ihr hatten Arco's Frömmler,
 Zur Schande Aller, die sich Christen nennen,
 Des Friedhofs Thore zugeschlagen.
 Oh, hättet Ihr sie nur gehört
 Von Kezerei und Glaube fäseln,
 Und wie man Keinen, der sich nicht vor'm Sterben
 Zum Glauben all' der Uebrigen bekannt,
 Begraben dürfe neben gläub'gen Leichen! —
 Durch zweimal dreißig Tag' besuchten wir
 An Sarca's Ufer ihr verlass'nes Bett,
 Und vor dem Grabeshügel,
 Gelagert auf dem Rasen,
 Verweinten wir die trauervollen Stunden.
 Und als die Pfirsichblüte war gefallen,
 April zu Ende war, die Frömmerei
 Des winz'gen Arco minder wüthig ras'te,
 Da kamen wir, bei flackerndem Laternenlicht,
 Mit Schaufeln, in der Todtenstille
 Der Nacht, und hoben schweigend aus den Schollen
 Leichnam und Truhe, brachten sie hinan,
 Wo von des stillen Geole Hügel
 Des Ziegelbrenners Ofen lodernd gähnte.
 Zwei Stunden vor Sonnenaufgang hatte
 Die Glut ihr Werk vollbracht, in einer Urne
 Die Ueberreste, langten ungefährdet wir
 Zu Hause an, und sagten kurz und eilig
 Arco und seiner Frömmlerschaar Fahrwohl.
 Vergieb, o Himmel, ihnen; und wenn wirklich
 Ihr Glaube der alleinig wahre ist,

So lehre sie durch Thaten ihn bewähren,
Die nicht von Bosheit, doch von Liebe zeugen.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Sieben!
Einsamer Wittwer, warum stirbst du nicht?
Was lebst du, wo die Andern lachen,
Zu senfzen nur und deine Tage
Entschwund'ner Freude zu betrauern? —
Wol bin ich Wittwer, aber einsam nicht
Im trauten Kreise Derer, die mir bleiben:
Ein Bruder und drei theure Schwestern
Bevölkern diese Wildniß mir;
Und wann ich je zur Trauer neige,
Dann bittet mein geliebtes Kind,
Dann bittet meine Katharine,
Daß, ihr zu Lieb', ich mich erheit're,
Und küßt von meinem Augenlied die Thräne.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Ach!
Laß früh sie kommen oder spät, ich harre
Befriedigt, ruhig, auf die Ankunft
Der festgesetzten Stunde,
Der Grenze meiner Hoffnungen und Kengsten,
Al' meiner freudigen und düstern Jahre.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Neun!
O Katharine⁴, mein Kind, auch Du mußt sterben!
Muß senfzen, wann ich denke, daß vielleicht
Dir keine liebe Hand wird nahe seyn,
Die Deine Lippen neße, Deine Augen schließe!
Wenngleich noch voll des Lebens Puls Dir schlägt
Und weit entfernt noch Deine Sterbestunde,
Laß, Katharine⁴, mein Kind, Dein Auge nicht
Zu glühend auf dem Eiteln ruhen;

Lieb' diese Welt des Streitens nicht zu sehr;
Im besten Fall ist dieses Leben
Ein zweifelhaftes Gut.
Und wann auch Deine Stunde endlich naht,
Dann, Erbin Du der Stärke Deiner Mutter,
Wend' ab Dein brechend Aug' vom Leben,
Und ohne einen einz'gen Seufzer
Stirb, wie Du Deine Mutter sterben sahst,
Gedenkend, daß der Tod nicht nur der Freuden,
Nein, auch der Leiden Abschluß sey.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Behn!
Wer möchte seine Stunden wieder leben
Und wieder kämpfen den ungleichen Kampf
Mit Schmerz und Krankheit, Alter und Verdruß,
Und seh'n, wie seine Freuden nach einander flieh'n,
Wie seine Lieben nach einander sterben,
Und Laster im Triumph
Und Tugend tief im Elend seh'n;
Des Stolzen Spott und Hohn von neuem tragen
Und in der Antichambre harren,
Der Großen Hofstaat zu vergrößern;
Sich krümmen unter unverdientem Unrecht,
Das Haupt vor dem Tyrannen beugen; oder
Für Schmerzen, die nicht seine eig'nen sind,
Des Mitleids Nethzen wieder ätzen,
Für Kummer, den er nicht vermag zu heilen,
Fruchtlose Todesangst empfinden;
Wer ist in's Leiden so vernarrt, daß er
Noch einmal möchte seine Stunden leben?

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Eils!
Laß mich versuchen, meine Leiden aufzuzählen:
Treulose Freunde, eitle Hoffnungen,

Sinkendes Alter . . . legt, oh, legt in eine
Einsiedelei mich, ferne von der Welt
Mistönender Entzweiung, ferne
Von ihres Neides Fehd' und Krieg,
Aus dem Bereich der frömmelnden Sektirer,
Die, wo sie handeln sollten, predigen;
Dort will auf eine Sonnenuhr
Mein Aug' ich heften und die Stunden zählen,
Wie sie vorüber zieh'n:
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, Fünf, Sechs und Sieben
Und darauf Acht, Neun, Zehn und Elf,
Die Stunden werden meine Kanzelreden sehn;
Will über jede Stund' moralisiren,
Dem Menschenherzen lesen einen Text,
Weit wahrer, als der Glaubenszünftler Credo.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Zwölf!
Hoch fährt der Vollmond durch die Mitternacht;
Die Nachtlust seufzt und seufzt,
Der Uhu schreit, der Freund des Dunkels,
Und Bilder aus vergang'nen Tagen schweben
An meinem halbgeschloss'nen Aug' vorüber.
Mit meiner Neuverlohten wandle ich
Durch einen Hain von Bitterpappeln;
All' uns're Reden drehen sich um Liebe;
Um ihre Mitte schlinget sich mein rechter Arm,
Ihr linker Arm auf meiner Schulter ruht.
Doch woher dieser Schrei,
Dies plötzliche Zusammenfahren?
Was schlägt das Herz so kraampfhast?
Mein Leben, meine Lieb', was fürchtest Du?
Komm an mein Herz, komm näher — Großer Gott
Des Himmels, was umarm' ich hier!

Ein Leichentuch, umhüllend dürre
Gebeine!

Und über Grabgesteine strauchle ich
Und stürze in ein frisch gegrab'nes Grab;
Kinnlose Schädel pflastern seinen Grund
Und angereichte Bäume kränzen seine Wände.
Weß ist die Hand, die winkend leitet
Durch dieses Beinhaus meinen Weg?

“Eile, mein James³, was zauberst Du?

“’s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag!

“Horch! Hoch vom Thurme schlägt es Eins.

“An Deinen Finger stecke diesen Ring.

“Hast Du vergessen das ‘Auf ewig Dein?’ —

“Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!

“Oh komm, mein James³, und laß uns singen

“Die Inschrift un’res Eherings;

“Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!

“Komm, singen wir ‘Auf ewig Dein!’

“Eile, mein James³, und laß uns fort,

“’s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag.” —

Ich wachte auf und war allein,

Zum Fenster sah der Mond herein.

Ich las die Inschrift auf dem Ring;

Doch da war Niemand, sie zu singen,

Und wie ich saß so ganz allein,

Rief’s hoch vom Thurm mit ernster Stimme: Eins!

Wien, November 1852.

- (1) Jane ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (2) Kate ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (3) James ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (4) Katharine ist nach englischer Weise dreisilbig auszusprechen.

WHAT I SAW MOST CURIOUS IN ALL
MY TRAVELS.

Í have róamed the wórld abóut,
Séarching each cúrious óbject óut;
Whatéver things have máde a róut,
Whéther théy be gréat or smáll,
Í have hád a péep at áll.

In Éngland Í have séen the Quéen;
In Íreland Í 've Killárney séen;
In Scótláand Í 've seen Hólyróod,
And cút a stíck in Bírnam Wóod,
And cárried it to Dúnsináne
Ánd the cástle óf the Tháne
Whose crúel lády shéd the blóod
Of Scótláand's kíng, Duncán the góod.

In Bélgium Í 've to Brússels béen,
Ánd admired the cíty eléan,
Strólléd in its párk and álleys gréen,
Ánd Vesálius' státue séen;
And ón the mónument óf the bráve
Who díed their fátherláand to sáve,
Ánd lie móuldering in one gráve,
Thé náme of évery héro réad,
And whére he féll, and hów he bléd.
Whéther he 's búrgomáster béen,
Or dúke, or prínce, or bárber méan,
Éach has éarnéd his wréath of fáme,
Ánd stands thére an hónored náme,
If áll, like mé, had tíme to réad,
And trávelled with so líttle spéed.

Óut of Bèlgiùm into Fránce;
 Nót to stáy, but táke a glánce
 Át the éver réstless nátion,
 That lóves to spréad such cónsternátiòn
 Ámongst Éurope's lóreds despótic,
 Yét by áll its pránks Quixótic
 Hás but gót a strónger máster,
 And rivetéð its fétters fáster.
 Lóuis Náp, I thóught thee éver,
 Éven when óthers did nót, cléver;
 And thóugh I wish thou hadst béen more lóth
 To bréak the sánctiòn óf an óath,
 I thánk thee fór thy cástigátiòn
 Of pópulár représentátiòn,
 That quintesséncé, by súblimátiòn,
 Óf the worst fóllies óf a nátiòn;
 And thát thou hást a-pácking sént
 The jób they cáll a párliamént;
 That vást club óf etérnal prátters,
 That Pándemónium óf debátters,
 That séll their véry sóuls for pláces,
 And chéat like jóckies át the ráces.

In Switzerlánd I 've séen Mont Blánc
 Hiding his héad the clóuds amóng;
 Dined on cóld Mont Ánvert's tóp,
 And púrchased knick-knacks át the shóp
 Just ópened ón the shívering síde
 Óf the mighty glácier wíde
 By trávellers cálléd the Mér de Gláce,
 And thére they gót me ón an áss,
 That bróught me, úp the dízzý páss
 Of Cól de Bálme, to thé Valáís,
 Where snúg in Gémuni's báths I láy

And stéwed mysélf the livelong dáy,
And dined on chéese and dráink goat's whéy;
Then óver Símplon máde my wáy,
Like Hállnibál, to Ítalý,
Ónce the lánd of the bráve and frée.
And thére I sáw the fáamous rópe-
Dáncers in Génoa, ánd the Pópe,
Ánd Vesúvius' búrning cráter,
Ánd the hóuse of thé man-háter
In Vénice, ánd the Góndolétta
In which he rówed his Guícciolétta,
Ánd the tómes whence hé compiled
Licéntious Júan ánd The Childe.

I 've séen in Flórence thé Bargéllo;
Ánd, of márble bláck and yéllow,
Thé Cathédral's Cámpanile,
A wónderfúl tall bélfry réally;
And Sánta Cróce's áisle alóng,
The míghty búried déad amóng,
Háve with an Énglish swágger wálked,
Ánd with Énglish ímpudence tálked
Of Mácchiavél and Mágalótti
And Míchel Ángelo Búonarótti;
Wóndered at Giotto's wánt of sháde,
Ánd why Címabúe máde
The Vírgin's fáce so róund and flát:
Is 't trúe she fór the líkeness sát?

Písa, thy Dúomo 's móre than fíne;
Its véry gáteway hálf dívíné;
But whý its tówer should só ínclíne
Out óf the pérpendícular líne,
And yét not tópple héadlóng óver,

Áfter pains-táking tó discóver,
And éndless béating óf my bráin
Some thrée long súnner-dáys in váin,
I túrned abóut in shéer despáir,
And, ás I fóund it, léft it thére,
A cólumn léaning ón the áir,
To púzzle árchitéctural ságes
As lóng as stóne-masóns get wáges.

Shóuld I begin to téll of Róme
I 'd scárce end ére the dáy of dóom:
Besídes I have gíven to Róme befóre
Twénty five páges, léss or móre,
Ín that gáthéring óf Windfálls,
Which évery grúbbling wít so máuls,
Scrátches and scrápes and cláws all óver
With his crów-foot, tó discóver
Some cráck or fláw to péck and bíte at,
Ánd, to éarn a pénny, wíte at.
Só if a skétch of Róme contént ye,
Ín my Windfalls yé 'll find twénty;
If móre ye wánt, bid Gód keep hóme;
And óff acröss the Álps to Róme.

Three wéeks I wás in Náples Í
Scarce tóok my éyes off thé blue ský.
How sóft, how swéet, how límpid cléar
The Néapólitán átmosp hére,
Ye cánnót háve a nótion hére,
Upón whose héads so héavy lówers,
Chárged with fóggs and místs and shówers,
This ártic hémisp hére of óurs.
Thrice lóvely Náples, whén I díe,
Lét me, benéath thy violet ský,

Sómewhere néar the Mántuan lie,
Ór in the spréading pálm tree's sháde
Clóse by the fisher hùt be láid,
Beside the símple fishermáid,
Whóm the coldhéarted Fránk betrayéd.
Bý no Frénchman's fóot be tród,
Gráziélla, thý grave-sód;
But thére let Cróeus éarliest péep,
And bénding Willow ó'er thee wéep,
And Bája's máidens cùrse a náme
That Gául takes pride in, tó her sháme.

Had Milan nóthing bút her Dóme,
Milan were sécond scárcé to Róme;
I knów it wéll, each flág and stóne;
But bést where thróugh the stáined-glass shóne
The évening súnbeams sóft and méllow
Tínging the clústered cólumns yéllow,
That cróss the lóng aisle's cólonnáde
Fling their déep and sólemn sháde,
And stréaming, with soft lústre méek,
On mány a brúnette's lóvely chéek,
Lówly amóng the knéeling crówd
Befóre the féstooned áltar bówed.

In G é r m a n y, as áll agrée,
'Are mány cúrious thíngs to sée:
Lét us óur beginning máke
At dirty H á m b u r g, fór the sáke
Of éase and p é r s p e c i u í t ý,
For thére my ill fate lánded mé
Óut of clean Éngland; grievously
Thróugh my n é r v e s o l f á c t o r ý
H á m b u r g's dírt offénded mé;

Nór less shócked mine eýes to see
 The inky flóods that dówn the stréet
 Rán in the driest sùmmér héat,
 When sólstice sùns baked mé alive
 And Réaumur stóod at thirty five.
 Escáped from Hámbug's filth and smóke,
 Ánd its kéen comméréal fólk,
 Tó the Hartz I táke my wáy,
 To lét the móuntain bréezes pláy
 Abóut me frée, and blów awáy
 Fróm my frésh-washed skín and shírt
 The ódour óf the Hámbug dirt.

In Léipzig, néxt, I 'm tó the fáir,
 Ánd at the lóng and bláck beards stáre
 Óf the Jew mérchants; ánd decláre,
 That wére I nót a Christian bórñ,
 Í wóuld endúre the Christian's scórn
 For Ábrahám's and Jácob's séed,
 And Ísrael's únbélieving créed,
 To win the privilége to wéar,
 Ón my own chin, my nátive háir.

In Múnich thé grand Glýptothék
 Ánd still gránder Pinacothék
 Bég you 'll nót one fáult discóver
 In Lóla Móntes' róyal lóver:
 And gréat Bavária, géant táll,
 Stánding in frónt of Glóry's Háll,
 In stréngth of yóuth and béauty's pride,
 With the grim Líon át her side,
 Hólds the wréath of hónor fórt
 Tó rewárd the highest wórt.

In Cónstance í 've seen Húss's céll,
Ánd the Háll where he spóke so wéll,
Fór his cónscience ánd his life,
Agáinst the fágot ánd the knife.

In Drésden í 've the highly prized
Sístine Madónna criticized,
Ánd pronóunced the dráwing trúe,
Bút the cólor áll too blúe,
Ánd the two little ímps belów
Fit ónly fór a ráree-shów,
With their duck's wings, and fóolish grin,
And élbows própping úp their chin.
The réason why I só admire
The Drésdenérs, if yóu inquire,
It is not thát they 're óver civil,
Ór less úgly thán the Dévil,
Ór that their hóuses dó not stínk
Like ány chárnel-váult or sínk;
Bút, in one wórd, its fór the sáke
Óf their right róyal Bibliothék,
So nóbly tó me ópen thrówn,
To úse as íf it wére my ówn,
And 'rével thére, the whóle day lóng,
Dear Léarning's tréasured swéets amóng,
Till, tired, I túrn for récréation
To Klémm, and tálk of Cívilisátion,*
Oft wóndering how sáusage-fúll
Of knówledge is the Gérman skúll.

* Dr. Klemm, the learned Oberbibliothekar of the King's Library in Dresden, has just completed, in 10 vols. 8^{vo}. his Cultur - Geschichte, the labor of twenty five years.

In Prágue I 've seen the Clémentinum,
Laurenzibérg and Cárolinum,
And Dálibórka's donjon táll,
And Ládisláus' gothic háll,
Ánd the thrice sáinted, pickled tóngue,
That high up in the Hrádschin 's húng,
In hónor óf the Quéen's conféssor,
That silent tóngue's quondám posséssor,
Whó in the Móldau's midnight tide,
Thé conféssional's mártyr, died.

And, lást and gréatest, Í have seen
The Káiser-Stádt, impérial Wien;
With its San Stéphan's Thúrm so high,
And Práter lów, and gáy Basteí,
And Eísenstóck, and Góttes-ácker;
And hád my tóe by á Fiácre
Run óver ón the flágway, thóugh
Néar to the wáll as Í could gó.
So clóse and nárrow — whát a pity! —
The crówded stréets of thát great cíty,
Such jóstling in them, crúshing, stríving,
Such cártíng, wheélbarro'íng and dríving,
You néither cán get ón, nor stóp;
But wíll-ye, n'íll-ye, in must póp
Ínto pórté-cochère or shóp,
In óne street's léngth ten tímes at léast,
If yóu 'd not gíve work tó the príest
And nótary and úndertáker,
And lóng farewéll bíd tó the báker.

And nów I 've cóme home, sáfe and wéll,
Áll these cúríous thíngs to téll,

Thère 's a thing more cúrious stíll,
 Which, if I cán describe, I wíll;
 Tóo many wórds mar sénse, 'tis sáid,
 So whát I méan 's a Gérman-béd.
 A wóol-stuffed pincushión, I wéen,
 Géntlest réader, thóu hast séen;
 Quadrángulár, wood ón each síde,
 And twice as lóng as it is wíde.
 Sét this pincúshion ón four féet,
 And, ón its óne end, píllows néat
 Some hálf a dózen togéther píle —
 Náý, gentlest réader, dó not smile;
 True Gérman néver *lies* in béd,
 But *síts*, and léans his wéary héad
 Báckwards agáinst such stéep inclíne
 As gíves exáctly éighty níne
 For the ángle's méasure which his spíne
 Mákes with the hórízóntal líne.
 With his one shéet benéath him spréad
 Thus síts the Gérman ín his béd,
 And ón his twó knees strétched out stráight
 Suppórts his *Féderdéckbett's* wéight,
 That léaves his féet and ánkles báre
 To shíver ín the míd-níght áir:
 Yet nót one wórd wíll hé compláin,
 Intó whose métaphýsic bráin,
 Of blánket ór of cóunterpáne,
 With áll his tóil and áll his swéat,
 No cléar *Begriff* has éntered yét.

So, ás I 've súnq or ráther sáid,
 Agáinst the Glácis óf his béd
 The Gérman léans supíne his héad;

And sléeps with héedful cáution nice,
 While on each side a préecipice
 Four féet down pérpendiculár,
 Forbids one wéary jóint to stir
 Éither to léft side ór to right,
 Thróugh the whole lívelong winter night;
 And thréatens évery déviátion
 From réctilíneal réclínátion
 Alóng the míddle óf the crib,
 With bróken héad or bróken rib.
 Your Gérman, whó admirer wárm is
 Of whóle bones, swéars "*tutissimus dormis*"
 Ís the true réading, and your "*ibis*"
 The intérpolátion óf some scribe is,
 Who knéw not 'twás a Gérman béd,
 Good fáther Sól had in his héad,
 Whén he admónished his rash són,
 Fidgetty, réstless Pháëton,
 Right in the míddle tó keep stráight,
 Íf he disliked a bróken páte.
 The góod advíce did bút annóy
 The silly, sélf-concéited bóy,
 Who, tired of thé exáct stráight líne,
 Fidged to the síde of thé inclíne,
 And túmbling dówn, as schóolboys knów,
 Ínto the bróad, o'erflówing Pó,
 Wás by his wéeping sisters móurned
 Till ínto póplars théy were túrned.

Réader, shóuldst thou éver bénd
 Thy stéps to Gérmany, a friend
 Than Cóleridge móre expérienced, wóuld
 Persúade thee, íf he dúrst and cóuld,

To bring with thee, not one poor páir
 Of blánkets, fróm the midnight áir
 Thy híps, sides, shóuldérs tó defénd;
 But bring with thee, so sáys thy friend,
 Bédstead and bédдинг áll compléte,
 Six féet in léngth and wide five féet;
 So sháll the astónished *Kéllnerin*,
 Whén at daybréak she brings thee in
 Thy cúp of cóffee, find thee wárm,
 And sáfe escáped all nightly hárm
 Of dámp or fróst or súdden fáll;
 And wónder hów it cómes at áll,
 There shóuld be in the wórld a rúg,
 So fléecy sóft, so cózy snúg,
 Yét of the vást, unhéard-of size,
 A mán to cóver ás he lics
 Strétched at full léngth, and háng down wide
 Belów the béd on éither side.

Réader, farewéll; and párdon mé,
 Some winter's night in Gérmaný
 If scánty cóverlet, stéep high béd,
 And frózen tóes or bróken héad
 Máke thee remémber whát I 've sáid.

Written while travelling on foot from BOTZEN, to INNICHEN
 in the PUSTERTHAL, October 1. to October 4. 1852.

MY JOURNEY

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1852 FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN
HIGHLANDS UP THE VALLEY OF THE INN AND OVER THE STELVIO
INTO LOMBARDY.

With shirt fresh washed, and cravat néat,
And worsted socks upon my féet,
And shoes half worn and newly sóled,
And double póckets lined with góld,
And ón my héad brown Wide-awáke
Cócked on one side for fáshion's sáke,
And gráy Alpácha light and wárm
Hung lóosely óver thé left árm,
To wéar in cáse of cóld or stórm,
And silk umbrélla in my hánd,
Behóld me in a fóreign lánd.

Let thóse who lóve their déar-bought éase,
Bring rúmbling with them, if they pléase,
Valíse and trúnk and équipáge,
Ánd, at Boulógne, couríer engáge,
To sit upón coach-bóx in státe,
And fór Milórd inside transláte;
Or, fórwárd sént, annóunce the appróach
Of Énglish géntlemán and cóach,
And át the Póste bespéak reláy,
Thát there may bé no stóp nor stáy
Ín the impátient tráveller's wáy
Pást every óbject wóρθ the víew
Ín the strange lánd he jóurneys thróugh:
But Í proféss anóther créed,
And different fár my ráte of spéed,
And féw and smáll the hélp I néed;

Trunk, b6x, or 6quip6ge, I 've none;
And 6s for c6urier — I 'm my 6wn;
And y6t I g6 not 6ll 6l6ne,
For 6t my side is 6lways 6ne
Whose sw6et comp6nionship more sw6et
Makes 6very 6bject which I m6et;
More s6ft the 6ir, the ský more blúe,
Each field and fl6wer more bright of húe,
The m6rn more fr6sh, less gr6ve the 6ven;
And wh6re she br6athes there is my h6aven.

An h6ur bef6re the m6tin chime,
I h6ar a v6ice:— "To rise it 's time;"
And th6n I f6el a d6ughter's kiss —
"The m6rning h6ur we m6st not miss;
No m6re of sl6ep; the ský is bright;
We 've tw6nty miles to m6ke ere night;
Make h6ste, Pap6." And th6n she brings
Those items which the s6x call things,
And m6n their cl6thes; cravat and v6st,
Coat, shirt and st6ckings — 6nd the r6st;
And wh6le, with 6ver 6nd 6n6n
Her h6lping h6nd, I pút them 6n,
Reminds me h6w the minutes p6ss,
And m6kes brief t6ilette 6t the gl6ss.
Dr6ssing achieved, we h6rry d6wn
T6 the *Gast-Stube*; m6ddy br6wn
Whose n6ked t6bles, w6lls and fl66r,
C6shionless s6ats and 6ft-turned d66r;
Our c6ffee in all h6ste desp6tch,
Disch6rge our r6ckoning, r6ise the l6tch,
And, wh6le 6r6und the whole h6usehold cry
'*Gl6ckliche R6ise*,' bid good býe,
And 6ut up6n our r6ad 6g6in,

Alómg the vắlley, 'cróss the pláin,
Through villáge, hámlét, city, tówn,
Now úp the móuntain ánd then dówn.

Nów by the síde of ríppling láke,
Língering, slów, our wáy we táke;
And wátch with éver nów delight
The fréaks of thé reflécted light;
Hów from wáve to wáve it glánces,
Hów it shivers, hów it dáles;
Hére spread óut so wárm and méllow
Únder some sóft clóud's mórning yéllow,
There wrínkling bláck benéáth the frówn
Of yón o'erhánging móuntain brówn.

Nów our wáy leads thróugh the sháde
By sýcamóre and wálnut máde;
Whére the béech spreads óverhéad,
Ánd the rówan berries réd
Droop gráceful fróm their slénder stálk:
Pléasant indéed it is to wálk
Únder this éver-várying scréen,
This twinkling cánopy of gréen,
And wátch the tímíd squírrél spríng,
And héar the shý wóod thróstle síng;
Or péering dówn some dí-m-lít áisle
Of pláne or póplar, sée defíle
Óut of the thicket ánd the sháde
Ínto the sún-illúminéd gláde
The réd deer's státely cávalcáde;
Like tráín of mónks from thé dark dóor
Of sácrísty or clóister hóar,
Forth íssuíng íntó the bríght,
Illúmináted cháncel's líght.

And nów with lightsome fóotstep frée,
 We 're bóunding ó'er the móuntain léa
 With eúphrasy and dáisy píed,
 Alóng the múrmuring bróoklet's síde,
 Whére a thóusand nibbling shéep
 Súch a tinkle tinkle kéep;
 And sée the shépherd ón a rók
 Séated ténd his wóolly flóck;
 Róund his néck his whistle 's húng,
 'Cróss his báck his wállet 's slúng;
 Émblem and éngine óf commánd,
 His séven-foot croók 's in his right hánd;
 In váin, bold rám, that thréatening lóok,
 Thine hínd leg 's in the mérciless croók;
 Submít, proud rám; thy strúggles váin
 Dóes but to tórture túrn thy páin.
 And nów, "whee! whée!" his whistle shrill
 Commánds his dóg down fróm the híll
 To túrn, with bárk and wéll-feigned bíte,
 The stúrdy wédder, thát in spíte
 Of shówers of eláy from thé crook's scóop
 Has dáred to strággles fróm the tróop.

A róughér scéne salútes us nów;
 Lean óver yónder rók's steep brów;
 Héar what an úproar réigns belów;
 Sée hów the héadlong tórrént rúshes,
 Hów it éddies, fóams and gúshes,
 Hów from rók to rók it túmbles,
 Héar how the gróund abóut thee rúmbles:—
 "Take cáre my child, come fást awáy,
 Thy fáce and háir are wét with spráy."
 "Do stáy, Papá, a móment stáy;
 Thóugh with sómewhat bóisterous pláy,

The wáters spírt and fóam and híss,
 Ás they plúnge into the abýss,
 Ánd with spráy have wét my háir,
 Ánd with dámpness filled the áir,
 See yónder whát a lóvely Bów
 Spáns the áwful chásm belów,
 Wárm red and yéllow, blént with blúe,
 Ánd the violet's ténderer húc;
 Bridge búilt for thé new-wédde**d** bride
 Óf some fáiry king to ríde,
 Bý her róyal cónsort's síde,
 Ón her práncing pálfrey píed,
 Sáfe acróss the stéep ravíne,
 Tó the cástle néver séen
 Bý presúptuous mórtal eýe,
 Till mídnight's páll has wrápped the ský,
 Ánd from báttlemént and tówer
 The phántom wátch have cáll**e**d the hóur:
 Then súdden ón the astónished síght
 Búrst**s** the cástle blázing bríght
 With a thóusand tápers' líght;
 Ánd on the éar peals fróm wíthín
 The Mándolin's ríght mérry dín,
 And sóng and dá**n**ce and révelrý
 Lást till the phántom wátch cry — **THREE**;
 Whén in a tríce the líghts are out,
 Húsh**e**d in a tríce s**o**ng, d**a**n**c**e and shóut,
 Ánd the enchánted cástle 's góne,
 Léaving no rélic, stóek nor stóne,
 To márk the síte it stóod upón:
 Till at the sáme hour thé next níght,
 With its thóusand tápers bríght,
 It búrst**s** agáin upón the síght;
 And sóng and dá**n**ce and jóllitý

Agáin last till the wáitch cry — THRÉE;
When áll at ónce from mórtal. kén
Vánish the fáiry tówers agáin;
And the éarly trávellér thróugh the wóod
Gáthers múshrooms whére they stóod."

The midday sún has seáled the ský;
Our páth leads úp a móuntain híg;
Grádual at first, then stéep and shéer;
How dwindled dówn to mice appéar
The shéep, that ón yon hills belów
Grázing we léft two hóurs agó!
Our fórest friends have óne by óne
Léft us to táke our wáy alóne:
Soft Willow first begán to wáil
And wéep that shé had léft the vále;
Then Póplar tired, and céased to climb,
Sáying he 'd cóme anóther time,
But nów would ráther stáy with Líme:
Next stúrdy Oák stopped fár belów,
And Wálnut cóuld no fúrther gó,
And Cýpress shívered with the cóld,
And Chésnut wás too stiff and óld,
And sáid that úp the stéep inclíne
We néeded bút stout hárdy Pine
For cómpaný; for hé was lóng
Inúred to dwéll those héights amóng,
And wóuld néither tíre nor stóp
But kéeep close bý us tó the tóp.
Sweet wóords of cómfort, Chésnut blánd,
And fálse as swéet, thou hast stíll at hánd;
Móre than a góod half hóur agó
Stout Pine grew tired, and stáid belów,
Gásping for bréath: and sáid that hé

Was lóth to párt good cómpány,
 But cóuld not béar an áltítúde
 Abóve the spót whereón he stóod.
 Só, while thou tóil'st up life's steep híl,
 Thou 'rt léaving friends behind thee stíll;
 And óne is wéak, and óne is slów,
 And, bréathless, óne stops fár belów;
 And tén are fálse, and twénty díe,
 That tó thy yóuth gave cómpány:
 And thóu, ere hálf the stéep thou hast wón,
 Look'st róund, and ló! thou stánd'st alóne,
 Unléss, for mútual shield from hárm,
 Thou hast línked thee ín a bróther's árm,
 Or sóme dear síster wálks beside,
 Or kínd Heaven 's bóund thee tó a bríde
 In háppy fétters; ór a míld
 And dútiful dáughter, líke my chíl,
 Mý beloved Kátharine, hóvers néar,
 Thine áge's fáinting stéps to chéer.

Stárk desolátion wóuldst thou sée,
 Úp to the high móuntains, úp with mé;
 Belów thee léave the shélted glén,
 Dótted with the abódes of mén;
 Belów thee léave the shépherd's pén;
 Fár belów in the dístance dínn,
 Léave the chárcoal-búrner grím,
 With his dun óxen ánd his lóad
 Lúmbering dówn the dángerous róad;
 Fár belów leave the lást green spót
 Ánd the highest *Sénner's* lónely cót;
 Ánd with unwéaried límb and bréath
 Press úpwards 'cróss the dámp brown héath,
 Whose mátted fibres' slów decáy,

Yéar after yéar, day áfter dáy,
Clóthes with a déeper quággiér móld
The móuntain grável wét and cóld.
Springing from túft to túft acróss,
Thou hast léft behind bog, héath and móss,
Ánd with no jót of vígour léss
Toilst úp the stóny wildernéss
From whénce, a thóusand yéars agó,
Tórrents and ráins and mélting snów
Have wáshed down tó the vále belów,
And thénce borne tó the séa awáy,
The finér débris sánd and cláy,
Léaving the grósser stónes behind
Bléaching in súnshine ráin and wínd,
Till gráin by gráin awáy they 're wórñ,
And grádual dówn the sáme path borne.

Look róund; what óbjects méet thy sight?
“Stónes, only stónes, left hánd and right;
Befóre, behind, stónes, ónly stónes,
Thick stréwn as déadmen's móuldering bónes
Upón some chárnel-hóuse's flóor.”
Look úp abóve thee; wát see'st móre?
“The gaúnt cheeks óf the móuntain hóar,
By mány a tórrent rávined déep,
Each rávine énding in a stéep
Délta of grável, fróm the crówn
Óf the ever crúmbling súmmit dówn
Brought by the wáters, ánd outspréad
To bé their wáste and rúgged béd.”
Still hígher lóok; what sée'st thou nów?
“Crówning the táll cliff's clámmy brów
I sée the éverlásting snów,
Like the white cáp that wráps the héad

Of cold corpse in the coffin laid,
Or outstretched on the funeral bed;
Light on the deadcap rests the shroud,
And light upon the snow the cloud,
Whose thick impénétrable háze
Shields the highest pinnacles from the gáze,
And, by no ráy of sun pierced through,
Shuts in all round the úpward view."

A móuntain circús capped with snow,
Dark místs abóve, grey stónes belów,
No living thíng, no spéck of gréen,
No prínt to márk where lífe has béen,
The déathlike sílence ónly bróke
Bý the torrent's róar or fálling róck —
Háste, thou that lífe hast, háste áwáy;
Great Náture súffers nóth thy stáy.
In thése her óutskirts; in the wáste
And hórrible wílderness shé has pláced
Ón her extrémest fróntier's édge,
Ón her vast glóbe's most próminent lédge.
Stárk desolátion if there 's hére,
What is there quíte beyónd the sphére?

Tó the vast glácier lét us nów
Descénd alóng this slóping brów;
With stéady fóotstep, súre and slów,
Dównward in broad zígzags gó;
Ínto the grável press hárd thy héel,
Thy tóe the gróund must scárcely féel:
And nów upón thine *Álpenstóck*
Thrów thy whole wéight, and tó yon róck,
As *Gémсен-Jäger* féarlessly,
Acróss the wíde chasm spríng with mé.

Well done — Is 't not a glorious sight
Th' untródden glácier's dázzling white,
Wáve beyond wáve spread éndlessly,
Frozen billows óf a frózen séa?
Look dówn this fissure, twó feet wide
And fifty déep; on éither side
Light pierces fár into the máss
Of sólid, gréen, crystálline gláss,
That fills the móuntain rávine wide,
From tóp to bóttom, side to side;
Benéath dissólving gráduallý
And éver dráining tóward the séa;
Abóve repláced continuallý
By snówslips fróm the súmmits high,
And ón its súrface, tóward the vále,
Down wáfting in perpétual sáil
Its fréight of thóusand, thóusand tóns
Of fálled-down grável and bóulder-stónes.

Móuntains and snóws behind us lie,
Abóve us spréads a sóft blue ský;
Wárm in the sún the lándscape glóws,
A fréshening zéphyr róund us blóws,
Fánning us with the rich perfúme
Of órange ánd acácia blóom.
Cast róund thine éyes; on évery side,
Through áll the rólling chámplain wide,
Éxtend in mány a párallel líne
The póllard próppings óf the víne;
Fréely betwéen from línk and nóose
Háng the broad flóating féstoons lóose
Óf the wónder-wórking júice,
That ópen láys the héart of mán,
Tó his bróther's éyes to scán,

And láic, clérgy, súbjects, kíngs,
 To óne and thé same lével bríngs;
 That chéers the síck-bed ánd ínspíres
 The póet's ánd the lóver's fíres,
 And húes of héaven, odóurs of róse,
 Round life's exháusted pílgím thróws.
 Let Céres bóast her gólden shéaves,
 And Flóra hér enámelled léaves,
 Let Pállas kéeep her ólive wánd,
 The mýrtle stíll grace Vénus' hánd,
 And Mórpheus róund afflíction's béd
 Stíll wáve his drówsy póppyhéad,
 Déarer to mé than flówer or shéaf,
 Or ólive bráñch or mýrtle léaf,
 Or póppy's bléssed ánodýne,
 Déarer to mé and móre dívine
 One téndril, Bácsus, óf thy víne,
 One spárkle óf a cúp of wíne.

Abóve, the wíne festóons float frée;
 Belów, wide-spréading líke a séa,
 Waves státely ó'er the gólden pláin
 The Kúkurítz' sun-lóving gráin,
 Chéquered with mány a vérdant spót,
 Where róund the péasant's wóodroofed cót
 Gay Búckwheat shéws his búskin réd,
 And Míillet dróops her pénsive héad.

But wéstering Sól bíds ús make háste,
 And nót our précíous mínutes wáste
 In tóo contéplative a gáze
 On várious Náture's wóndrous wáys,
 Whén on níght quárters wé shóuld thínk,
 And sómethíng gét to éat and drínk;

And hints that though his sister Dí
May dó for lovers tó swear bý,
She 's nót to bé depended ón
By twó who, bý themsélves alóne,
Trável on fóot a lánd unknoẃn.
With SóI I 'll nót the póint dispute,
For SóI 's not éasy tó confúte,
And Í myself shrewdly inclíne
To súpper ánd a pínt of wine,
Snug párlour, sófa, ánd warm béd
With thrée down píllows át the héad
And óne alóng the fóotboard láid,
Thére to repóse my weáry bónes
And léave hills, válleys, rócks and stónes,
Vines, búckwheat, mílet, Túrkish córn,
To shíver in the cóld till mórn:
Then ére the sún has léft his béd,
Or típped the úpland pínes with réd,
We rise refréshed and óut agáin
'Cross móuntain, válley, híll and pláin,
Through cópse and thicket, láwn and gláde,
In súnshine nów, and nów in sháde;
Léaving to óthers éase and weáldh,
And gáthering, dáily, stréngth and héalth,
And swéet conténtment, dáughter fáir
Of éxercise and ópen áir;
Ánd, with discóurse various and frée
On áll the nóvelties we sée,
Bréaching the thíck walls óf the céll
Whére our blind ígnorance lóves to dwéll,
With her ill-fávored children thrée,
Pride, préjudíce and bigotrý,
And létting in warm ráys of light
To illúmináte our méntal níght.

SPEND AND SPARE.

Twin bróthers in old times there wére,
The óne called Spénd, the óther Spáre;
And thús, once in the mórning réd,
Togéther ás they láy in béd,
One bróther tó the óther sáid:—
“Good bróther Spáre, it bréaks my héart,
Bút from each óther wé must párt;
Two ópposites cannót agrée,
And thóu 'rt as ópposite to mé
As wét to drý, as hót to cöld,
As high to lów, as yóung to óld:
So táke which wáy thou likest bést,
To Nórth or Sóuth, to Éast or Wést,
And Í will táke the ópposite wáy,
Ánd at the énd of a yéar and dáy
We 'll méet upón this spót agáin,
And cáculáte our lóss or gáin.”
Agréed: they kiss, shake hánds, and gó,
At first with thóughtful stép and slów,
Óne to the éastward úp the híll,
Wéstward the óther dówn the ríll
That túrned the óld, patérnal míll;
And óft, with wáve of hát and hánd,
A stép or twó retúrning, stánd
In múte farewéll a móment stíll —
And nów betwéen them lies the híll,
And éach, his childhood's hélpmate góne,
Is léft to táke his wáy alóne.

Fór a húndred dúcats góld
These bróthers, ás the stóry 's tóld,

Hád the mill ancéstral sóld,
Ánd, for bétter ór for wórse,
Fifty dúcats in his púrse
Each bróther hád upón the dáy
He sèt out ón his séparate wáy.

As sóon as Spénd was óut of sight,
Spare tóok his púrse, and tied it tíght
With thrée hard knóts, and túcked it in
Betwéen his waístband ánd his skín;
Then wént and éarned a gróat that dáy
Beside free lódging, ánd did páy
A quártér gróat for bréad and béer,
And fíre his évening héarth to chéer.
Next dáy he éarned anóther gróat,
Anóther quártér páid his scót,
And Spáre that évening át his fíre
Was háppy tó his héart's désire,
Ánd, as he láy down in his béd,
Thús to himsélf, conténted, sáid:—
“The fífty dúcats yéllow góld,
For which my hálf the mill I sóld,
May wéll with góod ecónomý
A húndred gólden dúcats bé,
Befóre the dáy and twélvemonth's énd,
Whén I 'm to méet my bróther Spénd.”
And só Spare éarned a gróat a dáy,
And stíll thrée quárters bý did láy,
Augménting stíll his wéll saved stóre,
Ánd to his dúcats ádding móre.
Indústrious, frúgal ánd contént,
Áfter the dáy in lábor spént,
He 'd sháre his fíre and évening chéer
With sóme dear friend or néighbour néar,

And smóke his pípe and eráck his jóke
Like óther sprúce, well dóing fólk;
Thén like a tóp sleep, rise at light,
And lábor till retúrning níght,
And thínk, as hé tied úp his púrse,
How wáste brings wánt, and wánt brings wórse.

Meantíme Spénd éarned his dáily gróat,
And spént it tóo; — why shóuld he nó? —
With fífty dúcats in his púrse
Why' shóuld Spénd his éarnings núrse?
Abstáin from ínnocent récréation
And práctise sélf-mortífication?
Whó but a míser wóuld take pléasure
In héaping úp a úseless tréasure?
Besídes to spénd, some wíse men sáy,
Ís, to be gréat, the shórttest wáy,
And Cáto, cáreful óf his pénce,
Múst to the vást munificénee
Of glórious César yíeld the dáy,
Ánd, at the lást, sore réckoning páy
For píttíng ágainst míghty '*Dándo*'*
Ánd still míghtier '*Súblevándó*',
Ánd magnétic '*Ígnoscéndó*',
His stíngy '*Níhil lúrgiéndó*'.
“And só to máke the wórld my fríend
I 'll úse my cásh,” thóught máster Spénd,
“And thús at ónce two óbjects gáin.
Pléasure and prófit bóth attáin;
And, ás philósophers récomménd,
The *útilé* and *dúlce* blénd.”

* “Caesar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus.” SALL. *Catil.* 54.

So Spénd lived éasy, frée, and gáy,
And tó no bórrowér said náy,
And thóught no mán did éver wórse
Than tie a tíght string róund his púrse,
And whén at níght he wént to béd
Self-grátuláting thús he sáid:—
“I éarn with éase a gróat each dáy,
And thóugh two gróats be mý outláy,
Or sómething móre, I dó not féar
Bút that I sháll withín the yéar
Be twice as rích, at léast, as Spáre,
Ánd with one hálf the tóil and cáre.”

The yéar and dáy 's come tó an énd;
Mét are the bróthers Spáre and Spénd:
In ráptures éach to sée the óther:—
“Dear bróther, hów dost?” “Hów dost, bróther?”
Éach has a thóusand thínks to sáy,
To éach it is his háppiest dáy:
Éach will the óther tréat to wíne
And dínnér át the Gólden Víné;
Bóth order dínnér, bóth will páy:—
“Náy”—“Yés, dear bróther”—“Náy”—“Yés”—“Náy”—
The wórld ne’er sáw a mérríer páir
Than wére that éveníng Spénd and Spáre;
Good dínnér, wíne, a déar loved bróther;
Éach talked lóuder thán the óther,
Tóld how the whóle yéar hé had fáred,
Thís, how he had spént; that, hów he had spáred;
And éach grown rích a dífférent wáy:—
“And dóst thou méan, dear Spénd, to sáy,
Withóut one dúcat ín thy púrse,
Thou art áll the bétter ánd no wórse?”
“Góld is but trásh whíle ín púrse pént;

It gáins its wóρθ by béing spént;
And míne 's spent fór the bést of énds,
To wín me pléasure, pówer, and friends:
With rích, with póor, with hígh, with lów
I 'm wélcome whéresoe'er I gó;
On évery síde I ám caréssed;
I 'm évery whére an hónored guést;
I méet no máu but ís my friend,
Réady to gíve me, ór to lénd —
“Then páy the réckoning, bróther Spénd.”

The lándlord 's cálléd; makes óut the bíll;
Spénd dóubts not bút he kíndly wíll
Óver till néxt week lét it líe;
Fór he had béen unlúckilý
Preváiled upón, that mórn, to lénd
His lást páir dúcats tó a fríend,
Who had prómised páyment thát day wéek,
Ánd by no chánce his wórd wóuld bréak.
“Nay, dón't look gráve, thou wílt and múst;
Thóu 'rt the fírst mán I 've ásked for trúst,
Trúst for one wéek till cásh comes ín —
Dámnn ít! he lóoks as bláck as sín.
Spare, páy the féllow, ánd let 's gó;
So múch for á few dáy's I 'll ówe
Tó my dear bróther. Whý, thou art slów!”
“Ánd whát else mákes me háve, this dáy,
A chókeful púrse our bíll to páy,
Bút thát I' m álwáys slów to spénd,
Lóth to gíve, more lóth to lénd?
Áh! if thou wóuld'st bút léarn from mé,
Whát háppy bróthers wé míght bé,
Whíle éach his sávings wéll díd núrse,
Ánd nóurish ín a clóse-wáched púrse!”

He said, and under his waistband
Félt for his purse; first with one hand,
And, missing it, then with the óther,
And félt and gróped; then át his bróther
Fúll in the fáce stared, and turned pále
As cándle hánging fróm a náil,
Or nún just dráwing ón the véil,
Or schóol-girl, whó first time the tále
Drinks in of hápless Léonóre,
And thinks she héars knock át the dóor
That stéel-cased wárrior grím and gráy,
Who is, befóre the dáwn of dáy,
Behínd him ón his stéed awáy
To béar her with him, áll alóne,
Full gállop óver stóck and stóne
Ínto his spéctral réalms unknówn:—
“They ’ve cut my purse, the thieves!” he sóbbed,
“And óf my éarnings Í am róbbed,
My hárd, hard éarnings fór the yéar,
Beside the fífty dúcats cléar,
For whích my hálf the míll I sóld,
In áll a húndred dúcats góld —
Purse, éarnings, cápítal, in one swoóp!
Ah, fáithless wáistband, knót, and lóop!”

Spend láughed, and róse up fróm his cháir,
And kindly préssed the hánd of Spáre:—
“Our cáses áre álike, dear bróther,
And óne ’s no wiser thán the óther.
Each tóok to wéalth a dífferent wáy,
And éach has fáiled. Some fúture dáy
We ’ll méet upón this spót agáin,
To cóunt, perháps, not lóss, but gáin.
“Máy it be só!” said Spáre, and síghed;

“It máyn’t be só!” the lándlord cried;
“Enóugh once in my hóuse to méet” —
And púshed both óut into the stréet.

Begun at POERTSCHACH in CARINTHIA, Octob. 12. 1852;
resumed between KINBERG and LANGENWANG in UPPER STYRIA,
Octob. 24; and finished at VIENNA, Nov. 4.

Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter.

Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter gleichen
Wolkenlosen Himmelreichen;
Wenn ich ihre Reinheit sehe,
Fühle ich der Wehmuth Nähe.

Wolken kommen bald gezogen,
Düster wird der Himmelsbogen;
Thränen bald den Blick umhüllen,
Um der Blätter Weiß zu füllen.

B. Carneri.

BLANK LEAVES.

SUGGESTED BY THE “UNBESCHRIEB’NE BLAETTER” OF B. CARNERI.

O’er áll yon clóudless sápphire ský
Roams únrefréshed the pílgim’s eýe;
Túrn where it will, North, Sóuth, East, Wést,
No spéck it finds, no spót to rést.
Cóme, rainbow clóuds, come háck agáin,
Thóugh ye should drénch him with your ráin.

So ó'er my páper's spótless white
Roams únrefréshed my áching sight,
Till with her fúll pen Phántasy
Cómes, and fills the blánk for mé
With misty visions, hópes and féars,
Oft énding in a flóod of téars.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

Der Großvater.

Komm zu mir, geliebter Knabe,
Setze dich auf meinen Schoos.
Wie du frisch bist, schlank und feurig,
Für dein Alter stark und groß!

Gib den Arm um meinen Nacken,
Spiele mit dem Silberhaar,
Daß wie deines, junger Knabe,
Einst so schwarz und üppig war.

Wann du Mann bist, wirke, handle,
Schaffe, deiner Kraft bewußt;
Doch in Abendstunden denke
An des Alters stille Lust.

Scheue nicht das müde Alter,
Ist es doch die Zeit der Ruh'.
Der dem Alter zugelächelt,
Lächelt einst dem Tode zu.

B. Carneri.

So war es einst.

Sobald es getagt,
Stürmte die Jagd
Bei Hörnerklang
Und Jubelgesang
Den Strom entlang;
Ueber Berg und Thal, durch Wiesen und Wald
Hinriß mich der Jugendglut Fiebergewalt.
So war es einst!
Hast Recht, mein Herz, wenn du zu brechen meinst.

Mein Lebensmark
War gesund und stark;
Daß freie Feld
Unterm Himmelszelt
War meine Welt;
Ich kannte den nagenden Trübsinn nicht
Und heiter und froh sah mein frisches Gesicht.
So war es einst!
Hast Recht, mein Blick, wenn du zu Zeiten weinst.

Bin krank und matt,
Wie lebensfatt,
Und geben muß
Ich den Abschiedsgruß
Dem gewohnten Genuß;
Gehehmt ist der Jugend begeisterter Flug,
Muß betteln um jeden Athemzug.
So war es einst?
Hast Recht, mein Hirn, wenn du zu wanken scheinst.

B. Carneri.

A G E.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "DER GROSSVATER" AND
"SO WAR ES EINST" OF B. CARNERI.

Cóme, little child, sit ón my knée;
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;
Náy, thou canst nót sit stíll for glée;
Then gó, my child, I sét thee frée:
Ónce on a tíme I wás like thee,
And skípped and láughed and frólicked só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come hére, young mán, and sít by mé;
And téll me trúly whó was shé
That árm in árm so lóvingly
Wálked with thee lást night ó'er the léa,
Nóne but the móon in cómpany.
Náy, if thou blúshest, téll not mé;
Ónce on a tíme I tóo blushed só,
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Widower, come hére, and drý thine eýe;
Lét thy breast héave no móre the sígh;
Thínk no móre of the dáy's gone bý
And bónes that ín the cóld earth líe.
Náy, if thy téars but fáster flów,
Í 'll not bíd them stóp; no! nó!
There wás a tíme my téars flowed só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Childless fáther, wéep no móre;
Déath 's but, tó repóse, the dóor;
Thy children áre but góne befóre;
Óver that úrn no lónger póre.
Nay, fróm it if thou wilt not séver,
Í 'll not bíd thee; néver! néver!
Í to my children's úrn clung só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come báck, sweet child, sit ón my knée;
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;
Íf but thy lífe 's spared, thóu shalt bé,
In áll things, súch as thóu see'st mé,
Ánd to some swéet child ón thy knée
Shalt tálk as nów I tálk to thee,
And sáy thou dídst the óld man knów,
With héad like thine as whíte as snów,
And báck bent quíte intó a bów,
And tóothless gúms, and dripping nóse,
And shánts too smáll for hís wide hóse,
And jóints swelled with rheumátic páins,
And blótted hands ribbed with lárge black véins,
And, if thou wért not stiff, thou 'dst gó
Ánd his grave in the chùrchyard shéw,
Whére in thy yóuth they láid him lów,
Áh! it was lóng, long lóng agó.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

“Good mórning, Thermómeter, hów dost todáy?”

“I thánk thee, Barómeter, múch the same wáy;

Sometimes hót, sometimes cóld, not two mínutes the sáme;

In the wórld there ’s no rést for this sénsitive fráme.

Ah! how háppy ’s my friend that the difference knows nót

Between líke warm and bóiling, betwéen cold and hót,

To whóm ice and fire differ ónly in náme,

And fréezing and búrning are óne and the sáme.”

“Do téll me but hów to relieve thy sad cáse;

Let me think — stay — I háve it now — Lét us change pláce —

Just for twénty four hóurs — one dáy and one night — ”

“That indéed is true friendship” — “There — nów we ’re all right.

From the Sóuth-west that night came the wild hurricáne

With thúnder and lightning and tórrents of ráin;

Sound, sóund slept Barómeter áll the night thróugh —

Such a sléep such a night was to him something nów —

And awáking next mórning, as lárk fresh and gáy,

His respécts to Thermómeter hástened to páy

With “My déar friend, how dóst thou? feel’st bétter todáy?”

Such a gróan as Thermómeter dréw from his bréast,

By páinter poétic may nót be expéssed;

Such a gróan in this wide world háš néver been héard

Since to sléeping Enéas dead Héctor appéared,

And cried:— “O Enéas, the cíty ’s on fire;

Awáke, save thysélf and thy Góds and thy sire.”

Such a gróan heaved Thermómeter ás he replíed:—

"Than have pássed such a night, better fár to have died.
 Oh! hádst thou foreséen, honored sire Fahrenhéit,
 That thine óffspring belóved was to páss such a night,
 Thou 'dst have dáshed him to píeces the dáy of his birth,
 And scáattered his frágments through áir, sea and éarth.
 Oh, hów my heart sánk when the thúnder begán!
 What a thrill, what a trémor through áll my blood rán!
 Befóre each blue flásh how my whóle soul did quáil,
 And how óften I énvied the tóo happy snáil,
 Who, when dánger appróaches, can dráw himself quíte
 Back into his búlb, and be áll safe and right;
 But the lówer *I* sánk, and the móre *I* drew ín,
 Only blúer the fláshes and lóuder the dín,
 The stórm only fierceer shook céílíng and wáll,
 And in óne ruin thréatened to búry us áll.
 So, Barómeter déar, let us quick change agáin;
 Take thóu back thy stórm, thunder, lightning and ráin,
 And Í will retúrn to my cóld and my hót,
 And live for the fúture' contént with my lót."

Every óne has his tróubles; keep thóu to thine ówn:
 Only léss seem thy néighbour's, becáuse they 're unknow'n.

Written while walking from VIENNA to SCHOENBRUNN and
 back, Nov. 7. 1852.

"Put no trúst in this wórld," wise men téll you and sígh;
 "It 's a hóllo delúsió, a chéat to the éye,
 Unréal, unsubstántial, the sháde of a sháde —"
 What wónder? this wórld out of nóthing was máde.

VIENNA, Nov. 19. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

“Seh't in die Welt kein Vertrau'n,” — so sagen die Weisen und seufzen. —

“Hohle Täuschung nur ist sie, ein Trug für das Aug',
Unwahr, ohne Gehalt, der Schatten von einem Schatten —”
's ist kein Wunder; die Welt ist ja erschaffen aus nichts.

Wien, 25. Nov. 1852.

Man looks up to the ský, and sees plainly the sún
From the Éast to the Wést his immense journey rún:
Man looks dówn to the gróund, and sees plainly it 's still;
He féels it — it 's stéady, deny it who will.

Upón his own inward self mán casts his view,
And distinctly a will sees to dó or not dó,
Distinctly a will feels unféttered and frée;
Dený it who will, a free ágent is hé.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

Himmelwärts blickt der Mensch und sieht wahrhaftig die Sonne
Gehen von Ost nach West den unermesslichen Gang;
Blickend zur Erde, gewahrt er diese vollkommen in Ruhe,
Fühlt's, daß sie stille steht — mag es verneinen wer will!
Und in sein Inn'reß hinab versenkend die Blicke, ganz deutlich
Eine Willenskraft sieht er zum Lassen und Thun;
Deutlich den Willen fühlt er, den fessellosen und freien; —
Mag es verneinen, wer will! — selbstthätig handelt der Mensch.

Wien, 26. Nov. 1852.

UNCERTAINTY.

For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séek;
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.
Sure and cértain 's the pást, but it 's áll dead and cóld;
The gráve has closed óver it, ánd the knell tólld;
In the fúture's long vísta what sées my sad eýe?
Nothing súra, nothing cértain, but thát all must díe:
While with vísions of háppiness, prómise of jóys,
Dear Uncértainty ónwards our tíred steps decóys,
In bóth hands holds óut to us lóng life and héalth,
Power, friends, pleasure, hónor, and wisdom, and wéalth;
And, clóthed in the stár-spangled mántle of Fáith,
Triúmphantly póints through the pórtals of Déath
To a bríght world beyónd, where with áll we loved éver
We shall live reunited, to párt again néver.
For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séek;
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.

VIENNA, Nov. 9. 1852.

CERTAINTY.

Let Uncértainty flátter the tímíd and wéak,
And lúre the wretch ónward until his heart bréak;
I háte the deceíver and áll she can gíve,
And áwáy from her túrn; with thee, Knówledge, to líve.
Though to prómise thou 'rt slów, thou art súra to perfórm,
With thee súnshine means súnshine, with thee storm means stórm.
Thou art cándíd and téllest me whére thou hast bécn,
All thy cómings and góings, and whát thou hast sécn;
Thou art hónest and déál'st not in púff or grimáce,
And hídest no fálsehood behind thy plain fáce;

When thou sée'st me away from the múltitude túrn,
To wéep in despáir by the cýpress and úrn,
Thou cóm'st and with stróng arm away from my síde
Pushést ignorance, sélfishness, fóly and príde;
And áskest me, if I could, wóuld I the rést
Everlásting distúrb of the friénds I love bést,
And not ráther préfér by their síde to be láid,
In the bróad weeping willow and cýpress sháde,
Sure and cértain that néver while tíme lasts, shall páin,
Trouble, sickness or sórrow, come néar us agáin.

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

I knów not whéther it be stréngth or wéakness,
But óft, toward évening, whén all róund is still,
And whén that dáy my mínd has nótt been stirred
By ány óf the unhóliér gústs of pássion,
I féel mysélf in thé immédiate présence
Of sómething áwful, yét most fáir and lóvely,
And véry déar, that, without sign, or áction,
Or spéech, communicáting fréely wíth me,
Infúses á sweet péace intéo my sóul,
And fills it wíth a séntimént of jóy
And háppinéss, that lásts till, fróm withóut,
Some sóund alárms me, and I stárt, and find
The pícture óf my déad Love in my hánd:
And théy that háve to dó wíth mé, those évenings,
Obsérve, for sóme hóurs áfter, in my fáce,
And vóice, and mánnér, án angélic áir
Of swéet contént, and plácid résignátion.

VIENNA, Nov. 17. 1852.

On that dárk, dismal night, which you áll may remémber,
 Betwéen the eightcéenth and ninetcéenth of Novémber,
 As, the lights all put óut and her órisons sáid,
 Our lády the Quéen lay asléep in her béd,
 One árm round Prince Álbert, one únder her héad,
 It háppened — “What háppened?” Nay, dón’t interrúpt —
 A stóry ’s worth nóthing that ’s tóld too abrípt —
 The clóck in the ánteroom júst had struck “Twó!”
 And the clóck on the mántle-piece swórn it was true,
 When the Quéen in the árm that lay únder her héad
 A súdden cramp félt, and turned róund in the béd,
 And from únder Prince Álbert the óther arm dréw,
 Who, sóund as a tóp sleeping ón, nothing knéw
 Of the grím, grisly ghóst that on púrpose that night
 Rose up óut of the gráve our loved Quéen to affríght.
 A blue líght in his hánd he threw ópen the dóor,
 And, with a field-márshal’s step cróssing the flóor,
 Stalked up stráight to the bédside, and:— “Mádam,” he cried,
 “Be so góod as to lóok up, and nót your head híde
 Under blánket or quilt: you have séen me befóre,
 I have léctured you óften, and nów one word móre.
 Next time that that gréatest of cónquerors, Déath,
 Of a cónqueror and státesman like mé stops the bréath,
 And Éngland ’s left mínus the bést of her sóns
 At the móment her néighbours are lóading their gúns,
 It ’s áll the same whéther by fit epiléptic,
 Or ’cánnon he ’s mówed down, or stróke apopléctic,
 Remémber he ’s nót like a chíld to be tréated,
 And with flípslap and flám and tomfóolery chéated,
 With gílding, and gíngerbread-núts, and paláver,
 And móuths running óver with twáttle and sláver;

He cáres not — what cáres he? — for fúneral or páll,
Who could sléep his last sléep without cóffin at áll;
But if you must give him a búrial in státe,
And máke living pride on dead róttleness wáit,
Then dó it in éarrest, and nót in a shám,
And stánd there chief móurner, my róyal Madáme.”

“I protést I was quíte unprepáred, my Lord Dúke,
To receive from your Gráce’s lips súch sharp rebúke;
But my cónscience acquits me, Sans péur sans repróche,
For I sént to atténd you my cóachman and cóach,
And six spanking báys; and my Álby todáy
From his bést Durham’s cálving I máde stay awáy,
To dó you more hónor; and óut at the shów
Looked mysélf from the windows of Búckingham Rów;
And I hópe that my péople all sáw in my éye
The téar that stood glittering there ás you went bý.”

In the Bélvedere pálace in fár distant Wíen,
Mephistópheles’ picture perháps thou hast scén,
And márked how, like spárks from eléctrical wire,
From ánkle and shóestring leaps fórt’h the blue fire;
Such fire from the Dúke’s eyes shot livid and blúe,
As with vóice that the Quéen’s bones and márrów thrille
through:—

“Words enóugh, and too mány; and só, ’twas for yóu
I wón, on the éighteenth of Júné, Waterlóo!
Nay, I knów what you ’d sáy; go to sléep, and remémber
The éighteenth of Júné and eightcénth of Novémber.”

He sáid, shook his héad, grinned, and bléw out the light,
And léft the Queen lýng there in the dark night.
Yet thóugh he was góne, and the róom still as déath,
And no stír to be héard but her ówn Alby’s bréath,
The Quéen twenty tímes in the cóurse of that night

Thought the Dúke was still stánding there with his blue light,
 Twenty times quilt and blánket drew óver her héad,
 And twéntry times, Áve María! had sáid,
 Had it nó't been for féar what the góod Earl Shaftesbúry
 And Bishop of Glóster might dó in their fúry,
 When they héard that the héad of the Prótestant Chúrch
 Had turned Pápist, and léft all her flóck in the lúrch.
 So she láy still as might be until the daylight,
 When she wóke her dear Álby, and tóld him her fríght.
 He yáwned, and half sléeping said, and awake hálf:—
 “Have you séen it, dear Vicky? and is 't a fine cálf?”

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

THE LOVER AND SUNRISE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE “SONNENAUFANG” OF B. CARNERI.

'Tis the móment of súnrise the bright and the gáy,
 All náture with rápture salútes the new dáy,
 Mists and dárkness have fléd with the dämp night awáy;
 The róse her cup ópens, the lárk tunes her sóng,
 And prátting and láughing the bróok trips alóng.

What áils the young mán whom I sée passing bý?
 His stép why so héavy, so dówncast his eýe?
 With the níght he has bíd to his Trúelove good býe;
 The mórning to hím 's come a céntury too sóon —
 Set, sèt, hateful sún, and rise quick, friendly móon.

VIENNA, Nov. 29. 1852.

“A Bussel a-n a-g'schreckt's,
Ah! dös war' ja a Graus —
Non! wann 's Läut'n vabei is.
Aft busselt 's as aus!”

SEIDL.

A yóuth and a máid
Sat únder the sháde
Of a wide spreading béech;
I will téll you of éach.

Each was hándsome and fáir,
And had lóng, flowing háir,
And an innocent héart,
Withóut guile or árt.

Each was tímíd and shý,
And, withóut knowing whý,
Would trémble and sígh
When the óther came nígh.

Had it nót been their glánce
Was downcást and askánce,
You 'd have thóught them no óther
Than síster and bróther,

As they sát there togéther,
In the wárm summer wéather,
Undernéath the deep sháde,
By that spréading beech máde.

How lóng they sat só,
I don't cértainly knów;
But, withóut knowing whý,
They grew léss and less shý,
And drew móre and more nigh,
Till, by sóme chance or slíp,
They tóuched lip to lip.

Surprised and amázed,
At each óther they gázed,
And half pléased, half afráid,
Said the yóuth to the máid:—

“And if thát be a kiss,
'T wouldn't bé much amíss,
If we tried it agáin;
Doesn't gíve any páin.”

So they léaned their mouths óver
Till you cóuldn't discóver,
Betwéen the two fáces,
The bréadth of two áccs.

But they hádn't tóuched quíte,
When, in súdden affright,
Both sprang báck with a stárt,
And stood twó feet apárt.

So gréat a rebóund
You have séen from the ground
Or the side of a wáll
Seldom máde by a báll.

The twó are at práyer;
For they 've héard through the áir
The bóom of the béll
All good Chrístians know wéll,

And "Háil Mary!" súnġ
By the gréat iron tóngue,
Warns to túrn thought and eýe
From the éarth to the ský.

As two sóldiers at drill
Ground their árms and stand still,
At the wórd of commánd;
So the yóuth and maid stánd,

Till the péal has rung óut;
When, quick túrning abóut,
Says the máid to the yóuth
In all sweetness and trúth: —

"It was néver a críme
To make úp for lost time,
And a kíss away fríghted
Isn't hárd to be righted."

So they túrned each to éach,
In the sháde of that béech,
And finished their kíss
Without íll luck or míss.

Dec. 2. 1852, on the way from VIENNA to PRAGUE.

HALF AND HALF.

"Why are ángels so háppy?" said óne of the léast
Little bóys at the schóol to his máster the priest.
"They are púre, perfect spírit, my prómising bóy;
Of púre, perfect spírit perpétual the jóy."

"But béasts are all bódy, yet théy 're háppy too;
Calves, kittens and lámbs, all decláre I speak trúe."
"Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they 're háppy and gáy,
Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they spórt all the dáy."

"But Í am unháppy, and crý half the dáy,
Though Í am both bódy and spírit you sáy,
And shóuld therefore bé twice as háppy at léast
As bódiless ángel, or spíritless béast."

"You don't wórk the sum right," with a smíle said the priest;
"To bé twice as háppy as ángel or béast
You must bé both all bódy and áll spírit too:
Try it óver agáin; your first óffer won't dó."

"One hálf of me 's spírit — yes, nów I am right —
And entitled to óne half the ángel's delight;
And one hálf of me 's bódy, and shóuld have at léast
One hálf the delight of the périshing béast:

"Two hálves make one whóle up; and só — let me sée —
Once as háppy as ángel or béast I shóuld bé;
And yét I 'm unháppy, and crý half the dáy:
What 's the réason, good máster? do téll me, I práy."

"Before you 're as háppy as ángel or béast,
You must áll spirit bé, or áll bódy at léast;
All spírit 's the ángel, all bódy the cálf;
But yóu 're one half spírit, and bódy one hálf."

"Ah, whý did God gíve me, unfórtunate bóy!
A béing he wéll knew I cóuld not enjóy?
Ah, whý did he só mix me úp half and hálf,
And not máke me whole ángel at ónce, or whole cálf?"

"'Twere a fíne story thát," said the priest to the bóy,
"To make úrchins like yóu to have nóthing but jóy,
As pérfect, as háppy, as ángel or béast;
No léssons, no flóggings, no wórk for the priest.

"I 'll téach you — your hánd out — one, twó, three and fóur —
Begóne now, and dróp down behind the school dóor
Upón your bare knées, with your fáce to the wáll,
And práy to that Gód who so góod is to áll,

"To drive Satan's whisperings óut of your héad,
And fill you with píous and góod thoughts instéad;
And thén get your léssons, and thén go and pláy;
You 're well óff if you gét any dinner todáy."

The bóy went and drópped down behind the school dóor
On his báre knees, and práyed as he 'd óft prayed befóre:—
"Dear Gód, do but máke me an ángel or cálf,
Some óne thing or óther, and nó half and hálf."

DRESDEN, Jan. 3. 1853.

Earth's mightiest Queen thróned sits in high hall of státe,
To salute her, come crówding, the rich and the gréat,
Her lóreds and her ládies on éither side stánd,
Peers, bishops, and cómons, the élite of the lánd.

Coach sets dówn after cóach at the gréat Northern dóor,
Till you 'd sáy that for cópany thére was no móre
Róom in the salón or róom in the háll,
Or róom any whére in the pálace at áll.

'Tis a brilliant recéption; look néar or look fár,
The díamond cross blázes, the áigrette, and stár;
Feathers wáve, satins rústle, and beauty and gráce
Condescédingly smíle on red cóats and gold láce.

"Now, Géntleman-úsher, what is it you méan?"
With a stárt and a frówn it was thús said the Quéen; —
"Had you órders from mé to make róyalty wáit
In the midst of the rábble, outside the court gáte?"

"Please your Májesty," thén said the Úsher in bláck; —
"She is stárk mother náked, no shréd to her báck,
No cárriage, no hórses, no fóotmen, she stánds
In the hóoting crow's midst — Shall I háve your commánds?"

“Let my róbing maids fór her a white mantle chóose,
The bést in my wárdrobe, white stóckings, white shóes,
And a white skirt of sátin, with blónd trimmed all róund,
And three ládies to hólđ up her tráin from the gróund.”

“A fúll blown white róse let her béar in left hánd,
And put into her right a long white lily wánd,
Let a white veil envélop her shóuldern and héad,
And só let her énter. Begóne! I have sáid.”

The Géntleman-úsher the Quéén’s commands béars:—
“Clear the wáy , clear the wáy there, on lóbbý and stáirs
For the gréat foreign Príncess, arráyed all in white.”
Lords and ládies fall báck in two files left and right.

And évery eye túrns, as, arráyed all in white,
A white róse in her léft hand, white lily in right,
Walks up straíght to the Quéén that veiled lády unknowń,
And sinks dówn on one knée at the fóot of the thróne: —

“Rise úp, royal síster, for néver to mé
Shall my fáther’s child súe upon lów bended knée,
Rise úp, throw your véil back, and lét all here sée
How I lóve my dear síster, and hów she loves mé.”

“Mighty Quéén“ — it was thús to Queen Fálsehood Truth sáid,
As she róse, and threw báck the white véil from her héad: —
“Fear nóť, mighty Quéén, I am cóme here toníght,
To cláim with an ill-timed pétition my right;

“Fixed and séttled far bé it from mé to undó;
The wórld has decíded betwéen me and yóu;
With mé it has vówed ’twill have nóthing to dó,
And for Quéén with unánimous vóice chosen yóu.

“Live lóng and reign háppy; but, gránt me one bóon;
And remémber that ’s gránted twice thát ’s granted sóon: —”
“I plédge you my róyal troth, sister, befóre
All these lórd’s and these ládie’s; what néed I say móre?”

“Send fórth, then, your hérałds, and lét them procláim
That to évery thing hénceforth be gíven its own náme,
Good hénceforth be góod called, and bád be called bád,
White be white, and black bláck called, wise wise, and mad mád.

Then Queen Fálsehood turned pále, and from héad to foot shóok;
And cówered, and shrank báck before Trúth’s steadfast lóok,
And wished in the gáping earth súnk were that háll,
Hersélf and her síster; lord’s, ládie’s and áll.

“A dóctor, a dóctor; what cán the Queen áil?
What mákes our loved lády and místress so pále?”
“Help! hélp!” is the crý; “Queen Truth ’s síck unto déath;
Air, wáter, a fán here — yes, nów she draws bréath.

“And whó ’s this impóster, dressed óut in her clóthes,
With the Quéen’s own white líly, and Quéen’s own white róse?
Hah! Háh! it’s that vágabond Fálsehood that hére
In Truth’s ówn royal háll ’s not ashámed to appéar.

“Tear her fálse emblems fróm her, the clóthes off her báck;
And óut of doors túrn her, pinched and cúffed blue and bláck;
We ’ll téach her, the strúmpet, what bóon waits her hére,
In this présence agáin if she dáre to appéar.”

So they féll upon Trúth there, lord’s, ládie’s, and áll;
And kicked her, and cúffed her abóut the great háll;
Under fóot trod her émbles, her dréss and hair tóre,
And spat twice in her fáce each, then thróugh the street dóor

Pushed her out to the mob, who the whole city through
Pursued her with stones, dirt, and mad-dog hallóo;
And threw rotten eggs at her wherever she fled,
And thought nothing done till they left her for dead.

To Queen Falsehood meantime has returned the free breath,
And the blood to her cheeks that were just now like death,
And: — “I thank you, my lords and my ladies,” she cried,
“For this proof that I ’ve not without reason relied

“On your loyal attachment to me and my throne,
And that at your hearts you ’ve Truth’s interests alone.
My unfortunate sister — But no, I’ll not shame
The blood of my sire by pronouncing her name —

“Detest her; or, if you can, blot her out quite
From your memory, and with her the events of tonight.
And now cry, ‘Long live Truth, and long may she reign.’”
And they cried, “Long live Truth”, till the hall rang again.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8. 1853.

Past twélve at night; upón my béd
 I láy once móre my nighteapped héad,
 Stretch óut my lázy límbs to rést,
 And dráw the clóthes tight róund my bréast.
 The líghts are óut; no búsy féet
 Distúrb the sílence óf the stréet;
 Éven the late kitchenmáid to scóur
 Has céased, and snátches hér brief hóur.
 Ín the whole néighbourhóod there 's nóne
 Still wáking bút mysélf alóne —
 “And whý don't yóu sleep, Sir, I práy?
 Háve you dozed bý the fire all dáy?
 Or háve you drúnk gunpówder téa?
 Or áre you máking póetry?
 Or is your cónscience sín-oppréssed,
 Thát you can't líke your néighbours rést?”
 Júst as you pléase — perháps all fóur;
 But óne thing 's sùre, two hóurs or móre
 Hére on my béd I túrn and tóss,
 Now lýing alóng, and nów acróss,
 And nów díagonal, fór my héad
 Séeking a cóol place — áll in váin —
 Lívely and áctive is my bráin,
 And, will-I nill-I, stáys awáke —
 What cán I bétter dó than táke
 A túrn out óf her fór a rhýme?
 'Twill hélp to whíle awáy the tíme.
 The súbject? Sélf — stay, lét me séc —
 My ówn sweet sélf's biógraphý.
 It cán't but pléase — mysélf at léast;
 Sélf is for sélf alwáys a féast.

With the whole wórld though Býron quárelled,
He stíll kept friends with déar Childe Hárold;
And Wórdsworth céases tó be dúll
When ón the pivot óf his skúll
Sir Áss turns róund his lóng, left éar,
And bráys his bráý out, lóud and cléar.
Wórtthy exámplés! thé rewárd
Témping they hóld out tó the bárd
To fóllow in the brílliant wáke,
Ánd for his héro himself táke.

An hóur befóre the sún this mórn
Náked and húngry Í was bórn,
Agáinst my will dragged óut of níght,
And fórced into the nóise and light.

Wéll I remémber hów I móaned,
And rubbed my éyes, and strétched and gróaned,
And shrúnk and shivered fróm the cóld
Ére I was yét one mínute óld.

Wéll I remémber the grim bánd
Of Cáres I sáw abóut me stánd
Éager to póunce upón their préy,
And plágue and pinch me the whole dáy.

Alóud one tó a cómrade cried:—
“Sée what a gréasy, dírtý híde;
Gállons of wáter ón him dás —
Anóther júg here — splásh — splash — splash.”

“Well dóne! well dóne!” the óther sáid;
“Now rúb him tíll he ’s ráw and réd,
Thóu with a hémpen clóth rub, rúb,
While Í with stíff pig’s brístles scrúb.”

“Don’t kill him outright,” said a third;
It ’s my turn now;” and, with the word,
Came up behind me by surprise,
And slipped over my head and eyes

A bag at both ends open wide,
And tight the upper opening tied
About my throat, and laughed to see
It reached scarce half way to the knee.

“The mending of that fault,” with glee
Giggled another, “leave to me.
Here I ’ve got something like a Y
Turned topsy turvy; come, Sir, try:

Your right leg first — there — push it through;
Your left leg now; yes, that will do.
Now stand up straight, till you are braced
Over both shoulders, tight round waist.”

“Right about face” then all cried out;
And then all shouted “Left about”;
Then through the chamber to and fro
They made me pace three turns or so,

And vowed that I looked jimmy quite,
And the Y not a hair too tight,
And, let me sit down when or where
I pleased, would neither burst nor tear.

“But stay — see here —” another said;
“What is ’t ’s the matter with his head?
There ’s not a hair but ’s on an end;
Where did you this great mop get, friend?

“Racks, shears and tóothcombs hère; sit dówn:
With súch a shággy, shóckdog crówn
Whó but some rústie, clódpoll clówn
Would think of vénturing into tówn?

“There; yóu begín upón the ríght,
And Í ’ll the léft take; whát a fright!
Was éver héad in súch a plíght!
Some ców ’s been lícking it all níght!”

“In váin we lóse our swéat and tóil,
And bréak our cómb’s téeth; óil hère, óil;
Íf we can’t máke his háir lie stráight,
We ’ll gíve him at léast a frízzled páte.

“The tóngs hère; áre you síúre they ’re hót?
Stéady, Sí, stéady; nó, a jót
Éither to léft or ríght hand búdge:
Brávo! you ’d máke a cápítal júdge.

“Hóttér tongs hère; anóther twírl;
Thís lóck must háve a stíffer cúrl —
What mákes you fídge, Sí?” “Óh! ma’am, Óh!
Géntly; you búrn me —” “Déar Sí, nó.

“You múst wear pápers íf you wón’t
A líttle héat bear —” “’Shlóod, ma’am, don’t:
I ’m nó, a stóck or stóne my háir
Óut by the róots to lét you téar.”

(*sings*) “The Múses thát Hypérion cúrl
Nót hálf so déftly the tongs twírl,
And Dían’s maíds with hánds less líght
Wréath the lócks of the Quéén of níght.”

"Hell's Furies, Mádam! Stóp, I sáy —
I 'll nó be tréated in this wáy."

"It 's dóne, Sir, nów; and in this wórl'd
There 's nó a périwig bétter cúrl'd."

In jóy I júmped up ánd delight;
But twó of thém with stróng arms tight
Cáught me, and fórced me dówn agáin,
And túld me ít was áll in váin,

I cóuld not, ánd I shóuld not, gó,
To bé a láughing stóck and shów
With thát black stúbble ón my chín:—
"Submít with gráce, and lét 's begín."

They tóok a lárge white tábleclóth,
And spréad it ón me; cóvering bóth
Shóuld'ers and bód'y, légs and féet;
Ánd its two córners dréw in néat,

Ánd with a mónstrous córking pín
Fástened behínd me; thén my chín,
And bóth cheeks quáite up tó the eýes,
Óne of them with a thíc'k soap síze

Láthered all óver, while her friénd,
Cácthing me bý the nóse's énd,
Héld my face stráight up tóward the líght,
And féll to scráping léft and ríght,
And néver dréw breath till she 'd quáite
Swépt away cléan, from chéeks and chín,
Láther and bristles ánd some skín.

I knów not whéther 'twás the páin
Of só much scráping, ór a gráin

Of sóap into my nóse that gót,
Ór that the rázor wás too hót,
Ór that it wás not hót enóugh,
But néver yét mixed Lúndy snúff
That só convúlse'd the húman fráme:
Súdden and vást the explósióin cáme;
"Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz" three tímes I cried,
"Schnee-ítz" three tímes the wálls replíed.
"What is 't 's done this?" I wóuld have sáid,
But — "ítz — schnee-ítz-ítz" cáme instéad;
"Schnee-ítz — a hándkerchief — schnee-ítz" —
"A hándkerchief won't stóp his fíts,"
Óne of them sáid — "Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz" —
"Sisters, you 're évery óne as crúel
As Priessnitz' sélf. Get him some grúel —
You 've gíven him cóld; I 'll nó't sit bý
And sée you chill him tíll he díe —
Warm whéy — warm téa — his óther stóeking —
How whíte his líps, and whát a shócking
Bláck and bluc círcle róund each éye!
Hat, cóat and múffler — cóme, Sir, trý,
Óver this cháír leap, ónce — twice — thríce —
Well dóne! his lífe 's stíll ón the díce.
Now róund the róom run — quícker — quícker —
Óne of you bríng a dróp of líquor —
Some cúraçóa, or chérny brándy,
Or lávender dróps and sùgarcándy.
He 's grówing wárm — he 's cóming tó —
Únder the éyes he 's fár less blúe;
I thínk this tíme perháps he 'll dó
Withóut a Dóctor — Sír, no fréttíng;
Néver was cúre yet without swéátíng."
"Má'am, I 'm *not* fréttíng; Í 'm half déad;
I wísh you 'd lét me gó to béd."

"Nó, by no méans: sit bý the fire,
 Drínk barley wáter, ánd perspire;
 Recéive no vísitors; réad the néws,
 Or drówsy Wórdsworth — which you chóose —
 Sléep, if you cán." And with the wórd
 She tóok the póker, thé fire stírréd,
 Wheeled óver tó it the élbów chàir,
 Bólstèred me úp, and léft me thére.

"Care-éasing Wórdsworth, cóme," I sáid,
 "Hóver somníferous róund my héad;
 Dim, dárkling, lánguid, listless, dúll,
 Éssence of nóthing, fill me fúll
 Óf thine own sélf." Scarce hád I sáid,
 Ánd the first Dúddon sónnet réad,
 When niddy nóddy wént my héad,
 And dówn my eýelids sánk like léad,
 Ánd I fell into a sound sléep,
 As déath itsélf profóund and déep,
 Plácid and dréamless. W hé n I wóke
 'Twas níght; the clóck was ón the stróke
 Of níne or tén; the hóuse being stíll
 I dózed on óver Wórdsworth tíll
 The fíre wént óut, and Í grew chíll,
 And wént to béd; but cóuld not sléep;
 And só, my phántasý to kéeep
 Amúsed, and w híle awáy the tíme,
 I sét abóut to spín this rhýme.
 And nów I 've spún tíll dáwning líght,
 Ánd a nap 's cóming — só, good níght.

LUETTICHAU-STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 14. 1853.

NOTHING AND HIS SON.

Nóthing, one mórning, éarly róse
Óut of his béd, put ón his clóthes,
Took hát and stíck, and wálked out stráight,
Sáying, he 'd nót be báck till láte.

Now whíther thínk'st thou Nóthing 's góne?
Guéss. "No, I cán't." To sée his són
Sóme thing, who 's síck and líke to díe:
Make háste, make háste; fly, Nóthing, fly.

Nóthing 's in tíme. Not yét quíte déad,
Sóme thing turned róund his héavy héad,
Ánd, with half glázed and swímming éye,
Lóoked:— "Heartless síre that lét'tst me díe!"

Nóthing unmóved sat; nó hand stírred;
Hélped not his són with lóok or wórd;
Like stóck or stóne sat, till he díed,
And nó even thén shed téar, or síghed.

Some sáy he néver lóved his són,
Some sáy the són was nót his ówn,
And sóme decláre and vów 'tis trúe
That Nóthing his ówn óffspring sléw,

A póisonous dóse gave hím each dáy
Slówly to éat his lífe áwáy,
Ánd, on the mórning Sóme thing díed,
Was séen, when léaving the bedside,

The úseless dóse awáy to thrów
Ínto the fire. It máy be só,
Ór it may nó, for áught I knów —
Strange things have háppened lóng agó —

Bút, the son déad, and the day spént,
Nóthing retúrned the wáy he wént,
Ópened with látehkey the back gáte,
And sát up in his stúdy láte;

Whén, growing tired, he wént to béd,
And slépt sound till the mórning red;
Then róse, put ón his súrtout wárm,
And sáuntered óut to víew his fárm.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 9. 1853.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

Those énter hére by Gód's commánd
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not stánd;
For éver hére they lie in páin —
God's will be dóne! amén, amén.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Free éntrance thróugh this gáte for áll
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not fáll;
For éver hére in jóy they dwéll,
And think upón dear friends in héll.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.



TO SELINA.

As the róse among flówers,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the móon in the héavens,
So art thóu among wómen.

As the díamond among péarls,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the víne among ólives,
So art thóu among wómen.

As the pine in the fórest,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the White Móunt among Álps,
So art thóu among wómen.

As Éden among gárdens, ..
So art thóu among wómen;
As Érin among íslands,
So art thóu among wómen.

As thy vóice amid músic,
So art thóu among wómen;
As mý love to óthers' love,
So art thóu among wómen.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING MADE COFFEE FOR THE AUTHOR THE
PRECEDING EVENING;

composed the following Morning while breakfasting alone.

Your coffee it was very strong, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan,
And like a subtle spirit through all my veins it ran,
Making me feel more like a god than a mortal man,
As I sat on the sofa beside you, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee it was very sweet, silken-haired Miss Sheridan,
Far sweeter than the famous honey that once flowed in Canaan,
Or the nectar quaffed of yore in celestial divan,
And no wonder, for it was you made it, silken-haired Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee it was very hot, linnnet-voiced Miss Sheridan,
And warmed the heart's cockles of a chilly old man,
Sending him home to bed warmer than if he had had a
warming-pan,
To think of nothing but you all night, linnnet-voiced Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee was more fragrant, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridan,
Than *Eau de Millefleurs* or *Parfum de Jasmin*,
Or any perfume ever thought of since the world began,
Except the perfume of your own sweet breath, ruby-lipped
Miss Sheridan.

The coffee I have this morning, lily-armed Miss Sheridan,
Is as different from last night's as Drógheda from Japan,

Or the cóarsest sole-léather from the finest cordován,
Just becáuse you are not here to máke it, lily-árméd Miss
Sheridán.

My tóast is burnt to a cínder, rosy-fíngéred Miss Sheridán,
My bútter is only fít to be put into the frying-pán,
And my milk would water the gárden, if it were póured through
the watering-cán —
Hów could it be ótherwise, when you are far awáy from me,
rosy-fíngéred Miss Sheridán?

Essy* télls me it's a sunny mórning, kind-héartéd Miss Sheridán,
And wónders why I look as gráve as a Bráhmín or Musselmán,
But she líttle dreams I am thínking of yóu and your coffee-cán —
Oh! whén will you make cóffee for me agáin, kind-héartéd Miss
Sheridán?

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 14. 1841.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A PIECE OF
GRIDDLE-CAKE.

The cake you sént me was detéstable
And pérfectly indigéstible;
I never tasted ánything so abóminable;
Its sméll was intólerable,
And its very lóok was hórrible.
It was as hárd as a piece of máple,
As tóugh as a ship's cáble,

* The author's maíd, celebrated also in "Verses on a Griddle-Cake."

As bláck as a muff of sáble,
As óld as the Tower of Bábel,
And as úgly and sharp-córnered as the gáble
Of Mr. Pénnefather's stáble.

To swallow a second bit of it I wasn't áble;
So I told Essy to táke it off the táble.
I would rather have éaten a police-cónstable,
Or a straw bónnet from Dúnstable,
Or any óther combústible.
You must have táken me for a cánnibal,
Or sóme such ravenous ánimal,
Or the fáther of young Hállnibal,
To whom all filling stuff is pálatable,
And who can digést a black bóttle or a rébel
As easy as a bárn-door fowl a pébble.

Ever since I tásted your cake I have been miserable,
With áppetite inconsiderable,
Sick, giddy, and irritable,
Shivering, quivering, and to stánd unable,
Despónding, inconsólable,
With héad-ache uncontróllable,
And stómach-ache deplóráble.
My condition 's unendúráble,
My life 's uninsúráble,
And, what 's wórse, I 'm incúráble,
For the dóctor, who you know 's infállible,
Says the cáse is most lámentable,
And the sýmptoms so fórmidable
That it 's mórálly impóssible —
Oh dear! oh déar! I wish I 'd máde my will;
Oh, cruel, crúel fate, inéxorable!
Why doesn't sómebody bring ín a Bill
To put a stóp to baking cákes upon a griddle?

But then to méet my death from síeh a belle,
So gráceful and agréable —
It 's útterly inconeéivable,
And the whole stóry, from beginning to end, néver-believe-a-belle

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 16. 1841.

THE DEVIL AND OWEN O'CONNELLY,
OR
THE NEW IRISH CHANCELLOR.

It was in an Irish chúrchyard where the bónes were lying báre,
The Dévil walked out one mórning to take a móuthful of fresh áir,
And as he was músing upon a héap of skulls, the thought
occurred to him súddenly,
"It was sómewhere near this spót," says he, "they buried the
fámous Owen O'Cónnelly."*

Then taking up the skulls one by óne, and exámining them
phrenológically,
It was not lóng before the Dévil found óut the skull of fámous
Owen O'Cónnelly;
And having contéplated it some tíme with an air thoughtfúl
and mélancholy,
He pút it in his coat pócket, saying, "I 'll make a mán of you
agáin, my fáithfúl Owen O'Cónnelly."

* See Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion.

"Lord Maguire and some others of the nobility were appointed to head the attack upon Dublin. The plot however was betrayed the preceding day by his servant Owen O'Connelly." — M'GEOGHEGAN'S *History of Ireland*.

So the Dévil took the skull hóme with him, and as it hádn't a
morsel of háir,
Clapped an old brown scráitch of his own on the tóp of it, to
gíve it a janty áir;
Then he stúck a face in frónt of it, broad, impudent, and léering,
With a mouth as méaly and servile, as the brow was próud
and dominéering.

Next he stúffed the skull insíde with the bráins of a láwyer,
And sét it upon a pair of shóuldérs he had máde for a sáwyer;
And having bálanced it belów with a táil that was long and fléxible,
He turned the créature round three tímes, and vowed he lóoked
quite respéctable;
Then putting a pípe in his mouth, and gíving him a basin of
sóap and hólý wáter,
He says, "Counséllor O'Connéllý, go and blow búbbles for the
péople to run áfter."

The Cóunséllor he blew the búbbles just ás the Devil órdered him,
Black and whíte, green and yéllow, thícK and thín, gréat and
smáll, all sórts o' them.

The Dévil he stóod bý, and christened every búbble befóre it
left the básin,
And the lárgeest green and yéllow one he called Cátholic
Emancipátion.

"Cóunséllor," says the Dévil, "this green and yéllow búbble
pléases me to my héart's content;

It 's júst the tool I 've been lóoking for, to pull down the
Prótestant Estáblishment;

And the léast I can gíve you fór it, is a perpetual séat in the
Imperial Párlíament."

His succéss and the Devil's práise made Cóunsellor O'Connelly
bólder,
And he bléw a bubble úp like a ballóon, that startled évery behólder;
The Devil, when he sáw it, gave a shóut that was heard as fár as hell,
And sígning it with the sign of the cróss, he christened it
THE REPÉAL.

Then clápping the Counsellor on the báck, he says:— "Mý
apprentice cléver,
You have ónly to keep this búbble up, and your fórtune 's
made for éver;
Under mý direction and mánage ment, it will yield you an
income cléar,
After dedúcting all expénces, of ten thóusand pounds a yéar."

"That 's just hálf my calculátion," says Counsellor O'Connelly,
looking innocent;

"If the Repéal 's worth one pénny, it 's worth dóuble that rént;
But be it less or móre I am ready to séll you the whóle of it,
Both the Rént and the Repéal, both the bódý and the sóul of it."

"That 's no móre than I expécted from the blóod of an O'Connelly,
But you háven't named your price yet," says the Dévil, looking
sólemnly.

"There 's the Irish cháncellorship," says the Cóunsellor; "it 's
in the Devil's gift —

Here 's the Rént and the Repéal,—and you ówe your friend a líft."

"It 's a bárgain," says the Dévil, "and you wón't have long to wáit,
For I was tálking with Old Hannibal yésterday, and he 's bút in
a crazy státe.

He 's a dáinty bit I have been nürsing ever since the dáy of
 Emmett's trial,
 And I have nó compunction in táking him now, after so lóng
 a self-denial."
 "It 's a bárgain," says the Cúnsellor, with this clear méaning
 and intént,
 That the móment I 'm Lord Cháncellor, the Devil may táke
 Repeal and Rént."

Then the Dévil and the Cúnsellor shook hands, and called each
 other, bróther,
 Each revólving in his own mínd how he bést might cheat the óther;
 And then going báckwards, with great políteness, that néither
 might see the óther's tail,
 They séparated until the next dáy, crying "Hurrá for THE
 REPÉAL!"

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN'S SONG.

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery
 To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý:—
 "What if yóu and Í should agrée
 To rób our néighbour Índustry,
 And divíde his ill-gotten próperty,
 Amóng our dear children thrée,
 Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý
 To Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery:—
 "I líke your propósál mightily;

I always had an antipathy
To that sturdy fellow Industry;
He 's quite too independent for me;
So robbed and plundered he shall be,
And his goods divided among our children three,
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary."

Says Poor-law Guardian Robbery
To Poor-law Guardian Charity:—
"I cannot express my joy to see
How ready you are to combine with me
Against our common enemy,
That stickler for the rights of property,
That foe to '*Général Community*', —
Stubborn, uncompromising Industry.
So robbed and plundered he shall be,
And his goods divided among our children three,
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary."

"We had better proceed cautiously,"
Says Poor-law Guardian Charity,
"For a powerful fellow is Industry,
And his house he 'll defend manfully,
With the help of his watch-dog Honesty;
But robbed and plundered he must be,
Or what will become of our children three,
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary?"

"I 've a crow-bar," says Robbery;
"Six hundred and eight and fifty
Jobbing smiths forged it for me,
And I call it my Legality;
It will break in his door though strong it be,
And knock out the brains of his dog Honesty."

"And when we are in," says Charity,
"We 'll bind hand and foot Master Industry,
With this rope of injustice and cruelty,
Which Public Opinion has lent to me,
And we 'll seize upon all his property,
And divide it among our dear children three,
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary."

Then away went the Guardians in company,
And a pleasanter sight you could not see
Than Robbery linked with Charity.
And they took the crow-bar Legality,
And the rope of injustice and cruelty,
And broke open the door of Industry,
And knocked out the brains of his dog Honesty,
And bound himself like a thief for the gallows-tree,
And blinded his eyes that he might not see,
While they plundered his house of his property,
To divide among their dear children three,
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April 3. 1841.

SENT TO SELINA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH
A BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Cherries fresh, and cherries fair!
Prettier cherries never were;
Great grand-daughters, every one,
Of that famous cherry-stone
By Lucullus brought, you know,
More than two thousand years ago,

Fróm its Míthridátic hóme
Ín old Póntus, tó new Róme,
And plánted ín his villa thére,
And chérished; án exótic rare,
Till it bóre its blúshing bérries,
And Rómans éat dessérts of chérries.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Lóvelier chérries néver wére;
Blóod-red ás pomegránate flówer,
Or fúchsia péndent fróm the bówer
Where Márs met Vénus át high nóon,
And whispered, Vúlcan wás a lóon.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Júicier chérries néver wére;
Mélting swéet as ápricót,
Or cítron péar, or bérgamót,
Or dówny péach, or néctarine,
Ór green gáge, of frúits the quéen;
Ór the ámber déw bees síp
From flówering líndens, wén they drip
Frágrant shówers in hót Julý,
Únder the fláring sóuthern ský,
And évery flóweret is álíve,
Ánd the whole trée 's one búzzing híve.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Ríper chérries néver wére:
Will ye óf my chérries sháre?
Púlléd this mórning wét with déw,
With mine ówn hand púlléd for yóu,
Pácked with léaves ín báskét néat,
And sént you fór your bírth-day tréat.

Birth-days mány máy you sée,
 As chérries ón my chéry trée,
 And évery bírth-day háppier bé;
 Me lóving móre, more lóved by mé;
 Úntouched still by blight or blást,
 Swéetening, ripening, tíll at lást,
 Drópping nóiseless fróm the trée,
 You 're gáthéred tó etérnity.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, June 20. 1841. ;

WORDSWORTH'S HORSE.

Will Wórdsworth wás a stéady mán,
 That líved near Ámbleside,
 And múch he lónged to háve a hóse,
 Which hé might éasy ride.

It chánced one dáy a hóse came bý,
 Of púre Arábian bréed,
 Géntle though próud, and stróng of límb:
 It wás a gállant stéed!

Full mány a nóble rider bóld
 This gállant stéed had bórne;
 And évery óne upón his brów
 The láurel wréath had wórñ.

Those nóble ríders déad and góne,
 And in the cóld earth láid,
 The gállant stéed by Wórdsworth's dóor
 Withóut an ówner stráyed.

No móre adó; the stéed is cáught;
Upón him Wórdsworth géts;
The génerous cóurser páws and réars,
And 'gáinst the bridle fréts.

“He ’s too high-méttled,” Wórdsworth sáys,
“And shákes me in my séat;
He múst be bálled, and drénched, and bléd,
And gét much lèss to éat.”

So bálled, and drénched, and bléd he wás,
And pút on lówer díet;
And Wórdsworth with delight obsérved
Him grów each dáy more quiet.

And fírst he tóok from him his óats,
And thén he tóok his háy;
Untíl at lást he féd him ón
A síngle stráw a dáy.

What háppened néxt to this poor stéed
There ’s nótt a child but knóws;
Death elósed his eýes, as í my sóng,
And énded áll his wóes.

And ón a stóne, near Rýdal Móunt,
These wórds are pláin to sée: —
“Here lie the bónes of thát fáméd stéed,
High-méttled Póesý.”

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April, 1840.

WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wórdsworth walked ónce near Ámbleside,
Upón a súmmer's dáy,
And, úpward gázing, strúck his lýre
To this majéstic láy:—

“There 's póetry in évery thing,
In smáll as wéll as big” —
But júst as hé had gót so fár,
He tród upón a pig.

“Hóorch!” quoth the pig, with súch a grúnt,
As yóu might wéll excúse,
If éver yóu had séen the náils
Ín the great póet's shóes.

“Hóorch!” quoth the póet, “thére it ís,
As pláin as pláin can bé;
Éven in this pig's grunt Í do héar
The vóice of póetry.

“There 's póetry in évery thing,
In smáll as wéll as big;
In Góody Bláke and Hárny Gíll,
And in this grúnting pig.

“There 's póetry in évery thing
We héar, or sée, or sméll;
You háve it hère in ‘hóorch! hoorch! hóorch!’
And thére in Péter Bèll.

“For póetry ’s but náatural thóught
In náatural sóunds expéssed,
And thát which háth the léast of árt
The trúest is and bést.

“Of póets, thérefore, wé ’re the first,
Thou grúnting píg and Í;
For whére ’s the póet thát with ús
In ártlessnéss can víe?”

Eláte he sáid: then ónward pássed,
And báde the píg adieu;
And thén his lýre he strúck agáin,
And sáng with rápture nów:—

“There ’s póetry in évery thíng,
In smáll as wéll as big;
In Góody Bláke and Hárri Gill,
And in yon grúnting píg.”

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, June 28. 1842.

ANSWER TO MRS. JANE HOPKINS'S INVITATION
TO DRINK TEA WITH HER,

JULY 15, 1842.

The mínute I gót
Your bít of a nóte,
Says Í to my wífe:—
“My déarest life,
Will ye or nó
To áunt Jenny gó,
To-mórrów níght,
At hér invite,

To drink your téa
 In her cómpañý?"
 Says my wífe to mé:—
 "I cán't but agrée;
 For the óffer 's góod,
 And 'twóuld be rúde
 To sáy her nó,
 So wé will gó;
 But whát will yóu
 With Kátharine* dó?"
 "She 's nót forgót;
 See, hére 's the nóte;
 It 's í and yóu,
 And Kátharine tóo;
 So sáy no móre,
 For át her dóor
 We 'll bé by éight,
 In spite of fáte;
 And yóu and shé
 Will drínk your téa,
 And Mrs. Stanléy
 Will máke coffée
 For the dóctor and mé;
 And we 'll láugh and chát
 About this and thát,
 And háppy we 'll bé,
 As fórmerlý;
 And I 'll láy you a bét,
 That óf the whole sèt,
 Aunt Jénny will bé
 The móst merrý,
 Though, betwéen you and mé,

* The Author's only surviving child.

She 's fúurscore and thrée;
And I héar people sáy,
She 'll go ón the same wáy
Till she 's fivescóre,
Or máy-be móre,
And évery dáy,
Like wine or háy,
With áge impróving,
More lóved and lóving
Will be grówing;
So lét 's be góing,
Gáy and héarty,
Tó her pártý,
To-mórrów níght;
And Í will wíte
To sáy we 'll knóck
At éight o'clóck."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UNDER A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF
A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

Wónderful ártist! whát a chárming gráce
Lives in these lines, and pláys o'er áll this fáce!
These eýes how bright! how rósy réd this chéek!
And hów these lips, half párted, álmost spéak!
Hów this chin dímples! this gold-bráided háir
How glóssy smóoth! how smáall and white this éar!
Wónderful ártist! thát could éven to Éllen
Gíve Vénus' féatures, ánd the áir of Hélen.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1844.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,

WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT
FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

Dóist thou but móck me, wén thou bíd'st me síng
The cáptive's gúshíng téars for líberty?
Or dóist not nów thou hast bóund me with a cháín,
From wích I wóuld not, íf I cóuld, be fréed?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, Jan. 5. 1846.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The scúlptor, ere he tákes
The chíset in his hánd,
Draws the ínklíng of his thóught
On pásteboard or in sánd:
So tó thine Álbum Í
The sécret first impárt,
Wích my trúé love búrns to wíte
On the márble of thy héart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, March 5. 1846.

THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF
THE YEAR 1846.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Stáy, stranger, stáy: why léav'st the Váux de Vire?
'Tis the sweet spring-time, júst the ópening yéar;
Have wé done áught to hárm thee ór displéase?
Ór in France find'st thou lóvelier fields than thése?

STRANGER.

Swéet is the spring amóng the Váux de Vire,
And swéet the ópening óf the nów-born yéar;
Nóught have ye dóne to hárm me ór displéase,
Nór in France séek I lóvelier fields than thése.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Then whý, O stránger, whý so sóon awáy,
Ánd thy back túrned upón our cóming Máy?
With sófter bréath each mórn the zéphyr blóws,
With brighter tints each éven the súnset glóws.

STRANGER.

A lánd there is beyónd your nóthern séa,
More déar than éven the Váux de Vire to mé;
A lánd of híl-l-and-dá-le slope, flówer, and trée,
And rúddy súnset ánd bird-mélodý.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Far óff *that* lánd, far óff beyónd the déep;
Rócks rise betwéen, waves róll, and témpets swéep;
Óur spring is nigh; thou sée'st the violet péeping;
In yónder búsh 'tis Philomel that 's chéeping.

STRANGER.

In that far land, beyond that stormy sea,
Are friends that love me, know me, think of me;
Beneath its sod my babies twain are laid,
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head;

Waves o'er that mother's head who so oft blessed me,
And to her beating bosom so oft pressed me;
That noble mother to whose love I owe
All that I am, or hope, or feel, or know;

That went so oft, on such an eve, to lean
Her arm on mine, and point to such a scene,
To such a glowing heaven and setting sun;
Then turn and see the night come slowly on;

And then the flush upon her furrowed cheek
Would tell the thought she ventured not to speak,
That *her* night, too, was coming, *her* day past,
And from her loved ones she must part at last.

And she is parted; in that far land laid;
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head:
Then fare ye well, sweet fields, I stay not here;
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire;

Be with those orchard walks and coppiced brakes,
Where hapless Bâsselin poured his untaught lays;
Long shall your memory to my heart be dear;
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, MARCH, 1846.

TRAVELLER.

Now whére hast thou béen, thou Nórth-west Wind,
Now whére hast thou béen, tell mé?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

I have béen far awáy in the Írish lánd,
And beyónd the Írish Séa.

TRAVELLER.

And whát hast thou séen in that fár Irish lánd,
And whát hast thou séen, I práy?
Hast thou séen a low hóuse near the édge of the ród,
As by Dálkey thou tóok'st thy wáy?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And is it a hóuse with its síde to the ród,
And its fáce to a láwn so gréen?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the hóuse, my déar North-west Wind,
My síster's hóuse thou hast séen.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás it a wicket, that láwn so gréen,
In the sháde of an óld sycamóre;
And thrée steps úp to a grávelled cóurt
In frónt of that lów cabin-dóor?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the wicket that éach Sunday éve
So jóyfully ópened to mé,
As Í and my lóved ones the lóved ones sóught,
That dwélt by that sýcamore trée.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás that low cábin a window that lóoks
To the sóuth on a gárden fáir,
Where the vérvain leans úp to the window-páne,
And the églantine scénts the áir?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the window, where shé used to sit
That will né'er in that window sit móre,
Or láy up agáin for dear children or friend
The léaf of that vérvain in stóre.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

But stíll in that window a lády there síts,
And gáthers the vérvain leaf gréen —

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is her dáughter — come kíss me, dear Wind —
Ah! thát is my síster thou 'st séen.

And díd she look mérry? or díd she look sád?
Or dídst thou her vóice chance to héar?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

Ah! sád was her lóok, and pláintive her vóice,
And I thóught in her eýe stood a téar;

And thése were the wórds I héard her sing,

As I droóped my wíng by the páne:—
“How lóng and slów the móments gó!
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

And fár within accómpañied

A piáno in sóftest stráin:—

“How lóng and slów the móments gó!

Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

TRAVELLER.

Fly báck, fly báck, thou Nórt-h-west Wínd,

Fly báck to that gárden agáin,

And sóftly bréathe in the vérvain léaves,

And whisper át that páne:—

“Anóther half-yéar, and hé will be hére,

That bróther we lóve so wéll,

I héar his fóot, and I knów his púll

Upón the wicket béll.

“But wé 'll not wait hére anóther half-yéar,

For the stórmý wínter's góne;

And the wínd that soft bréathes in the vérvain léaves,

Will wáft us to Fránce anón.

“Then the tíme that hangs nów with nightmare wéight

On bróther and sísters párted,

Will seem shórt as lark's sóng, or a Mídsommer Dréam

Of Shákespeare the ángel-héarted.

“And whén the pléasant half-yéar is fléd,

And the dáys grow dárk agáin,

We 'll retúrn with hím to this lów-roofed hóuse,

This wíndow ánd verváin;

“And róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,

Bróther and sísters once móre

Will gáther, and sít, and láugh, and chát,

As on Súnday éves of yóre;

“As óft on Súnday éve we gáthered,
Sisters lóving, lóving bróther,
Róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,
Children of a living móther.

“That móther déad we ’ll lóve the móre,
We ’ll lóve the móre each óther;
And, ónce we have mét, ne’er párt agáin,
Sisters lóving, lóving bróther.”

P A R I S.

’Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me extéding,
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-éding;
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

’Tis Páris! gay Páris! soft pálace of pléasure,
Where to jóy there ’s no énd, to refinément no méasure;
But café and théatre, salón and báll,
And the stárs’ midnight-wáitch looking dówn upon áll.

’Tis Páris! wise Páris! staid city of léarning,
Of reúnion, and cércle, and sávant discerning,
Of acádemy, cóllege, and ínstitute-háll,
And Mólière’s calm spírit looking dówn upon áll.

’Tis Páris! strong Páris! that róse in her míght,
And crúshed with one héel-stamp earth’s kíngs’ dívine ríght,
Awóke sleeping nátions with fréedom’s trump cáll,
And shook Gód on his thróne, looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! mad Páris! red city of blóod,
On whose stónes scarce dry yét her sons' stréaming life-flóod;
Scarce silent the túmbril's lourd róll, and the fáll
Of the guillotine-áxc looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! throng Páris! warm bée-hive of life,
Of bústle, and intrigue, and pólitic strife,
Of démocrat émeute and Cárlist cabál,
And sly Louís Philippe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! bride Páris! arráyed in her bést;
For the brídegroom is wáiting, and só is the féast:
The féast, 'tis laid óut in chill Père-la-Chaise háll,
And the brídegroom 's grim Déath looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me extéding,
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

PARIS, June 11. 1846.

JOURNEY FROM TRENT, TO RIVA ON THE LAGO DI GARDA.

JUNE 7. 1847.

At five leave Trént,
In cóach and páir,
For Ríva bént,
And cóoler áir,

My wife and í
And dáughter táll,
And Maéstro Mónti,
Fóur in áll.

Good cópany
In sóoth are wé,
And fór six hóurs
May wéll agrée,

If quárrels cóme,
As póets téach,
From too free úse
Of the párts of spéech;

For wé no wórd have
Óf Itálian;
No Énglish hé,
Nor crámp Germánian;

And hás not éven
The acquáintance máde,
Of Má'mselle Frénch,
That cómmon jáde,

That wálks at éase
Wide Éurope's stréets,
And láughs and chát
With áll she méets.

Pléasant the víew is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Toward sóuthern súns
And génial skies,
Géntly slóped
That vället lies.

From wintry blásts,
North, éast, and wést,
Álpine stéeps
Defénd its bréast;

Ánd with a thóusand
Íce-fed rills
Wáter its fieldś,
And túrn its mills;

And cóol the sùltry
Súmmer áir,
And pláy sweet músic
Tó the éar.

Hére the cliffs
Are bléak and báre,
With pine fórests
Cóvered thére;

Ór with várious
Cárpét spréad,
Of férn and héath,
The bláck-cock's béd.

Here mica schíst,
Red pórophyry,
And gránite péaks,
Inváde the ský.

There slúmbering márble
Wáits the hánd
That bids it into
Lífe to stánd.

Lówer dówn
The sándstone rók;
Át our féet
The bóulder blóck.

Pléasant the view is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Tréllised vines
Stretch fár and néar,
Through fields of léntil,
Máize, and bére;

Chésnut and wálnut
Státely stánd,
Flánking the ród
On éither hánd;

And géntler willow
Lénds its sháde,
And dróops and árches
Óverhéad;

And súnburnt péasants'
Hánds rapácious
Cúll the múblerry's
Fóliage précious.

The sácks stand fúll,
The cárts are lóaded,
The táwny óxen
Yóked and góaded;

The máster héars,
With éars of pléasure,
The áxle gróan
Benéath the tréasure.

Let six weeks páss,
The wórk is dóne,
The wórms are féd,
The cócoons spún,

The chrýsalis killed,
Its intricate clúe
Unrávelled nice,
And spún anéw

Ínto a fírm,
Tenácious líne,
Yéllow as góld,
As góssamer fine;

Párent óf
The bómbazíne,
Rústling sársnet,
Sátin shéen;

Óf the sófa's
Gáy brocade,
Óf the lútestring
Quilted béd;

Óf the flág
That flóats on hígh,
Defiance tó
The énemý;

Óf the gárter,
Óf the páll;
Wónd'rous thread
That mák'st them áll!

Pléasant the víew is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Ón our ríght hand
Thé broad ríver,
Gráy and cléar,
And spárkling éver;

Ín its stóny
Chánnel dáshing,
Ráving, fréttíng,
Fóaming, spláshing.

Whát though stíll
Its cóurse is fóward,
Whát though stíll
It rúshes ónward,

Dównward stíll
Althóugh its mótion,
Tóward the vást
Absórbing ócean,

Sée, each wávelet
Báckward cúrls;
Sée, revérsed
Each éddy swírls;

Sée, it cásts
Its língering lóok
Tóward the scénes
It háth forsóok,

Tóward its nátive
Órteler móuntain,
Tóward its párent
Glácier fóuntain.

Life's tráveller só
Casts báck his víew
Ón the dear scénes
His chíldhood knéw.

With fáce revérted,
Só is bórne
Dówn the rough róad
Whence nó retúrn,

And plúnged at lást
Intó the séa,
By finites cálléd
Etérnity.

Pléasant the víew is,
Ás our cárríage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

We thréad the góрге
Where Lägerthál
In báttle sáw
Sanséverin fáll;

Léave on the right
Old Cástelbárcó,
And héar thy tówer,
Hóly San Márcó,

Chime níght's first wátc'h
In Róveréith,
Ás we arríve,
At hálf-past éíght.

Áfter súpper,
Frésh and mérry,
Wést we túrn
Toward Ádige férry;

And whére, 'twíxt báncs
Of flówery rúshes,
Deep, silent, smóoth,
The river gúshes,

Cárríage and áll
Acróss we flóat
In bróad, flat-bóttomed
Lúgger-bóat.

Dárk though it bé,
Small féar have wé,
And Maéstro 's stíll
Good cómpány;

And, párt by sígns,
And párt by lóoks,
And párt by wórds
Pícked óut of bóoks,

Contrives to lét us
 Únderstánd
He guídes us thróugh
 No únkñown lánd;

Guídes us thróugh Móri's
 Village rúde —
'Twere picturésque
 By dáy-light viewed —

Past Lóppio's láke,
 With islands dótted;
Past Lóppio's rócks,
 With lichens spótted.

Whére our pássing
 Lámp-light fáls
On yónder gráy
 Time-éaten wálls,

Áwful fróm
 The rócky stéep
Frowned, Nágo, ónce
 Thy cástled kéep.

Our dównward cóurse
 Is fáir and frée,
From thóse drear héights
 To Tórbolé,

Where, snúgly móored
 In Mórpheus' árms,
Lake Gárda's bóatmen
 Dréam of stórms.

Húng on línés
 Their néts are drýing,
Hígh on the stránd
 Their bóats are lýing.

Cróss we thén
 Hoarse Sárcá's brídge,
And túrn Mont Bríon's
 Jútting rídge.

Where scántly máy
 The stráit road swéep,
'Twíxt the deep láke
 And móuntain stéep,

Óverhéad
 Hangs dréarily
The glimmering lámp
 Of a Cálvarý.

From widow's crúse
 That lámp is féd,
A widow's téars
 On that sláb are réad:—

“Féllow-sínnér,
 Bénd thy knée,
Féllow-sínnér,
 Práy with mé

“For hím that ín
 The témpést's shóck,
Fóundering sánk
 By yónder róck.

“Móther of Gód,
The sáilor sáve,
Ón Lake Gárda's
Dángerous wáve.”

Two shórt miles móre
Run quickly pást,
And Ríva sáfe.
We réach at lást;

And júst as cócks
And clócks tell óne,
At Íl Giardíno*
Áre set dówn,

Where Maéstro Mónti
Bíds good níght,
And áll to béd
In weáry plíght.

* This picturesque and truly Italian hotel (called Il Giardíno, from its public garden opening on the lake) has been lately pulled down, to make room for the Austrian fortifications with which the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of Riva has, alas! at last begun to bristle. — J. H. 1850.

TRUTH.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN CLARA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON LEAVING
SCHLOSS WEYERBURG.*

Státelier than Weyérburg Schlóss, I wéen,
Fáirer thán its bówers so gréen,
Frésher thán the móuntain bréeze
Whispering thróugh its wálnut trées,
Cléarer thán the gúrgling rills
Trickling fróm its snów-clad hills,
Swéeter thán the frágrance spréad
Bý its gáy carnátion béd,
Lóvelier thán the próspect wide
Fróm its tówers on évery side,

* Schloss Weyerburg is a castle situated on the first heights of the Alps, where they rise immediately over the city of Innsbruck, on the north. It formerly belonged to, and was occasionally the residence of, the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Attmayer of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Venetian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the midst of parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and irregularly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, and innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; immediately in front, and at an equal depth below, the rushing and impetuous river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first

Nóbler thán its ámple háll,
Strónger thán its mássive wáll,
Déarer to Gód and ángels fár
Thán its chápel, thán its práy'r,
Ís the unvárnished wórd of trúth,
Íssuing fróm the líps of yóuth,
The guíleless líps of máiden fáir,
Clára and Ánna Áttlmáyer:
Wéll might ripe áge learn wisdom thére.

June 11. 1849.

heights of the opposite or southern range of Alps, the royal castle of Schloss Ambras (larger and statelier than Weyerburg, and out of an upper window of which, Wallenstein, when a boy, fell, and escaped unhurt); farther beyond, and above, the lower plateau of the Alps, gently swelling, green, grassy, and studded with white cottages, chapels, hamlets, and clumps of trees; still higher, and retreating backward, the rocky sides of the Alps, here and there covered with pine forests; and high above all, the long line of their bleak and snow-clad pinnacles mingling with the clouds; on the left the broad and rapid river again, passing under a suspension-bridge, and, garnished with poplars, threading its way along the windings of the valley towards the far off Danube, and finally disappearing behind the market-town of Hall.

Allusion is made in the above lines, and particularly in the last of them, to a circumstance which occurred during the author's residence in this Castle, in the summer of 1849.

WEYERBURG'S BOWERS SO GREEN.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN ANNA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON OCCASION OF
LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, JUNE 11, 1849.

"Téll me, sweet Ánna, téll me, práy,
How mány thóu hast séen,
Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen?"

"Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,
As mány Í have séen,
As áre the léaves upón the trées
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen."

"How mány háppy, téll me nów,
Sweet Ánna, hást thou séen?"
"Háppy! I néver sáw but twó
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"A fáther ánd a dáughter héré
From Íreland Í have séen;
A párent kind, a dúteous child,
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"They wére not rích, they wére not gréat,
Far bétter théy, I wéen;
Fónd of each óther, júst toward áll,
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

“Háppy they wére, if háppiness
Éver on éarth has béen;
A ténder sire, a lóving child,
’Mongst Weyérburg’s bówers so gréen.

“I lóve to sit and think of thém,
To bé where théy have béen;
Ah! dó they éver think of mé,
And Weyérburg’s bówers so gréen?”

TO FRAEULEIN LAURA WIDMANN,

ON OCCASION OF A SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HER PORTRAIT, LOST IN
MY APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL AT INNSBRUCK.

I séarched my chámber róund and róund,
The táble, sófa, cháirs, and gróund,
But nówhere Láura’s pícture fóund;
Till cásting, ór by fáte or chánce,
Upón my inward sélf a glánce,
I spied, in sécret nóok remóte —
Say, Láura, wás it whát I sóught —
An ángel’s pórtait without náme,
Dráwn on my héart in strókes of fláme!

June 14. 1849.

THE FROWN AND THE SMILE.

FOR SELINA'S ALBUM.

"Come, in my álbúm wíte a vèrse,"

Matilda sáid once tó a póet;

"But mínd, no nónsense; fór I vów,

To áll the wórld I 'll súrely shów it."

He tóok the pén, and tréimbling wróte

These véry wórds, or néarly:

"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth

There 's nóne I lóve so déarly —"

Matílda, frówning, stópped him shórt:—

"My álbúm, yóu have spóiled it,

I wóuld not fór my bést new gówn,

Your pén had éver sóiled it."

"Spoiled whát? soiled whát?" the póet cried;

"Pray, Mádam, lét me finish;

The bútter 's hère, but nót the bréad —

The éggs, but nót the spínach."

He tóok the pén agáin, and wróte,

Fírmlý this tíme, and cléarly:

"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth

There 's nóne I lóve so déarly,

"That Í for hér one hóur wóuld lóse

Of háppy báachelor life."

Matílda smíled; and ére a mónth

The póet cálléd Matilda wífe.

LEGHORN, November, 1849.

TO MISS LOUISA GRACE,

WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LEAVING PISTOJA, WHERE HE HAD BEEN
PAYING HER A VISIT.

Cease, céase, ye téars, to blót the fárewell línes
My héart at pártíng tó Louísa sénds;
Drý them, and with them póst to hér, ye síghs,
Fáithfulest cóuriers bétwixt párted friends.

LEGHORN, November 16. 1849.

TO THE SAME,

FROM VILLA STROZZI, ROME.

The téar-drops, fróm our eýelids stárting,
So fást upón our páper féll,
'Twas áll in váin we stróve, at pártíng,
To wríte our friend one kínd farewéll:

By tíme assúaged, our sórrow nów
Assúmes a sóberer, sófter húc,
And síghs, not téars, decláre the páin
With which we bíd our friend adieú.

Adieú! be háppy! thínk sometímes
Óf the two friends that lóved thee só;
Óur hearts still fónldy túrn to thee,
Thróugh the wide wórld whereé'er we gó.

December 7. 1849.

PART OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO AN ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND IN IRELAND,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOMB OF ATISTIA, WIFE OF EURYSACES,
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME, OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE,
ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES BY FROSINONE.*

* * * * *

Or máy be you 'd ráther I 'd téll you the stóry
Of the báker's wife's tómb outside Pórtá Maggiore,
How for fóurteen long cénturies snúgly it láy
Built úp in the wórks which Honórius one dáy
So áwkwardly ráised at the Lábican gáte,
And Pope Píus the Séventh demólished of láte,
Bringing báck into dáylight the mónument quéer,
By the fúnny old báker erécted hére,
To receíve the remáins of Atístia, his wífe,
Befóre him depárted this tróublesome life:—
“A véry good wífe was Atístia to mé,
As áll will obsérve who this mónument sée,

* There are two inscriptions belonging to this tomb. The words of the first are:—

FVIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI FEMINA OPITVMA VEIXIT QVOIVS CORPORIS
RELIQVIAE QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN HOC PANARO

This inscription has been removed, along with the full-length figures of the husband and wife, and affixed to an adjoining wall.

The words of the second inscription are:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS
PISTORIS REDEMTORIS APPARIT

This has been left in situ, simply, as it would seem, because it could not be removed without pulling down the entire building.

All the subjects described in the text are actually to be seen on the frieze.

Which, in hónor of hér and my báking tráde,
In the shápe of a báker's panárium I 've máde;
And the móre to expéss my deep cónjugal grief
In the frónt I 've set úp the dear créature's relief,
With my ówn inconsólable sélf by her side,
In my bést toga dréssed, for rich bákers have pride;
And abóve on the frieze the whole árt I 've displáyed
Of the Róman flour-mílling and báking tráde.
The gráin you see fírst, then the mill, then the flóur;
The kneáding comes néxt, then the míxing the sóur;
And thére, in the mídst of the bákehouse, commánding
How the wórk shall be dóne, the chief óverseer 's stánding;
And in frónt of the húge, gaping móuth of the óven,
The jóurneymen réady the néw batch to shóve in,
Arms náked, legs náked, long shóvels in their hánds;
And high on the cóunter the státera stánds;
And cústomers in at the shóp-door are drópping,
And sóme into bágs the smáll loaves are pópping,
While óthers the lárge loaves are cútting and wéighing,
And the clérk 's taking cóunt of the móney they 're páying:
Your éar must be dúll not to héar what they 're sáying.
And nów to the óther side fóllo the frieze,
And you 'll sée a square bóx—more this wáy, if you pléase—
There it is, a square bóx, rather lónger than wide,
Pierced thróugh with round hóles the whole léngth of its side,
A jóur, as the Fránk says, to lét the light thróugh,
For the óffside wóuld mách, were it pláced within víew;
The panárium that is, where, accórding to rúle,
Each fresh batch from the óven is sét by to cóol;
That véry panárium — I hópe I don't bóre ye —
That supplíed the désign of the tómb here befóre ye,
Where to cóol I 've láid bý sweet Atístia, my wífe,
Fresh and crísp from this hót, báking, óven of life;
And whére, kissing crúst to crúst, ón the same shélf,

I 'll be láid with her, pléase Jove, some fine day mysélf.
Eurýsaces, míller and báker, am Í,
And, bý letters pátent, monópolý
Enjóy of the mílling and báking tráde;
And óf this panárium what móre need be saíd?"

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Dec. 13. 1849.

TO MEMORY.

Wíizard, begóne! and lét me néver
Sée thy háted fáce agáin!
Thou prómisedst a róund of pléasure,
Ánd hast given me nóught but páin.

Cóuld thy cónjuring ród not cáll up
The déar scenes óf depárted yéars,
Bút it must sáme time fróm my póor heart
Strike a flóod of scálding téars?

Cóuld thine enchánted gláss not shów me
The rádiant fórms my bóyhood knéw,
Bút it must thrúst their sépulchres,
Át the same móment, ón my víew?

Cóuld not thy mágic écho sing me
Nótes from lips of lóve that féll,
Bút it múst same ínstant bring me
Their lóng and língering lást farewéll?

Júggling wizard; hów I háte thee,
With thy mágic ánd thy spélls,
Bý black Mélanchóly táught thee
Ín her sílent, súnless célls!

Fóul enchánter, hénce! and drówn thee
Ín the dépths of Léthe's wáve!
Fáir is the wórld God spréads áround me,
Thóu wóuldst máke it bút a gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 13. 1850.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPLETE INTERRUPTION OF MY NEWLY MADE,
BUT MUCH VALUED ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. W. SCHIENER,
OF NEW YORK, BY HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME FOR NAPLES,
JANUARY 7. 1850.

Sée the fire, how fást it búrns!
Ánd the stréam, how swift it rúns!
Hów night áfter níght retúrns!
Hów soon sèt our bríghtest sún's!

The róse that blóssomed yéster-mórn,
Todáy upón the stém hangs dýing;
The bréeze that fánned us yéster-éven,
Tonight in óther lánds is síghing.

But fár more fléeting friendship's bréath,
A bréeze from héaven that máy not lást;
And éarlier withered friendship's flówer,
And friendship's stréam runs swífter pást;

And quícker friendship's fláme expires,
And friendship's dáy's are sóoner spéd:
We fáin wóuld stír the áncient fires,
And stír but áshes cóld and déad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 7. 1850.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

SONG WRITTEN ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, IN ROME, THE STATUE OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING DACIAN SOLDIER, COMMONLY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Ah! swéet is the déath of the sóldier bráve,
And his cóuntry with láurels shall plánt his gráve,
Histórians and póets his práises shall write,
And fáir maidens síng them, and gréy-beards recíte.

For his is no língering héctic decáy,
By slów degrees gnáwing his vítals awáy,
His vígor consúming, and blánching his chéek,
Tedious mónth after mónth, and long wéek after wéek.

With hánd locked in his, by his bédside all night,
No ténder wife wátches his life's waning light,
Hoping, féaring, despáiring, and wéeping by túrns,
As brighter or dimmer the flíck'ring flame búrns.

But his cóuntry commánds him: awáy to the wárs!
For vátor there 's hónor, there 's láurel for scárs;
His son hánds him his swórd; his wife búckles it ón;
One kíss, one embráce; the next móment he 's góne.

He 's góne, and has fálled: — abject mínions, forbéar;
'Tis a sóldier that yónder lies strétched on his bíer;
Keep your síghs, keep your téars, for the déath-fearing sláve;
They sháll not pollúte the sóldier's gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, January, 1850.

R O M E.

From Villa Strózzi, Róme,
Tó my loved friends at hóme,
This vígil óf St. Bláse,
Whén the wild duck láys,
Ánd the fáint primróse
Únder the báre hedge blóws,
Ánd the mezéreon blóom
Spreads wídest its perfúme,
And mérry bélls are rúng,
And Cándlemás is súnng,
And dáys begín to bríghthen,
And héarts begín to líghthen;
Fór the winter 's pást,
Ánd Spring 's cómíng fást.

Thóugh most trávellers só invént things,
And wántonlý misréprésént things,
Thát I have héárd it sáid 'twere bétter
A trávellér néver wróte a létter;
Yet whát I sáw in Róme, believe me,
I 'll téll ye trúe, and nótt decéíve ye;
For, ás at tímes sweet flówers are fóund
Grówing in únpropítious gróund,
And ás some pickpockets, they sáy,
Are mén of hónor in their wáy,
And nów and thén clear ríght 's in cávillers,
Why nótt the trúth *sometimes* in trávellers?

Bút that I máy not béfore swíne
Cást my péarls, or póur my wíne,
I fáin wóuld máke, with yóur permíssion,
Ére I begín, this óne condítion:

That simply, without guile or art,
Ye, too, perform your proper part,
Fling far away all préconception
Obstrúctive óf plain trúth's réception;
And, like an úncorrúpted child,
Listening tó precéptor mild,
Méekly your dócile éar inclíne
Tó the tále of Róme divine.

With invocátion tó the Nine
Sháll I begín that tále divine,
And húmbly fróm Apóllo sue
Fire for mysélf, to impárt to yóu?
Or sháll I séek my inspirátion
Ín the old glóries óf the nátion,
The áir I bréathe, the gróund I tréad,
Ánd the bright ský hangs ó'er my héad?
Or ráther túrn my nóthward lóok
Tóward the dear scénes my féet forsóok,
But nót my héart, — oh! néver, néver,
From thát loved lánd my héart shall séver —
Tóward the snug cóttage Glénagéary,
Ánd the warm héarth of bést-loved Máry,
Toward óld Ballíevey Hóuse and Mill,
Ánd the new fárm of Múttón Híll?
Nów, indéed, my rhýmes run frée;
Nów my thóughts are mélodý;
Cóme, Inspirátion, cóme alóng;
Bróther and sisters, héar my sóng.

Now, thóugh a póet múch my bétters,
The véry Beau Nash óf Belles Léttrés,
Says, póets whó would mérit práise
Must júmp, slap dásh, *in médias rés*,

Yet Í 'm detérmined fór this ónce,
Éven at the risk ye dúb me dúnce,
On nó man's cóat-sleeve mý faith pinning,
Tó begin with thé beginning;
Ánd, procéeding thróugh the míddle,
Nót till the énd hang úp my fiddle.

Só, as I lóve to dó things néatly,
Ín due órder ánd discrécetly,
And dóubt not thát, as Quákers sáy,
Fáir and sóft goes fár in the dáy,
Í 'll eschéw the vúlgar tóne,
Ánd adópt a stýle of my ówn;
And, sínging in an únder-stráin,
And chécking mý poétic véin,
Príck on géntly ó'er the pláin,
With my Pégasus tìght in réin,
Spáring the nóble ánimál's bówels,
Kéeping the pólìsh ón my rówels,
And léaving tó some gréater máster
Óf the mánège tó ride fáster.

CHAUNT FIRST.

The Shé-wolf, thén, I cháunt her first,
That Rómulús and Rémus nürsed;
You 'll sée her ín the Cápítol stánding,
Whén you 've móunted thé first lánding
Óf the Háll Consérvatóri,
Ón whose síte Rome's áncient glóry,*
Íf you cán put fáith in stóry,

* See Servius on Virgil, En. VIII. verse 1.

Tó the bréeze the flág unfúrled,
 That wáved abóve a cónquered wórld.
 In brónze she stánds there, Róme's She-wólf;
 Grim, bláck, and dísmal ás the gúlf
 On which the sáilor's lóok is cást
 When hópe to sáve his bárk is pást,
 Ánd it 's pláin she 's fóundering fást,
 Ánd he féels her séttlíng mótion
 Ín the míddle óf the ócean,
 Ón a stórmy níght in wínter,
 Ánd, láying hólđ of spár or splínter,
 Gázes appálled one móment róund,
 Then cléars the táffrel wíth a bóund:
 Nót blácker lóoks the ráging déep
 Ás he tákes his désperate léap,
 Heaven's bléssíng ón his Lílla práying,
 Thán that grím and gáúnt Wólf báying,
 Wíle, wíth gápíng móúths uptúrned,
 Squát, besíde her thúnder-búrned
 Ánd rént hínd-lég, síť ón bare bréech
 The róyal cúbs; too shórt to réach,
 By góod síx ínches át the léast,
 The téats of thé íll-fávored béast,
 Túrgíd to búrstíng wíth Róme's glóry,
 Cónsuls, Popes, Césars, ánd my stóry.

CHAUNT SECOND.

My sécond cháunt — stáy, lét me sée —
 My sécond cháunt — wát sháll it bé?
 Ít shóuld have béen the Cúríátii,
 Áť déádly gríps wíth thé Horátii,
 Hád ye nót héárd the óther dáy

A thróistle sing that véry láy,*
In tónes of súch sweet mélodý,
It wére impértinénce in mé,
A mínstrel óf a róughér gráin,
To trill one nóte of thé same stráin.

What thén shall bé my sécond cháunt?
Whó can in Róme a súbject wánt?
Where Brútus strúck, and César féll,
And Cícero spóke so lóng and wéll,
And Vírgil póured his tíde of sóng,
And Hórace, pláyfullý alóng
The Lésbian lýre his fingers flinging,
Ánd his Róman Sápphies singing,
Neglécted his own rúles of árt,
And tóok the stráight way tó the héart;
Whíther bý some róund I 'll fóllow,
Withóut the pássport óf Apóllo.
Let thóse who wíll, stand bý the rúles
Of crábbed másters ánd their schóols;
I 'll léave them in the dústy pláins,
And túrn my géntle pálfrey's réins
Ínto some wínding páth that léads
Úp the bróoks and cróss the méads;
And thróugh Imágínation's déll,
Midwáy 'twíxt Réason's frigid céll,
And Pássion's éver-bóiling wéll,
And róunding thé heart's cítadél,
That stíll in frónt 's deféended wéll,
Ín at the nárrow póstern-gáte,
That ópen stánds earlý and láte,

* See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

To lét the fóragérs go óut
 And ránsack áll the cóuntry ábout,
 Énter, únobserved, unknowñ,
 As if I wére of the gárrisón,
 Secúre, once éntered thére, of living
 For éver jóyous, ánd joy-gíving.

CHAUNT THIRD.

What hinders thát I táke the wórd
 Fróm my sécond chaunt fór my third?
 'Whó can a súbjeet wánt in Róme?'
 The árchitéct's and scúltor's hóme;
 Where, póised in áir, thrice fífty métres
 Abóve the pávément, hángs St. Péter's
 Néver tó be équalled dóme,
 Éurope's wónder, pride of Róme;
 So gránd, so beautéful, so bright,
 So sólíd, yét so áiry light,
 You gáze and gáze, until your sight
 Áches with thé unmixéd delight,
 And túrns to rést on méaner thíngs,
 Ás a bird lights to rést its wings,
 Then sóars up tó its héaven agáin,
 And léaves belów this wórlđ of páin.

Whó can a súbjeet wánt in Róme?
 The páinter's fóstering, fóstéred hóme;
 Where Gúido his Auróra dréw,
 Of súch ethérial, róseate húc,
 So sóft and swéet, so frésh and fáir,
 So frée from táint of éarth or cáre,
 You cánnót knów what ángels áre,
 Unléss you 've hád a sight of hér;

Unléss you háve behéld her rún
 Befóre the cháriot óf the Sún,
 Scáttering those déw-besprinkled flówers,
 Fólloved bý those dáncing Hóurs;
 Ah, háppy Sún! ah, háppy Hóurs!
 How jóyous Í too, ó'er those flówers,
 Hánd-in-hánd with thóse gay Hóurs,
 Wóuld fóllo through heaven's chámplain wide
 The fóotsteps óf that ángel guía!

CHAUNT FOURTH.

Wére it fór my húndredth cháunt,
 Cóuld I in Róme a súbjeet wánt?
 Pénetráte yon sánctuary;
 Ásk the márble gróups that sigh
 Óver the rélics óf the júst,
 The wárrior's bónes, the státesman's dúst;
 What ánsver cómes from that mássy tómb,
 Dímlý séen in the cháncel glóom?
 "Hére the tenth Léo wáits the dóom."
 What sáys that gráve where, his sóns betwéen,
 Éngland's third Jámess has fóund a scréen
 Ágáinst the billows ánd a gále
 Áll too stróng for his véssel fráil? —
 But thére in péáce let the shipwrecked lie;
 In sílence páss that mónument bý;
 "Lást of the Stúarts" their élegý;
 And cóme and sée where Manútius sléeps,
 And óver Bémbo Léarning wéeps,
 And Frá Giovánni da Fiésolé
 Lies wrápt in ímmortálitý,
 And Rósa's áshes sánctifý
 Saint Máry's Dégli Ángeli.

Pilgrim of Sion, réverent tread
 Óver thy Táссо's láurelléd héad,
 Where lówly in Onófrio's áisle
 It résteth fróm its mórtal cóil.
 Túrn, Nature's vótary, híther túrn;
 Hást thou no wréath for Ráphael's úrn?
 No téar for him that blighted díed
 Ín his súmmer's súnny prídé,
 Léaving on chúrch and pálace wáll,
 Ínscríbed in létters mágícal:—
 "Heaven júdged my páintings wére more fáir
 Thán man's dázzled síght míght béar,
 And tóok me tó hersélf or ére
 Compléte my séven-and-thírtíeth yéar;
 Práy that my sín may bé fórgíven —
 It wás not éarth I dréw, but héaven."

CHAUNT FIFTH.

A póet whó wóuld láurels wéar
 Must bíte his náil, and twírl his háir
 Betwéen his fínger ánd his thúmb,
 Cóaxing the ríght pat thóught to cóme;
 And, wén it háth come, múst take cáre
 It máke its éntree with the áir,
 As fár from fórwárd ás from shý,
 Of óne used tó good cómpany,
 Who, thróugh the thíckest óf the bévy
 Át the dráwing-róom or lévee,
 Mákes his wáy with an éasy gráce,
 Then bóws polítely, ánd takes his pláce.
 "What 's áll this símilé abóut?"
 Ásks your púzzled áir of dóubt;
 So with some móre let 's hélp it óut.

It 's nót enóugh a thóught be júst,
 Grand, beaútiful; it álsó múst,
 Befóre it cán be póetry,
 With its néighbour thóughts agrée,
 Like children óf one fámily,
 Like nótes of thé same mélody,
 Like féathers in the sáme bird's wing,
 Like díamonds sét in thé same ring,
 Like flówers intó one nósegay tied,
 Ór embróidered side by side,
 Or cólors ón one cánvas spréad,
 Green, yéllow, órange, blúe, and réd,
 Blénding in óne harmónious whóle,
 Wárm from the épíc páinter's sóul,
 Some Íliad ór some Ódyseý
 Of Rúbens ór Da Fiésolé.

The náil is bít, the lóck is twirled
 Till scárce a háir is léft uncúrléd;
 The nów thóught 's cóme — Lord, bút it 's róugh!
 And yét at bóttóm it 's good stúff;
 Óff with your cóat; set tó and scrúb;
 It brightens hére; anóther rub;
 Brighter and brighter évery mínute;
 I knéw there wás good métal in it;
 There, sét it in the próper light;
 Í 'm in the wáy of lúck to-night;
 Stay, isn't it tóo large fór the ring?
 That cólor tóo 's not júst the thing;
 You dó not méan to sét a béryl
 Betwéen an émeráld and a péarl?
 I ówn it 's á most chárming gém,
 Fít for a róyal diadém,
 But hére it 's whólly óut of pláce;

So láy it bý in the glass-cáse
 With your ámethýsts apárt,
 Tíll you 're sétting your córal héart;
 For 'tis a sáying óf Vertúe
 Whose sáyings you knów are álwáys trúe,*
 Rúby and émeráld with péarl,
 Córal and ámethýst with béryl.

Now cán ye ásk the réason why
 Í 've for some fúture cháunt set bý
 The thóught that stóod prépared for this,
 Or táke its ábsence hére amíss?

ROME.

(CONTINUED.)

I lóve to rise betímes
 To héar Rome's mátin chímes,
 And sée the lústy sún
 Begin his ráce to rún,
 These first bright dáy's of Márch,
 • Lightíng up tówer and áreh,
 And pínnacle and dóme,
 Óver the expánsé of Róme;
 From Pórtá Pópoló,
 And Mónte Márió,
 And Sánto Spíritó,
 And frówníng Ángeló,
 And ímmense Váticán,
 Alóng the slóping ván
 Of hígh Janículíne,
 On bý the Áventíne,
 And róyal Pálatíne,
 Aud Áreh of Cónstantíne,

* "Vertue was incommode, he loved truth." — WALPOLE.

And óld John Láterán,
 And ólder Lábieán,
 Quite róund to the Ésquiline,
 And stéep Capitoline,
 And diadem'd Quirinál,
 Ánd my own Viminál,
 Whére, from high balcóny
 O'erhánging dárk Negróni,*
 Séated in éasy cháir,
 I enjý the próspect rare,
 And drínk the bálmý áir,
 And méditáte on chángé.
 As my wándering éye doth ránge,
 And from rúined Látian Jóve,
 Long Álba's hills abóve,
 A tímíd glánce lets fáll
 On St. Péter's cróss and báll;
 Then túrn my cháir abóut,
 And shút the próspect óut,
 And rést my wéary sight,
 And colléct my wits to wíte
 The gréetings mý heart sénd
 To my fár-off Írish friends.

CHAUNT SIXTH.

"In hármless spórt and mérrimént
 At léast this óne day sháll be spént,
 To-night at twélve begins the Lént;
 So túrn the pháëton óut, Giovánni,
 And páck betwéen the séats so mány
 Wide-mouthed bágs of súgar-plúms,
 And cómfits big as mý two thúmb's,
 Thát there may be no róom for féet,
 Unléss we pút them ón the séat.

* Villa Negróni, formerly Villa Massimi, is overlooked by the Casa or Palazzo of Villa Strozzi, from which it is separated only by the breadth of the road leading from Santa Maria Maggiore to the Baths of Diocletian.

Well dóne, Giovánni; óne, two, thrée,
 Four, five, six bágs; there, don't you sée
 Fór anóther bag thére 's room yét? —
 Bléss me, hów these hórses fré! —
 Postílions, cán't you kéeep them stéady
 Till the Sígnorína 's réady?
 There 's Ángelá awáy two hóurs,
 And nót come báck yet with the flówers;
 Íf she was yóunger Í might sáy
 We sháll not sée her agáin to-dáy;
 Come, Kátharine, put ón your másk,
 And gíve me míne; well! it 's a tásk
 To gét so mány tráps togéther —
 What think'st, Giovánni, óf the wéather?
 I 'm súde I 'm néither fóol nor sót,
 Yét the main thing I 'd nigh forgót —
 The móccolí, the móccolí;
 The máches ánd the móccolí;
 Less péniténtial fár to mé
 Were bácon without bróccoli,
 Than múmning without móccolí.
 Thánk ye, Giovánni; láy them só;
 And nów we 're réady áll to gó,
 For yónder Í see Ángela cóming
 With the nósegays fór our múmning:
 Nósegays frésh! and nósegays fáir!
 Préttier nósegays néver wére;
 Why, Ángelá 's a créature rare.
 Nów, postílions, áre ye réady?
 Stáy one móment — stéady, stéady —
 Críck-cráck, críck-cráck, and dówn the stréet;
 Nóds and bécks to áll we méet —
 But whát comes in yon cáraván?
 Sáve us, Chríst! a whóle diván

Of únbelieving Mámelúkes,
 With their hórse-tails ánd chibóuks.
 Cóme, let 's pélt the Móslem créw;
 What búsiness hére has Túrks or Jéw?
 Cómfits, cómfits, lárge or smáll;
 Lét 's have át them, óne and áll;
 Ha! há! take thát, my Lórd Vizier —
 “Kátharine — child — what dó you féar?”
 “Papá, they 've hit me ón the éar:” —
 “Don't mínd it, child, it 's áll in fún,
 Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,
 Mérriest féast benéath the sún.”
 “Papá, they 're géttíng úp behínd:” —
 “It 's áll in pláy, child, néver mínd.”
 “Papá, they 're móúntíng úp befóre:” —
 “Kátharine, I vów you 're quíte a bóre.”
 “Papá, they 're clímbing thé coach-dóor:” —
 “Dówn, sírs, dówn! why áll this róút?
 Postilions, whát are yé abóút?”
 “Your Hónor sées how wé are jámméd,
 And hów from síde to síde is crámméd
 The Córso, chókeful óf pedéstriáns,
 Cárs, and cóaches, ánd equéstriáns.”
 “Why, Kátharine, we 're in a shówer
 Of snów or dúst; no, bút of flóur:
 Hough! hóugh! I 'm chóked; my eýes are blínded:” —
 “Déar papá, sure yóu won't mínd it;
 Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,
 Mérriest féast benéath the sún;
 And thóugh you 've gót a miller's hát,
 And mý crape 's pówdered, whát of thát?
 'Tis bút the frólic óf the séason,
 That móre of rhýme has thán of réason;

And Í for mý part wón't compláin,
 Íf we gét home without ráin:" —
 "Ráin, child! — ráin would quíte destróy us;
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us;
 For, nót to spéak of còlds or féver,
 Óur best clóthes were spóiled for éver,
 Since Giovánni, that cáreless féllow,
 Hás not gíven us óne umbrélla,
 Ánd the first drops óf a shówer
 Would into páste turn áll this flóur.
 Ráin, child! — ráin would quíte destróy us,
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us —
 Ha! whát was thát that fláshed so bríght?
 Postílions, hólđ the hórses tíght;
 Whý! it 's almóست as dárk as níght.
 Was éver héárd such a thúnder-crásh?
 And thére 's anóther bríghter flásh,
 And ón its héels a lóuder bráttle —
 Hów the walls sháke, and wíndows ráttle —
 And úp, and dówn, and éverywhére,
 Ínto café and pórté-cochère,
 Únder pórticos, ínto shóps,
 Flýing fróm the big rain-dróps,
 Rún the múmmers hélter-skélter,
 Ánd in the véry churches shéltér:
 It 's néither háil, rain, fire, nor wínd,
 But wínd, hail, ráin, and fire combíned,
 All fórms at ónce of wínter weáther,
 Áll the foul éléments lóosed togéther,
 As íf on thís devóted tówn
 The héavens themsélves were túmbling dówn;
 Or Jóve and áll his héathen Góds
 Hád regáined their óld abódes,

And opened on the arch-enemy
All the batteries of the sky."

"Though our clothes are middling wet,
Dear papá, we're not drowned yet;
I wonder you'd so fume and fret.
This portico's a pleasant cover,
And the shower will soon be over;
For yonder comes the blue again,
And less heavy falls the rain;" —

"Mighty pleasant, to be sure,
And equal to a water-cure,
Dripping wet from head to toe,
Shivering, quivering, here to go
For some two good hours or so,
Up and down this portico,
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow,
Blowing on our finger-ends,
Waiting till the weather mends,
Thinking on the sport we've lost,
Mourning o'er our fortune crossed,
Counting up the damage done
To horses, liveries, phaëton;
Our sugar-plums to syrup melted
Ere a dozen well were pelted;
Our nosegays withered, torn, and battered,
Clothes, hands, faces, all bespattered —
Mighty pleasant, to be sure,
And equal to a water-cure,
For one who strength has to endure,
And does not die at once outright
Of shame, vexation, or mere spite."

“Cóme, papá, let ’s léave our cóver,
Fór the stórm ’s entirely óver,
Ánd the súnbeams bréaking óut —
But whát makes áll the péople shóut?”

“Quick, child, quick, ór we ’ll lóse the pláce
We have táken fór the póny-ráce;
Quick, child, quick, we múst run fást,
Ór the pónies will be pást:
Six prétty pónies áre to rún,
Bláck, white, píebald, gréy, and dún,
Bút it ’s the sórrel I ’ve bét upón;
Last yéar it wás the sórrel that wón.
Wéll run, Kátharine! — tó the spót
Ín good time at lást we ’ve gót,
Número one húndred twénty-fóur,
Two pláces, báleoný first-flóor.”

“Your tickets, sír.” — “Our tickets? whát!

By Jóve! the tickets I quáite forgót
Ín the pócket of mý wet cóat,

And hóme they ’re góne in the pháctón —
Now, Kátharine, whát ’s tó be dóne?”

“Come, lét ’s run dówn intó the stréet,
And trý if wé can’t gét a séat
Ón a plátform or in a shóp.”

“Yes — nó — stay, child — stop, Kátharine, stóp —
I ’ve lóst my púrse, if it ’s nótt forgót

With the tickets in mý great cóat.

Stólen it ís, I ’m sùre it ’s stólen,

Fór my pócket thére ’s no hóle in.

Thieves, sírs, thieves! I ’m róbbed, I ’m plúndered!

Thieves, pickpóckets, bý the húndred!

Bád as we áre with thieves at hóme

We ’re twénty times worse hére in Róme;

For while at hómé there 's nót a mán
But is as hónest ás he cán,
In Rómc there 's nót a mán but wóuld
Rób you if he dúrst and cóuld,
Or cút your throát, no máttér which,
And thrów your bódý in a ditch.”
“Déar papá, don't bé so véxed:” —
“Wéll, child, wéll, what wórse comes néxt?
In thís curs'd tówn anóther dáy
I wóuldn't, if Í could gét away,
No, nót for twénty Cárnivals, stáy.
For thóugh the póet trúly síngs
That pátiénce is the bést of thíngs —
But stóp! what 's thát? — the pónies' féet
Cláttering, báttéring dówn the stréet;
The pónies' féet — the pónies' bélls —
Hów the héavenly músic télls
On évery fibre óf my héart;
Óh, that we hád but scén them stárt!
Then, thén, indéed, could nó one sáy
Thát we hád misspént our dáy,
Or láugh at ús when wé get hómé
For míssing the fínest síght in Rómc.
Six lóvelier pónies néver rán
Since the ráce of time begán:
Six pónies óf one áge and stréngth,
One héight, one wéight, one bréadth, one léngth,
Long-máned, long-táiled, wide nóstrils fláring,
Broad-hóofed, long-pásterned, eýes red gláring:
One glóssy bláck, from Bárbary bróught;
One péarly white, in Sicily cáught;
A pieball fróm Majórca island;
A stóut grey shéltý fróm Scotch híghland;

A créamy Árab, néarer dún;
 And the bright sórrel I 've bét upón,
 That cáme from Fránce twelve mónths agó
 With thát great áss of an Óudinót.
 But whát means áll this crówding, rúshing,
 This jóstling, shóuldering, élbowing, crúshing?
 Báck, Sir; stand báck; where áre you púshing?
 Kátharine, hold fást; I 'm óff my féet,
 To múmmy spuéezed, and chóked with héat." —
 "Papá, I héar the cánnon firing;
 Papá, the sóldiers áre retíring" —
 "'Hurráh! hurráh!' thát wás a shóut:
 'Hurráh! hurráh!' whát wás it abóut?
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the ráce is dóne.'
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the bláck has wón.'
 The bláck has wón! I 've lóst my móney;
 Confúsiön táke thát sórrel póny,
 And Fránce, and chánce, and Óudinót —
 But dánh it, háng it, lét it gó;
 It 's bút a húndred crówns to páy,
 And háven't we hád a mérry dáy?
 It 's bút a húndred scúdi dówn,
 And thén good-býe to this cursed tówn:
 A húndred scúdi! wéll, no mátter,
 'Twon't máke me thínner, nór much fátter;
 But mínd, unléss you 're bént to quárrel,
 From hénceforth néver méntion sórrel.
 There, Kátharine, blów thát táper óut,
 And líght your ówn: whát áre ye abóut?
 Give mé the máches: why! they 're wét;
 Run, búy a bóx; stop, dón't go yét;
 The rógue thát óf my púrse beréft me
 Not éven a hálf-baióecho léft me.

Whát 's to be dóne? we múst get light;
 But hów? 's anóther quéstion quite.
 See whére they 're láughing ás they páss,
 And gíbing át me: — 'Whát an áss!
 In Róme, upón Shrove-Túesday níght
 Másqueráding without líght!'

I wón't, I cán't endúre it; nó:
 I 'll gét a light, or hóme I 'll gó:
 For néver wás a trúer sáying
 Than, 'Pláy what yón see óthers pláying;
 And if you 'd wéll the wórld get thróugh,
 Just dó in Róme as óthers dó;' —
 For Nícholás in Rússia stánd;
 In Gérmaný for Fátherlánd;
 In Túrkey bé a Músselmán;
 In Fránce a stáunch Repúblícan;
 In Éngland á dim Púseyíte,
 Wáiting fór the pérfect líght,
 SídeWAYS tó the Pópe inclíning,
 On Sáturdáys with Wíseman díning;
 Or, bétter stíll, Free-tráder bé,
 And crý, 'Down with Monópolý,'
 Máke her díschárge her íll-got pélf,
 And crám it áll íntó yóursélf;
 In Íreland bé a béggarmán,
 Or béggar-guárdian; whát you cán,
 Excépt landlórd or géntlemán;
 And hére in Róme, Shrove-Túesday níght,
 Róbber or róbbed, it 's équal quite,
 Provided ónly yóu 've a líght —
 But stáy; what 's thís? whére áre we nów?
 They 've pút out évery líght, I wów —
 And nó t a gás-lamp! — Góths and Vándals! —
 And súch a sténch of snúffed-out cándles!"

The cánnon 's bóoming Shróve-tide's knéll;
 Dear, mérry Cárnivál, farewéll. —
 And só we jóg home, wét and weáry,
 Tó our Strózzi Villa chéery,
 Thére to refrésh us fór the mórrow,
 Dáy of áshes, dáy of sórrow.
 Warm párlour; súpper; óff to béd:
 'Tis a strange róundabóut we tréad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, 1850.

AMONG THE DASHING WATERS RUDE.

Fróm the sea-béach at éven I viewed
 A rócky íslet, whére it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

For póet ór for páinter-wíght
 It wás in trúth a préttý sight,
 That íslet's bóld and rócky héight,
 Whére in the évening líght it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

No living thínɡ was séen or héard,
 Not éven a sáil on the séa appéared:
 The lóvelier ín its sólítúde
 That rócky íslet, whére it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

The wátters fóamed and the wátters fláshed,
 And hígher stíll and hígher láshed
 The stéep sídes óf that rócky ísle,

So cálm and undistúrbed the while,
Methóught, almóst, it séemed to smíle,
And sáy, could it be únderstóod:—
“Dash ón, dash ón, ye wáters rúde.”

The bréeze blew frésher, ánd the tíde
Gáined stíll upón thát íslet's síde;
And, rólling ínwards fróm the déep,
The billows, wíth a bróader swéep,
And héavier stíll and héavier shóck,
Búrst upón thát íslet rók.

My néver ídle phántasy
Péopled thát sólítude for mé:
Yon íslet ís a cítadél,
Bý its strong wáll deféended wéll
Agáinst its fóes' beléaguering míght;
Yon émerald billows gláncing bríght,
In the évening súnbeams' méllow líght,
Are wárríors ín green ármour díght;
Sée how they tóss theír crésts of wíte,
Sée how they rúsh wíth swórd and shóut
Ón to the rámpart ánd redóut.
Whát thóugh, repélled fróm thé steep wáll,
Ín dísórdér báck they fáll,
Short páuse make théy, short bréathing-hált;
Alréady théy renéw the assáult;
They 'll díe, or wín thát cítadél,
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.
Stíll frésher bléw the bréeze; the sún
Behínd the dárkening séa went dówn,
And, wrápt ín clóuds, the níght came ón;
The lóng bent shívered ín the blást,
The ráck acróss the ský sped fást;
Each móment 's dárker thán the lást.

I túrned me fróm that dréary shóre,
I túrned me fróm those billows' róar
And sóught the shéltér óf my dóor,
Cúrtains and shútters fástened tigh
Agáinst the hówling stórm and night,
And, dráwing my téa-table tówards the héarth,
And míngling in the kítten's mírth,
Forgót the rócky ísle that stóod
Amóng the dáshing wátér's rúde.

That níght, as I láy in my béd, the ráin
Báttered agáinst the wíndow-páne;
That níght it bléw a húrrieáne;
I sáw the árrowy líghtning's flásh,
I héard the péaling thúnder's crásh,
And thóught of the rócky ísle that stóod
Amóng the dáshing wátér's rúde.
I féar, I féar for that cídadél,
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.

Fléd are the elóuds, and stórm, and níght;
The rócky ísle basks in the líght
Of the mórning sún so frésh and bríght;
Searce típped the émerald wáves with wíte;
Éye hath not séen a fáirer síght;
My héart flows óver with dílight,
And I lóve that rócky ísland móre
Than éver I lóved an ísle befóre.

Man, tóo, may a súnny mórning sée
Rise on his níght of advérsítý,
And hármless búrst lífe's billows rúde
Upón the róck of his fórtítúde.

VIA MAGGIO, FLORENCE, April 26. 1850.

NIGHT'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF B. CARNERI.

I gáze at night upón the clóudless héaven,
I pénetráte its déep, ethéreal blúe,
Where stárry hósts in rival spléndors glísten,
Sýstems on sýstems crówd, and wórlds on wórlds:
Then think withín mysélf:— I 'm bút a spéck,
A scárcely sénsible póint on this great glóbe,
Itself a scárcely sénsible póint, compáred
Éven with the smállest óf those stárs that stúd,
Éach with its séparate póint, th' expánsé of spáce;
And yét I hólđ withín my swélling bósom
The bóundless nótion óf Infinity,
And cómpass with my vást, expánsive thóught
The illimitáble únivérse itself:
But Límitéd holds nót Illimitáble;
And Ínfinite is fór Etérnity;
Ínfinite, thérefore, ánd to líve for éver,
This spéck of thóught, this póint, this thinking Í.

AUGUSTUS ALLEE, DRESDEN, Dec. 21. 1850.

WRITTEN AT DRESDEN

DURING THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE WINTER OF 1846-7.

Sée, in the fléecy múffle with which Náture
Guárds her fair fáce ágáinst the winter cólđ,
An émbles, nóť unápt, of mórtal mán:
Spótless and púre, as thése soft flákes, créated;
Defiled and sóiled as sóon; as sóon dissólved,
And ré-absórbed intó Etérnity.

His lóok is sinister; I like him nót;
 Lówering and dárk his brów, his fórehead nárrow,
 His héad betwéen the éars swells bróad and déep,
 His squínting eýes do álmost tóuch each óther.
 'Twas bút just nów I sáw him, with an áir
 Of ill-dissémbled lévity and éase,
 Dróp a dark whisper in his cómrade's éar,
 Whó with a like mystérious whisper ánswered.
 'Twas bút just nów I sáw him ón his cháir
 Wriggling and fidgetty, then rising súdden,
 And súdden ágain séated, ánd round lóoking
 As thóugh his cónsience tóld him sóme one márked him,
 And díved into his púrpose: thén, ágain,
 Stánding stock-still, withóut more sign of life
 Than gláred in thát malignant férret eýe
 That, píercing ánd pursúing ál things, ránged
 Incéssant úp and dówn the gáy assémbly;
 And thén, when cóme at lást he thóught the time
 To dó the déadly, méditated déed,
 I sáw, dístíctly sáw, the rápid plúnge
 Óf his right hánd into his léft breast-pócket,
 In séarch of dírk or dágger thére concéaled,
 Or múrderóus revólver; ánd my blóod
 Ran cóld with hórror át the íntant flásh
 And spárkle óf the ——— díamond-stúdded snúff-box,
 From whích, thrice géntly with forefínger tápped,
 And délicátely ópened, fírst his friend,
 And thén hímsélf, took éach so vást a píinch,
 So púngent, rích, and ódoríferous,
 As míght have pút their nóses in good húmor.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, Sept. 22. 1851.

PROGRESS.

Yés; I 'll believe in prógress whén I sée you
Báttering old jáils down, ánd not building nów;
Whén I behóld you máke but á beginning
To sléep with ópen dóors and únbarred windows;
Whén I obsérve a thínning, nóť an íncrease,
Óf your policemen ánd constábulary,
Your jústicés, and córoners, ánd detéctives,
Your póor-law guárdians ánd commissíoners;
Grass grówing ín your láw courts, ánd fell spiders
There láying snáres for flíes, not mén for mén;
And stámped receípts, recógnizánces, wríts,
A tále of thé old, Págan, íron time,
Nót of this cháritable, Christian présent.

I 'll thén believe in Prógress whén I héar
That fáthers féel the blóod mount tó their chéeks,
What time they crínge, and bów, and líck the shóes
Éven of the vílest clérk in thé War-óffice,
For léave to pút a mótleý lívery súit
Upón their sóns, and sénd them óut as hírelings,
With gáy cockáde, and dángling swórd at síde,
To kíll and rób and éxtirpáte, whér'er
Kílling and róbbing ánd éxtirpating
Ópens a wíder field to Brítish cómmeree.

Aye; tálk to mé of Prógress whén you shów me
Your cíty bánker, ór East Índia méreliant,
Áfter his fórtý yéars of cóunting-hóuse,
And lábor frúitless óf all élse but góld,
His bágs chokefúl and búrsting with the wéight

Of bills, and bónds, and mórtgagés, and scrip:
Shów me, I sáy, your wéalthy Lóndon mérchant
Contént with his full bágs, and nótt intént
To crám with thé like stúff still óne bag móre;
And cóme and téll me yé are máking prógress.

Lét me obsérve in á full ráilway cárriage
Some hálf a dózen, ayé, some thrée, some twó,
Some single sólitáry óne that dóes not,
Éven in the máttér óf front séat or báck,
Or púlling úp or létting dówn a windów,
Exhibít his invéterate, ingrained,
And wórse than Phárasáic, sélfishnéss;
Ánd I 'll begin to thínk ye are máking prógress.

Here ám I réady tó believe in Prógress
First time I héar your líttle girls cry "Sháme!"
"A cóward's sháme!" upón the wrétch that húnts,
With hórsé, and hóund, and cries of sávage jóy,
For spórt, mere spórt, and nótt to appéase his húngr,
The póor, weak, tímíd, quívering hárc to déath;
And twice a cóward's ánd an ídler's sháme
On him that skúlks, hours, dáys, beside a bróok,
Púttíng forth áll the tréachery and cúnníng
That lúrk withín the dárk den óf man's bráín,
To entráp the sílly tróutlíng, ánd ínfíx
Déep in his wríthíng gílls the slý, barbed hóók.

Thát ye are máking prógress í 'll believe
The first time í percéive your cónsceínce twíngé ye,
For ánsweéríng your quéstíoníng chíld with líes,
Or chíll evásíon óf the lónged-for trúth;
Denýíng him the advántage óf that knówledge
Ye púrchased fór yóursélves with mány a héartache,

And mány an ágony and blóody swéat;
And sénding him to sáil the wide, wide wórld,
As hélpless, ígnorant, and únprotécted,
On bóard no cómpass, nó pole-stár on high,
As bý your párents yé were sént yóurséives,
To swim, if quáick to léarn; to sínk, if nót.

First time I héar ye sáy that yóur devótíon
Hás not a tíde more régular thán the séa,
And séldom is exáctly át the fúll,
Just ás the párish clóck strikes twélve on Sún-day;
And thát ye cóunt it ránk hypócrisy
To gó to chùrch, and thére, with héart lukewárm
Or còld, and dámpe'd with wórldly cáres and bússiness,
Knéel before Gód, and máke preténce of práyer,
In órder thát your children, fríends, and néíghbours,
May háve the bénéfit óf your góod exámple:
Thát móment Í 'll believe ye are máking prógress.

Whén ye no lónger báckward stárt with hórror
At síght of géntle Déath, and wríng your hánds,
And wéep, and crý that yé will nót go with him,
Though ónly hé can léad you tó your héaven:
Then, thén indéed, I 'll sáy ye have máde some prógress.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, October 1. 1851.



SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

THE HEROIC TIMES.

- I. The foundation of Carthage.
- II. The fall of Troy.
- III. Voyage in the Mediterranean.
- IV. Loves and cruel death of Dido,
Queen of Carthage.
- V. Funeral games.
- VI. Tour in the Under-world.

Begun at 6 Fitzwilliam Square, East, Dublin, in the year 1841,
and, after many attempts in various measures, and several
times printing and reprinting different parts of the work,
completed at Dresden, April 20. 1853.

I.

I am the same that warbled once
On óaten réed a slénder sóng,
Then tóok my wáy forth fróm the wóods,
And fórced the néighbouring tillage fields
To obéy the fármér wát though grípíng;
A wórk that pléased the húsbandman.

But nów with trúmpeť-nóte I chánt
Mars' brístling árms and thát great mán
Whom Fáte, of óld, brought réfugée
From Trójan clíme to Ítalý,
And ón Lavínium's sea-bord lánded.

✓ On lánd and sea sore tóssed was hé
(Fell Júnó's lóng-remémberíng íre,
The might dívine agáínst him móvíng);
Sórely with wár, too, hé was hárrassed,
Whílst ínto Látium híś Góds bríngíng,
And fóundíng thére a cápítal cíty.
From híś díříved our Látín ráce,
The Áłban síres and hígh Róme's tówers.

Téll the cause, Múse; the próvocátíon;
For wát offéńce agáínst her Góđhead
The quéen of héaven fróm tóíl to tóíl,
From wóe to wóe so dróve a mán,
Éminent for évery ténder vírtue.
Is't póssible Góds can bé so ángry?

The mouths of the Týber
And Ítaly fácing,
Beyónd sea afár,
Florished ónce on a tíme
The áncient and pówerful
City of Cárthage,
A cólony Týrian,
Bitterest, most práctised
Of wár's bitter ádepts.

This dwélling, they sáy,
More than ány on eárlh,
Móre even than Sámios,
Was Júnó's delight;
Her cháriot was hére,
And hére were her árms.
This city alréady
The Góddess désigned,
And with fónð care was núrning
To wield, might the Fátes
But by sóme means allów it,
The swáy of the wórld;

Fór she had héard
There was nów beng réared,
From Tróy's stock, a nátion
Wide-rúling and mártial
Which should sómetime o'erthrów
Her citadels Týrian,
And dévastate Líbya;
Ánd that the Párcæ
Were rólling things róund so.

Satúrnia, this féaring,
And remémbering moreóver
The invéterate wár
That, of óld, she had wáged
At Tróy, for dear Árgos —
Nor hád she forgót yet
The kéen stinging smárt
Which occásioned those íres;
In the dépths of her mind stored
Lies Páris' wrong júdgment,
And slíght of her béauty;
From how ódious a first stock
The ráce had descéded;
What an ínsult to hér
Kidnapped Gánymede's hónors.

With thése thoughts, too, fired,
From Látium she képt far,
And ó'er the whole máin tossed
The rémnant the Dánaï
And rúthless Achíllés
Had léft of the Trójans,
And mány a séa round,

For mány a lóng year,
Impélled by the Fâtes,
They went wándering ón.
Such a cóil was there fóunding
The nâtion of Rómans.

Óf the Sicílian land
Scárce had they lóst sight,
And awáy to the high deep
Were jóyfully sáiling,
And with brázen bows dáshing
The sált sea-fóam,
When, within her bréast nûrsing
The wóund everlásting,
Thus tó herself Júnó: —

‘Am I to desíst, then, o’ercóme
And too wéak from Itália to túrn back
The king of the Teúcri?
Forbíd by the Fâtes, to be sùre!
But wás the strength wánting to Pállas
The fléet of the Árgives to búrn,
And whélm the crews in the deep séa
For the síngle offénding of Ájax,
Oíleus’ mad sôn?
Jove’s rápid devoúring flame dów
From the clóuds with her ówn hands she shót,
And túrned up the séa with the wínds,
And scátttered their véssels abóut,
And on Ájax, while óut of his móuth
The fire that had shót him was blázing,
With míght and main húrling a rók,
With its shárp, craggy póint pierced him thróugh:

But Í, both Jove's síster and wife
Whom the Góds, as I wálk, salute quéen,
Must so mány years wáge war with óne single nátion.
Will ány one héneeforth adóre Juno's gódhead,
Or láy on her áltar the súppliant's gift?'

Déep in her fláming breast
Thése thoughts revólving,
The Góddess arríves at
The cóuntry of stórms,
Eólia, land téeming
With ráging south-wésters;
Where king Éolus rules óver,
And, with bárrier and cháins
In a vást cave restráins
The stróng-struggling winds
And témpests sonórous.

In his cástled seat high
Sceptred Éolus sits,
And sóftens their pássion,
And témpers their íres,
Else, be sùre, they would béar,
And awáy through the áir
In swift flight sweep with them
Lands, séas, and deep ský;
But the Fáther omnípotent,
This fearing, stówed them
Awáy in dark cáverns,
And on tóp of them pláced
A máss of high móuntains,
And gáve them a kíng
By the térms of his cómpact

Bound to hólð the reins tighter
 Or lóoser, as órdered:
 Whom Júnó addréssed then
 In thése suppliant wórds: —

‘O Éolus, fór unto thée
 The Góds’ sire and kíng of mankind
 Has gíven the wáves, to be sóothed
 Or lífted up hígh with the wínd;
 A péople with whóm I’m at wár
 Acróss the sea Týrrhene is sáiling,
 Into Ítaly cárrying Ílium
 And Ílium’s cónquered Penátes.
 With áll thy wínds át them, and scátter them wíde,
 Or dówn in the séa’s abyss plúnge them,
 And stréw the whole déep with their córpses;
 To rewárd thy desérvings, I’ll gíve unto thée
 Of twice seven lóvely nýmphs that are míne,
 Déíopécía, the lóveliest,
 To líve with thee álways, thy wédded wífe,
 And máke thee the síre of a béauteous óffspring.’

‘Be it thy task, O quéen, to detérmine thy wísh’,
 It was thús replíed Éolus thén,
 ‘To obéy thy behést shall be míne.
 For this scéptred commánd, be it léss be it móre,
 And the fávor of Jóve I’m indébted to thee;
 Through thy gráce I reclíne at the féasts of the Góds,
 Over stórmcloud and témpet through thy gráce I réign.’

Having thús said, he púshed
 With his lévelled spear’s póint
 The móuntain’s side hóllo,

And out through the vent,
As it were in battálion,
The winds rushed, and bléw
With a whirl the lands thróugh;
And dówn on the séa
Dashed at ónce and togéther
South-éast and Sirócco,
And Áfricus squállly,
And túrned it all úp
From its lówest bóttom,
And rólled to the shóre the vast billows.
What shóuting of mén then!
What créaking of córdage!
From the eýes of the Téucrí
Sudden clóuds snatch awáy
Both the ský and the dáy;
Dark night on the déep broods,
Loud thúnder the póles,
Ether fást flashes lightning,
And évery thing 'róund
Threatens déath instantáneous.
Chill súdden unstríngs
Enéas's limbs;
And, with hánds stretched toward héaven,
Deep gróaning, he cries:—
“Happy, thrice happy, théy
Whose lótt 'twas to díe
Troy's hígh walls befóre
In the síght of their síres!
Ah! whý could not Í
By thy hand have fállen,
O Tydídes! most bráve
Of the ráce of the Dánaĩ?

Ah! whý could not Í
Have poured my life out
On the Ílian pláins,
Where fell Héctor lies lów
By Eácides' spéar,
Low, mighty Sarpédon;
And Simoïs' wáters
Awáy in such númerbers
Sweep hélmets, and búcklers,
And bráve heroes' córpses?"

In the midst of his ráving,
A whistling north-blást
Strikes the sáil right abáck,
And lífts the waves úp to the stárs;
The óars smash; the prów veers,
And túrns its side róund
To the stéep mountain pile
Of the billow that dówn
On the tóp of it 's béaring;
On the crést of the wáve
These hére hang suspéended;
The wide-gaping tróugh
Shows those yónder the bóttom;
The súrging tide, fúrious,
Rolls with it the sánds.
Sirócco three sáil takes
And whirls on the rócks
The Itálians call "Áltars,"
That, lúrking a-midsea,
Just ráise their huge húmmock
To the lével of the wáter.
Awáy from the déep

South-east drives other thrée
To shállows and Sýrtes,
A pity to sée!
And ón the banks dâshes,
And girdles with dunes.
Befóre his own eýes
A huge séa tumbles dówn,
And strikes on the póop
The véssel that cárried
The Lýcians and faithful Oróntes;
Out prone on his héad
The cáptain is tóssed,
And the véssel itself,
Thrice róund and round whirled
By the rápid sea-éddy, and swállowed.
Here and thére in the swéll
An odd swimmer is séen;
Armour, plánks, Trojan tréasure,
Float wide on the wáters.
Of Ílioneus' stóut ship
The stórm now is máster;
And nów of the ships
Of Achátes the bráve,
Of Ábas, and gréat-aged Aléthés;
Through tílber-joint lóose,
And wide-gaping séam,
They let in every óne
The wátéry fée.

Meantime perceives Néptune,
With nó small emótion,
The séas troubled róaring,
The témpet let lóose,

And the still under-waters
 Thrown úp from the bóttom;
 And óver the bíllow
 His héad serene raising,
 And táking the hígh sea
 In próspect all róund,
 Behólds o'er the whóle deep
 Enéas' fleet scátttered,
 And the Trójjans o'erpówered
 By the might of the wáves,
 And the dówn-rushing ský;
 When, at ónce recognising
 The guile of his síster,
 The ánger of Júnó,
 He cálls to him Éurus
 And Zéphyrus stráight,
 And in thése words addrésses:—

“Cóunt ye so múch on your clán's strength, ye winds,
 That, unármed with my sánction divine,
 Ye dáre heaven and éarth so to túrn tópsy-túrvy,
 And ráise all this húbbub and póther?
 I'll téach ye—

But thése troubled wáves I must pácify first;
 With fár other pénalty símilar déed
 Next time ye shall rue.

Awáy now, begóne; and thus sáy to your kíng:—
 Not his lot, but míne, the domáin of the séa
 And the térrible trídent;

Your wild rócky homes, Éurus, he hólds for his pórtion,
 Théy are his pálace-hall; thére let him blúster,
 And whén he has shút up the wínds in their prísion,
 Tyrannize as he líkes, autochrát paramóunt.”

He said; and the swollen waves,
More quick than he spoke, stilled,
The gathered clouds routed,
And brought back the sun.
At the same time Cymothoë
And Triton the vessels
With might and main pushing,
From the sharp rock heave off;
Himself levers with trident,
The vast Syrtes opens,
The sea surface tempers,
And on light wheels glides over
The tops of the waves.
And as oftentimes,
When the populace musters,
A tumult arises,
And the low, vulgar mind
Is inflamed to a rage;
Brands and stones they are flying,
Fury weapons supplying—
Should they then chance a man
Of tried weighty merit
And piety see,
They all stand by silent,
And with ears intent listen,
While that man with his words
Rules their ire, soothes their breasts.
So subsided the whole
Crashing roar of the sea,
As soon as the sire,
Looking out o'er the waters,
Gave the lash to his coursers,
And beneath the clear heaven

Flew caréeing alóng
In his fáir-rolling cháriot so frée.

For the néarest shore striving
The wéary Enéadae
Toward Líbya's coast túrn;
Deféended in frónt
And made into a pórt
By a shéltering íslet,
On whóse seaward side
The bréaking waves rún up
In mány a créek,
Lies a cóve far retired;
On cách side vast rócks
And a clíff to heaven tówing;
Betwéen, in the glóom
Of the dárk forest-lándscape
That clóthes the steep bánts
And hangs shimmering óver,
The cóve spreads its wátters
In sáfety and sílence;
In the ópposite blúff
Hanging rócks overárch
A cáve, with fresh wáter
And náatural stone séats,
The háunt of the nýmphs.

Hére, where no ánchor's
Cróoked tooth fástens,
Where nó hawser bínds
The wéary véssel,
Enéas with séven ships
Óút of his whóle fleet

Collécted, puts in.
The Trójáns, enámoured
Of lánd, disembárking,
Take posséssion with jój
Of the wished-for stránd,
And ón the shore strétch
Their bríne-famished límb.

And first strikes Achátes
The spárk from the flínt,
In fóliage receíves it,
Spreads nútriment róund it,
And rápidly into flame
Géts the dry kindling;
Then, síck, sore, and sórry
They pút into órder
Their séa-damaged córn
And ímplements Céreal,
And prépare for the róasting,
And crúshing in quérns,
The gráin they have sáved.

In the méantime Enéas has climbed up the cliff,
And óver the wide sea all róund east his view,
Any témpet-tossed Ánthéus thére to discéern
With his Phrýgian birémes, or else Cápys,
Or the árms of Caícus upón his high póops.

Not a ship is in síght; on the shóre he sees stráying
Three stágs, and behind them the whóle trooping hérd
Coming brówsing alóng through the vállies:
He stópped, and his bów and swift árrows
From faithful Achátes' hand snáteching,

The léaders themsélves with their high heads
 And wide-branching hórn's first laid lów;
 Then the whóle vulgar créw with his sháfts
 Through the léafy glades dróve in disórder;
 Nor céased till his víctory strétched
 Seven cárcases híge on the swárd,
 For éach ship a cárcase.
 Retúrn'd to the pórt then the préy
 Amóngst all his cómrades he sháres,
 And distribúting tó them the wíne
 Which in wéll-plenished cásk's good Acéstes
 Had on bóard their ships pút, when the héro
 Bade farewéll on the shóres of Trinácria,
 Their sád breasts with thése words he sóothes: —

‘O yé, not fór the fírst time nów
 Compánions óf my wóes,
 Yé, who have wórse than this endúred,
 This tóo the Gód will énd.

Close úp even tó the dínníng réefs
 Of rábid Seylla yé have sáiled,
 Éven of the Cýclop's' rócks
 Tells yóur remémbrance.

Call báck your cóurage,
 Yóur sád féars dísmíss;
 Perháps even thése woes tóo
 Ye máy with sátisfáction
 Some fúture tíme remémber.

Through áll these chánces várious,
 These mány crítical conjúctures

We ténd toward Látium ón,
Where tó our view the Fátes
Hold óut a quiet hóme,
And whére to rise agáin
Troy's émpire is permitted.
Endúre, and fór good times
Kéep yourselves in resérve.'

In súch terms he spóke,
And with feigned look of hópe
His sóre trouble híding,
Pressed déep in his héart down
His sórrow and cáre.
The repást to get réady
His cómrades set tó then;
From the gáme strip the skín,
And láy the flesh báre;
Then into junks cút it,
And spít it still quívering;
While sóme in brass cáuldrons,
Dispósed on the shóre,
Heat wáter for wáshing.
Alóng the grass strétched then
Their stréngth they recrúit
With a héarty regále
On the vénison rich,
And wéll-seasoned wine.

Then, as sóon as the good cheer
Their húngers had sáted,
And the bóard was remóved,
On their míssing friends túrns
Their lóng sad discóurse;

And sometimes the hópe is
 They 're líving and wéll,
 And sometimes the féar is
 They 've súffered the wórst,
 And cànnot the cáll hear
 That bíds them retúrn.

And kéenest of áll is the grief
 Of kindly Enéas hímsélf,
 As ínly he móurns the misfórtune
 Of gállant Oróntes and Lýcus,
 And the déstiny cruel of Gýas,
 Cloánthus and Ámycus bráve.

And nów 'twas all óver, when Júpiter, lóoking
 From éther's top dówn on lands lýing belów him,
 And cóasts, and wide péoples, and shíp-traversed séas —
 As thús upon héaven's highest tóp he was stánding,
 With his eýes on the Libyan realms stéadfastly fixed,
 And cáres such as thése in his bréast was revólving,
 Behold Vénus with sómewhat of sádness accósts him,
 And her bright eyes suffúsed with téars: —

'O thóu, that with etérnal swáy
 Rúlest th' affáirs of Góds and mén,
 And wieldst the thúnder's térrors,
 So gríevously agáinst thee hów
 Could mý Enéas, cóuld Troys sóns have sinned,
 That áfter áll the déaths they 've súffered
 The whòle wide wórl'd agáinst them stíll
 On Ítaly's accóunt is clósed?
 'Twás thy sure prómise thát in lápse of yéars
 The blóod of Teúcer shóuld revíve in thém,

And fróm them cóme the Rómans, cóme those chiefs
 Thát should rule páramóunt o'er lánd and séa;
 What chángé of séntimént is this? O sire!
 Fór the sad ruín ánd downfáll of Tróy
 I fóund my cónsolátió in thy prómise,
 Ánd the one fáte repáid me fór the óther;
 But nów the sáme ill-fórtune fóllows stíll
 Mén who so lóng by fórtune háve been hárrassed.
 What énd, great kíng, appóintest óf our tóils?
 Escáped out óf the midst of thé Achívi
 Anténor cóuld his Teúcrian cólony
 And cíty óf Patávium fóund
 Far úp th' Illyrian gúlf explóred in sáfety,
 Beyónd the útmost réalms of thé Libúrne,
 Beyónd where thróugh Timávus' fóuntains níne
 The séa outbúrsting mákes the móuntain rúmbles,
 And with a róaring déluge whélms the fíelds;
 The árms of Tróy withál he thére hung úp,
 The náme of Tróy gave to the státe, and thére
 Repóses nów in séttled péace and quiet;
 But wé, thine óffspring, únto whóm thou grántest
 Heaven's róyal pálaees, are víctimised
 To grátify an índividual's íre;
 Have lóst, O hórrible! have lóst our ships,
 Ánd from Itália's cóasts are wide díssévered.
 Is this the guérdon thóu awárd'st the dúteous?
 Is 't thús to thróne and scéptre thóu restór'st us?"

The sówer of Góds and mén, with thát aspéct
 Which stílls the stórms and smóoths the rúffled skíes,
 Tóuched with his líps his dáughter's líps and smíled: —
 "Spáre thy fear, Cýtheréa," thén he sáid;
 "Thy Trójan fátés stand stéadfast;

Lavinium's promised towers thou shalt behold,
 And to the stars of heaven shalt bear aloft
 Magnánimous Enéas;
 Nor knows my sentiment change.
 But since this anxious care so gnaws thee
 The secrets of the future I'll declare,
 And, further on, the fates unroll before thee.

"In Italy a great war he shall wage,
 Crush tribes ferocious, found a capital city,
 And teach his people civilization's arts,
 Till the Rutulians, for three winters' space,
 Have called him conqueror, and the third summer
 Beheld him reigning paramount o'er Látium.
 But he that Ílus was while Ílium stood,
 The boy Ascánus, now Íulus surnamed,
 Thirty great years through all their rolling months
 Shall with his reign complete, and from Lavinium
 To Lóna Alba, made a fortress strong,
 Transfer the governmental residence.
 The dynasty Hectórean here shall rule
 Three hundred years, until queen-priestess Ília,
 Pregnant by Márs, shall bring twain burthen forth.
 Then wolf-nursed Rómulus, delighted wearing
 His tawny wolfskin, shall receive the nation,
 Found the strong-fortified Mavórtian city,
 And from his own name call the people Rómans.
 To them I set no bounds of time or space,
 Boundless the sway I have bestowed on them;
 Even she, harsh Júnó's self, that with her fears
 Now in a ferment keeps earth, sea and sky,
 Shall better counsel take, and with me cherish
 The tógaed Rómans, masters of the world.

Súch my decree, and só to mé seems fit.
 Elápsing *lústra* sháll bring ón a tíme
 Whén upon Phthía and renówned Mycénae
 Assáracus' hóuse shall fíx the víctor's cháin,
 And rúle liege lórd of súbjugáted Árgos.
 Of Tróý's fair stóck shall César thén be bórn;
 Whose émpire, ócean, whose high fáme, the stárs
 Alóne shall límit; César, Július cálléd
 From thíne Iulus, his great áncesor.
 Him too, with óríental spóils all láden,
 To héaven secúre at lást thou shált recéive,
 And héar his náme with vóws and práyers invóked.
 The sóur-crabbed génerátions of the wórlđ
 Shall thén grow méllow, and lay wárs aside;
 Vésta and hóary Faith shall législáte,
 Ánd the twin bróthers Rémus and Quirinus.
 Fást shall be clósed those gátes of iron díre,
 Those stróng-clamped *Bélli Pórtæ*; and withín,
 Unpítýing Fúry, with his hánds behind him
 Pinioned with a húndred knóts of bráss,
 On ínstruments of hávoc shall sit, prísoner,
 Róaring with hórrid blóody-slávering móuth."

He sáys: and, lést in ígnorance óf the Fátes
 Dído might from her bóunds warn óff the Téuceri,
 Sénds from on high the són of Máia dówn,
 To ópen to them hóspítáble wíde
 The lánds and cástled fórtress of new Cárthage.
 Hé, through the gréat air óaring, wings his flíght
 Toward Líbya's cónfines, and, there quíck alíghted,
 Procéeds forthwíth to éxecute his bídding.
 The Póeni at the Gód's wíll lay áside
 All bítterness of héart, all hóstile féeling;

Espécially the Quéen accépts a spirit
Of géntleness and góodwill tóward the Teúcri.

But, áll night thróugh, afféctionáte Enéas,
Much póndering, resóives to íssue fórth
At bóon light's dáwn, and the new pláce explóre;
What cóasts be thése to which the wind has blówn him,
And, for he sées untíll the chámplain lie,
Whó be the ténants, whéther mán or béast;
And to his cómrades with repórt retúrñ.
Within a wóoded bight he hides his fléet
Únder a stéep rock's óverhánging brów,
Where trées of thickest shúddering shádwes róund
On áll sides clóse it ín: then ín his hánd
Grásping two jávelins with broad bládes of íron,
Walks fórth, attéended ónly by Achátes.

To him full ín his páth his móther
Amídst the wóod presénts herself,
In fáce and dréss a Spártan máid,
Ánd as Spártan máid accóutred,
Or like Harpálycé of Thráce
Whom pánting stéeds pursúe in váin,
And whose swift flight outstrips swift Hébrus;
Fór from her shóuldres she had húng
The húntréss' úsual hándy bów,
And fréely her long trésses gíven
Tó the bréezes to dishével;
Náked her knée, and ín a knót
Her gárment's fullness at the bréast,
Tíed, and confíned from flówing:—

“What, hó! young mén”; she prior thús;
 “Sáy, have ye chanced a síster míne,
 With spótted lýnx-hide girt and quíver,
 This way tó have séen a-stráying,
 Ór with whoop-whóop-hallóo the cháce
 Óf the wild fóaming bóar pursúing.”

So Vénus; and thus ánswered Vénus’ són:—
 “No síster thine have Í or héard or séen,
 O, hów shall Í salúte thee, máid? for nót
 Mórtal those féatures, nór of éarth that vóice;
 O Góddess cértain: árt Apóllo’s síster?
 Ór of the nýmphs’ blood? ón us lóok propítious,
 Ánd our toils líghten, whósoe’er thou árt;
 And ’néath what ský we ’re tóssed abóut at lást,
 In whát world-district, téach us: óf the pláce
 And péople álike ignoránt we wánder,
 Híther by winds compélled and vásty wáves.
 Mány the víctim whích, in thánks to thee,
 By óur right hánd shall fáll befóre thine áltar.”

“Of súch high hónor”, Vénus thén,
 “I déem me áll unwóorthy.
 ‘Tis the Týrian máidens’ úse
 To béar the quíver ánd to láce
 The midleg hígh with púrple búskin.
 Hére thou behóldst the Púnic réalms,
 A city of Agénor’s sóns,
 A Týrian cóloný amidst
 Líbya’s indómitáble tribes;
 Dído the rúler, fróm her bróther
 And Týrus city híther fléd.
 ’Twere lóng through áll its róundabóuts

The stóry of her wróngs to fóllow:
The príncipal points alóne I'll tóuch.

“A spóuse was héra, by náme Sicháeus,
Ríchest of Phóenícia's lándlords,
And déarly díd the póor soul lóve him;
To whóm her síre had gíven her spótless,
Ánd in á first wédlock jóined.
Bút Tyre's áutocrát, Pygmálion,
Wórst of bád men, wás her bróther;
Ánd, in the phrénsy of a feúd
That róse betwéen him ánd Sicháeus,
Th' unnátural bróther, blínd with góld-lust,
Ánd of his síster's lóves regárdless,
Came stéalthily upón, and sléw
Th' unwáry húsband at the áltar;
And lóng time thé deed híding, mócked
With mány a wícked glózing líe
And éempty hópe the lóving bríde's heartsíckness.
Bút in a dréam the véry ímage
Óf the unbúried húsband cómes,
And, visage wóndrous pále uplifting,
Báres the gored bréast, and áll revéals;
Her kínn's dark críme, the crúel áltars;
Then spéedily to flée advíses,
And léave behínd her fátherlánd;
And, fúrtherance of her wáy, dísclóses
An áncient hóard, híd in the éarth,
A wéight unknoón of góld and sílver.
In déep emótion Dídó flíght
And pártners of her flíght prepáres;
Who bitterly the týrant háte,
Or shárpely féar, togéther méet,

Ships at hand seize, and load with gold;
 Gripping Pygmálion's strength and substance
 Away beyond the déep are borne;
 A wóman héads the énterprise.
 Yónder arrived, where nów the húge
 Strong-búlwarded tówers and cítadel
 Óf new Cárthage thóu see'st rising,
 They buý — and from the circumstance
 Cáll the place Býrsa — ás much lánd
 Ás with a búll's hide théy may cómpass —
 But yé, who áre ye áfter áll?
 Híther from whénce come, whíther bóund?"

With vóice drawn fróm his bósom's dépths,
 He ánsvers her inquiry sighing: —
 "O Góddess, hádst thou listening léisure,
 And wére I from the first beginning
 The ánnals of our tóils to tráce,
 The dáy would clóse befóre my stóry,
 And Vésper shút Olýmpus úp.
 From áncient Tróy, if ón thine éars
 Troy's náme perháps hath éver sóunded,
 Through mány a fár sea vóyaging,
 A témpet's chánce hath hére at lást
 Upón the cóast of Libya thrówn us.
 My náme 's Enéas, éther high
 Fámous for déeds of chárity;
 Acróss the séa I cárry with me,
 Sáved from the fóe-midst, mý Penátes,
 In séarch of fátherlánd Itália,
 Ánd my kin sprúng from Jóve suprême.
 Pursúing pré-appóinted fátés,
 My Góddess-móther the way shówing,

With twice ten vëssels Í embarked
 Upón the Phrýgian séa-plain;
 Shattered by Eúrus and the wáves,
 Scarce séven are nów surviving;
 From Eúrope and from Ásia driven,
 Mysélf unknowñ and néedy hère
 The Líbyan wástes am róaming."

Vénus, no fúrtHER pláint permitting,
 Thús interrúpts him mídst his gríef: —
 "Not whóllý únaccéptable
 Tó the celéstial pówers, I wéen,
 Bréath'st thou the vítal áir,
 O thóu, whoé'er thou árt, that hère
 Drawest nigh the Týrian city;
 Ónly procéed, and hóld thee ón
 Hénce to the précincts of the Quéen.
 Fór, if the árt of áugury
 Not vainly my fond párents táught me,
 Í am the hérauld of the néws
 Thát thy vëssels with their créws
 Bý the véering róund north-éaster
 Háve been brought báck, and lódged in sáfety.
 Yon trúop of twice six swáns behóld
 Whích but just nów the bírd of Jóve,
 From tráct ethéreal swoóping dówn,
 Thróugh the ópen ský was driving;
 How jóyous théy, in lóng arráy
 Nów on the gróund alíghting,
 And nów upón the wíng agáin,
 Alréady séeming to look dówn
 With scórn upón their pláce of réfuge:
 Júst as those swáns on whírring wíngs

After their safe return are sporting,
And wheel their circles round the sky,
And sing their song of jubilee,
Thy ships and crews are safe in port,
Or enter in full sail the road.
Only proceed and let thy steps
Follow the guidance of the path."

She said: and as she turned away,
Her neck shone rosy bright,
From her long hair and crown of her head
Breathed a divine ambrosial odour,
Down to her foot-sole flowed her robe,
And her gait told the Goddess.

He recognised, and with these words
His mother, as she fled, pursued: —
"Ah cruel thou too! why thy son
Mock'st thou so oft with shapes illusive?
Why not to join right hands permitted,
And converse hold in terms unfigned?"
With such words of reproach he turns
His footsteps toward the city.

But Venus round them, as they go,
Throws a thick fence of murky air,
And in an ample cloudy cloak
The Goddess wraps them up;
That no one see or touch them may,
Or work them stop or work them stay,
Or why they come inquire;
Away for Páphus then she soars,
And the seats revisits joyful,

For whilst, in the huge fane, awaiting the queen,
He surveys every object around,
And with wonder reflects on the city's good fortune,
With wonder observes the harmonious result
Of the various artificers' skill,
And ponders the toil of the work;
He beholds there in series the Ælian battles,
And the wars by fame published now through the whole world;
The Atreidae and Priam he there beholds,
And Achilles, the fell foe of both.

He stood still; and with tears said: "What place now, Achates,
What region on earth is not full of our toils?
See Priam: desert even here hath its guerdon,
Even here human misery touches the heart.
Fear not: for believe me this fame here
Will bring us some safety."

So saying, he fed his mind on the void picture,
Much groaning, and floods of tears wetting his face;
For he saw, in the war around Pergamus waging,
How here fled the Greeks, and Troy's youth pressed on;
Whilst, by erst Achilles pursued in his car,
There the Phrygians were fleeing;

Nor far off, through his fast flowing tears recognises,
With their snow-white tent-sheets, the pavilions of Rhesus;
Which Tydides all bloody, and reeking with carnage,
In the first faithless sleep has surprised and laid waste,
And away toward his camp turns the fiery coursers,
Before they have tasted the fodder of Troy,
Or drunk of the Xanthus.

And yónder see Tróilus; unfórtunate yóuth,
 Who would cope, though no máтч, with Achilles!
 His árms they are lóst, and awáy he has fléd,
 And his hórses they drág him alóng,
 To the émpty ear clínging, and hólдинг the réins;
 Nape and shóuldérs and lóng hair are swéeping the gróund,
 And the póint of his spéar, traileд behind, marks the dúst.

All súppliant, sád, with dishévelléd háir,
 And smítíng their bréasts with their pálms,
 To the témples of únjust Pállas meanwhile
 The Ílian mátrons are wénding,
 And the *Péplum* bear with them alóng:
 But the Góddess awáy from them túrns, and her eýes
 Keeps stéadfastly fixed on the gróund.

Round Ílium's wálls had Achilles
 In fúry dragged Héctor thrice,
 And for góld was now sélling the córpse.
 Sore indéed was his gróan from the dépth of his bréast,
 When the cháriot he sáw, and the spóils,
 And the bódý itsélf of his friénd,
 And Priám forth-strétching his hélpless hánds.

With the chiefs of the Achívi in mélee
 Himsélf too he récognised thére,
 And bláck Memnon's árms, and the ráńks Eóan;
 And Pénthesiléa leads fúriously ón
 Her Ámazon bánds crescent-shielded;
 With a bélt of gold búckled benéath her bare páp,
 She ráges and búrns midst the thóusands,
 A wárríor máiden with mén coping féarless.

With the briny surf óver us bréaking:
To these cóasts of yours wé few have floated.

“But what ráce of men this? or what cóuntry
So bárbarous a úsage permíts?
They méet us with wár, and forbíd us
On the édge of the lánd to set fóot.
If mén ye contémptuóus spúrn,
And mán’s retribútion, remémber
At léast that the Góds keep accóunt
Of what ’s ríghteóusly dóne, and what wróng.
Enéas our Kíng was, than whóm
None was éver in mártial deeds gréater,
More corréct in his cónduct toward óthers,
Or in life’s tender chárities richer:
If, not yét to the crúel shades súnk down,
That mán the ethéreal air bréathes,
And the Fátes still présérve him alive,
Fear nótt thou shalt éver repént thee
Of géttíng the fórehand of hím
In cóurtesy’s óffices kínd.
In Sicily, too, we ’ve a city
And friends who know hów to wield árms,
And of Trójan stock cómes famed Acéstes.

“Permit us our séa-shattered véssels
On drý land to dráw up, some timbers
To fit in the wóods, peel some óars;
That with jóy we may stéer for Itália,
Should it bé in the fates that once móre,
With cómrades recóvered and Kíng
For Itália and Látium we stéer;
But if our salvátion ’s quite góne,

And the dépths of the Libyan sea hóld thee,
 O most éxcellent sire of the Teúcri,
 And lóst to us álso for éver
 The prómise we hád in Iúlus,
 At léast let's retúrn to the hóme,
 Left behind us on Sícily's cóast,
 And táke King Acéstes for Kíng."
 So Ílioneus; ánd the Dardánidae
 Shóuted with óne voice assént.

Her mind then briefly Dído thús,
 With módest, dówncast lóok delivers: —
 "Dismiss fear fróm your héarts, O Teúcri,
 Your ánxious cáres cast fár away;
 A stérn necéssity compéls me
 To táke these méasures, ánd to guárd
 My nów-made réalms with wátch and wárd.
 Who knóws not thé Enéadáe?
 Troy's city únto whóm unknow'n,
 Ánd its heróic déeds and héroes,
 Ánd that gréat war's cónflagrátion?
 We Poéni béar not héarts so dúll,
 Nór from this our Týrian city
 Dóes Sol, whén he yókes his hórses,
 So túrn away his fáce with hórror.
 Whéther your chóice be gréat Hespéria,
 Ánd the fields, called áfter Sátur'n;
 Or Éryx' térritóries ráther,
 Ánd the domáins of Kíng Acéstes,
 I'll sénd you sáfely ón your wáy,
 Ánd with all necéssaries hélp you.
 Shóuld you préfér to séttle hére
 In thése my réalms alóng with mé,

Draw úp your ships upón the lánd;
 Yóurs is the city Í am búilding;
 Trójan and Týrian sháll by mé
 On équal térm's be tréated éver;
 And wóuld that hére were présent nów
 Your King Enéas, bý the sáme
 South blást compélled; at léast I'll sénd
 Trústy scouts óut alóng the shóre,
 And bíd them séarch the whole léngth of Líbya,
 Lést by some chánce, in wóod or city
 A shípwrecked sáilor hé may wánder."

Chéered by these wórd's, Achátes bráve
 And síre Enéas fróm the clóud
 To bréak forth fór some time were búrning,
 And first Achátes to Enéas: —
 "What thinkst thou nów, O Góddess-bórn?
 That évery thing is sáfe thou sée'st,
 Thy fléet and friends recóvered áll,
 One ónly missing whóm oursélves
 Behéld amidst the billows súnk;
 All élse is ás thy móther prómised."

Scaree úttered wére the wórd's, when áll at ónce
 The círcumámbíent clóud dívídes ítsélf,
 And cléars awáy íntó the ópen éther,
 And fórt'h Enéas stóod in the clear líght
 Refúlgent, fáce and shóuld'ers líke a Gód;
 For ínto the son's éyes the móther's sélf
 Had bréathed bríght gládn'ess, and hí's fáce adórn'd
 Wíth yóuth's frésh róseate húc and rínglets fáir;
 Líke ívory hé lóok'd whích wórkman's hánds

Had pólished to the útmost, or like silver,
Or Párian márble, sét in yéllow góld.

The Quéén he thén addrésses, and to áll
Thús, unexpected, of a súdden spéaks: —
“Hére in your présence ám I whóm ye séeek,
Trójan Enéas, snáthed from the Libyan wáves.
O thóu, who sóle Troy’s cruél súfferings pítiest,
Whó to be pártners of thy hóme and city
Tak’st ús, poor rémnant by the Dánaï léft,
Us, déstitúte of áll things, and exháusted
By évery évil chánce of lánd and séá;
Becóming thánks excéed our pówer, O Dído,
Excéed the pówer of the whole Dárdan ráce,
Wheréver thróugh the wide world nów they’re scátttered.
The Góds, if Góds there bé that lóok with fávor
On húman déeds of chárity and kindness,
If ánywhére at áll there is respéct
For cónsciéntious úprightness of cónduct,
Bestów a wórtthy récompéncé upón thee.
So lóng as rívers rún into the séa,
And hólloWS in the bósom óf the móuntains
Are slóWly cóursed round bý the móuntain shádwes,
And bý the fírmamént the stárs are féd,
So lóng for éver lást thy náme, praise, glóry,
Let mé be called to wháte’er lánds I máy.”
He sáid, and with his ríght hand clásped the hánd
Óf his friend Ílioneus, Seréstus’ hánd
Cáught with his léft; then gréeting like bestówed
On Gýas bráve, brave Clóanth, ánd the rést.

Strúck with the first sight óf the héro,
Ánd by his gréat misfórtune móved,

Thus answered then Sidonian Dido: —
 “What evil chance, O Goddess-born,
 With all these périls pursues thee?
 To these uncouth wild shores of ours
 What force superior drives thee?
 Art thou that same Enéas whom
 Boon Venus to Anchises Dárdan
 Bore beside Phrygian Simois’ wave?
 And well I recollect when Teúcer,
 From his native realms expelled,
 To Sidon and my father came,
 In search of a new realm in Cýprus,
 Fruitful land, just then o’errun
 By my father Bélus’ arms,
 And at his absolute disposal.
 From that time forth well known to me
 The Trojan city’s evil fortune,
 Thy name, and the Pelásgian Kings.
 Himself, the foe, used to extol
 With no common praise the Teúcri,
 And from the ancient Teúcrian stock
 His own descent was fain to trace.
 Come then, young men, my dwelling enter:
 Here in this land at last to settle,
 After long buffetings about,
 A fortune like your own has willed me.
 Experienced in misfortune, I
 Have learned to help th’ unfortunate.”

She says; and into the house royal
 At the same time leads Enéas,
 At the same time in the temples
 To the Gods bids thanks be offered;

Nór meantime neglects to sénd
Tó the shóre down ánd his cómrades
Twénty óxen, ánd a húndred
Bristly bróad-chined swine imménse,
Fát lambs with their dáms a húndred,
Ánd the Gód's enlivening gift.

With spléndor, meanwhile, and lúxury róyal
The hóuse far withín is laid óut for the bándquet;
Of críimson supérb are the richly wrought clóths;
The vast sérvíce, of silver and góld;
Where tráced in relief were th' explóits of their síres
From the first ancient ríse of the nátion dówn
Through mány a héro in lóng, long arráy.

But Enéas — a fáther's love képt him unquiet —
Beforehánd to the ships swift Achátes despátched,
To acquáint, and conduét to the city, Ascáníus;
Ascáníus, his déar parent's whóle thought and cáre:
Gifts too bade him bring, snatched from Íljón's rúins,
The mántle all stíff with embróidered gold figures,
And with sáffron Acánthus round bórdered the wímples;
Attíre ornaméntal of Árgive Hélien,
Her móther Léda's gift, wóndrously fáir,
And óut of Mycénae brought with her by Hélien,
When for Pérgamus she bóuned her and núblials íllicit.
The scéptre too, whílom by Íljíone bórne,
Of the dáughters of Príam the éldést,
Ánd the pearl cháín which she wóre on her néck,
And dóuble gold córonet stúdded with jéwels.
To despátch these commissíons Achátes
His wáy to the ships was wénding.

Bút Cytheréa a nów scheme is plánníng,
 A nów cunníng schéme in her bréást,
 How Cúpid his figure and féatures should chángé,
 And, góíng in swéet Ascáníus's pláce,
 Kindle to fúry the Quéén with the présents,
 And ínto her ínmost bones wórks the fíre;
 The fámily duplícity 'tís she 's afráíd of,
 And the dóuble-tongued Týríans, I wéén;
 And sórely atrócíous Júnó fréts her,
 And stíll with retúrning níght cómes back her cáre.
 So in wórds, such as thése, winged Lóve she addrésses:—

“O són, my gréat stréngth and effíciéncé;
 O són, who alóne at nought séttest
 The supréme Fátter's wéapóns Typhóean,
 To thée I fly súpplíant, ímplóring thy Gódhead.
 How thy bróthér Enéás sea-tóst is thou knówst,
 From shóre to shore róund by unfáír Júnó's spíte,
 And óft with my sórrów thou hást sympathísed;
 Him Dídó Phoenícian has hólđ of, and, cóaxíng
 With sóft soóthing wórds, makes to stáy;
 And Júnó, I féar, plays not hóstess for nóthing,
 And in só gréat a crísis wíll nó sit ídle.
 To bé beforeháńd with her thérefore I'm plóttíng,
 And with súch a flame róund to encómpass the Quéén,
 That with lóve stróng as míne she may dóat on Enéás,
 Beyóńd any Gód's power to swérve her or chángé.
 How bést thou mayst dó this now héar my ópíníon.

“The róyal bóy, my cáre most espécíal,
 At his déar síre's súmmóns to gó is prepáring
 To the cíty Sídónían, and béars with him gífts
 Whích the séa have survíved and the flámes of Tróy.

Into a déep sleep lethárgie I'll pút him,
 And on lófty Cythéra or Móns Idálius
 Within the sánctified précinets híde him,
 That by nó possibility he may knów,
 Or be áble to thwárt our strátagem.
 Thou, a bóy, the boy pérsonate, ánd for no móre
 Than óne single níght, his known féatures put ón,
 That, whén in the héight of the róyal repást,
 And flów of the líquor Lyáean,
 To her bósom most jóyous Dído shall táke thee,
 And húc, and imprint with sweet kísses,
 Thou mayst into her bréathe the fíre occúlt,
 And póison her únsuspected."

Love obéys his dear párent's words, dóffs his wíngs,
 And wálks with the gáit of Iúlus, delighted.
 But Vénus the limbs of Ascánus bedéws
 With plácid sléep, and, cúddled in her bósom the Góddess
 Bears him úp to the hígh sacred gróves of Idália,
 Where soft márjoram wráps him abóut with its flówers
 And swéet odoríferous sháde.

And nów the behést of his párent obéying,
 Ánd to the Týrians the róyal gifts béaring,
 Cupid, léd by Achátes, hied jóyful alóng.
 The Quéen had her pláce at the héad of the táble,
 Befóre he came, táken, and ón the gold sófa
 Dispósed herself séemly benéath the supérb dais.
 Now arríves sire Enéas, and Tróy's youth arrive,
 And reclíne in their pláces on cóverlets crimson;
 Man-sérvants with wáter to wásh hands presént them,
 And fine napless tówels; and sérve bread from báskets.
 Fifty máids are withín, charged to sét in due órder,

And prépare for the táble the lóng stock of viands,
 And tó the Penátes keep blázing the fire.
 Maids a húndred, and équal-aged páges as mány
 The plátes plenish héavy, and sèt down the wine-cups;
 And in through the glád gates the Týrians come póuring,
 And on bróidered cloth cúshions recline each where bíd.
 With wónder they gáze on the gifts of Enéas,
 And ón the God's mimie Iúlus with wónder,
 How flúshed are his féatures! how éager he tálks!
 And thén on the mántle, and thén on the wímple
 With sáffron Acánthus embróidered all róund.

But, móre than the rést all, the hápless Phoeníssa,
 Doomed so sóon to that plágue to be victimised,
 By the bóy and the gifts alike fired, gazes ón,
 And, the lónger she gázés, the lónger would gáze.
 But the bóy round Enéas's néck having húng,
 Ánd his delúded sire's lóve gratified,
 Is awáy to the Quéen, who, with her eyes, ón him,
 And áll her whole héart, doats, and tó her lap takes him,
 And cúddles betwéen-whiles: Ah! little wots Dído
 What a mighty God thére of her lap sits posséssor.
 Then his móther's commánds Acidálian obéying,
 He begíns from her bósom to blót out Sicháeus,
 And tries from a déad love to túrn to a living
 Her lánguid and lóng unacecústomed héart.

The sérvice remóved, and the féast at a páuse,
 They sèt the great wine-cups and crówn them;
 The dínn the whole hóuse fills, as through the wide hálls
 They send rólling their vóices;
 Burning lámps hang suspéended from eéilings of góld,
 And the flámbeau's flame cónquers the night.

Here the Quéen for the jéwelled and héavy gold bówl calls
 Which Bélus and Bélus' succéssors used éver,
 And with the pure júice of the grápe fills it úp,
 And sáys after sílence obtáined through the búilding: —
 "O Júpiter, fór in all thínigs, appertáining
 To the ríghts of the stránger, they sáy, thou art lórd;
 May this day a dáy of joy bé to the Týrians,
 A dáy of joy bé to our guésts here of Tróy,
 And by thóse to come áfter us héd in remémbrance;
 May jóy-giving Bácschus and bóuntiful Júnó
 Be hére with us présent, and yé in this méeting
 With warm héarts and kind wishes, O Týrians, take párt."

Having thús said, she póured on the táble the hómage,
 Then the bówl of libátion just tóuched with her líps,
 And hánded to Bítias with chállenge and chiding;
 Nor lóth at all hé took the swílling gold bówl,
 And drénched himself wéll with the fóaming líquor;
 So one áfter anóther the rést of the nóbles.

And lóng-tressed Íopas sang tó his gold lúte
 The lóre he had léarned of Átlas the míghty,
 The móon's wanderings sáng, and the tóils of the sún,
 Whence mén and beasts cáme, whence came wáter and fire;
 Of Arctírus he sáng, and the Hýades ráiny,
 And óf the two Béars; and whý in such húrry
 To dip in the ócean are mídwinter's sún,
 While its níghts dip so slów — what is it deláys them?
 Répéated the pláudits of Týrian and Trójan;
 The fórmér the wáy lead, the láttér come áfter.
 With várious discóurse, too, unfórtunate Dído
 Protrácted the níght, and of lóve deeply dránk;
 Abóut Priam ásking oft mány a quéstion,

And mány a quéstion abóut Hector óft;
Now, the hórses of Díomede whát were they líke;
And nów, was Achíllés of státúre so míghty:—
“Nay, cóme, guest, and téll us the whóle tale”, she sáys
“From the véry begínníng; the Dánaĩ, their ámbush,
Thy cóuntry’s misfórtunes, and hów, for seven sùmmers
Over áll lands and wáves thou art wánderíng abóut.”

II.

All gázed intént, and listened,
When fróm the high sófa thús
Enéas sire begán: —

“Thou bídst, O Quéén, revíve
That ágony of grief;
How lámentáblý féll,
By the Dánaï o’erthrówn,
The puíssant réalm of Tróy;
What hárrówing síghts I sáw,
Mysélf a súfferer chieíf.
Who cóuld from téars refráin,
Súch a théme discóursing,
What Mýrmidon, or Dólops,
Or hárd Ulýsses’ sóldier?
And nów down fróm the ský
Precípitous spéeds damp níght,
And stár-set cóunsels sléep;
Yet, íf to háve acquáintance
With óur misfórtunes’ stóry,
And bríefly héar reláted
The clósing wóe of Tróy,
So stróng be thý desíre,
I will the tásk attémpť,

Though with hórror mý sad sóul
Shrinks from the récolléction.

“War-wórñ, and bý the Fátes repúlsed,
The chieftains óf the Dánaï,
So mány yéars awáy now glíding,
Build, with Palláidian árt divine,
A hórsé with ribs of clóven pine,
And húge as ány móuntain;
Fór their retúrn preténd it vówed,
Ánd that rúmor spréad abróad,
Bút in its dárk side privily
Enclóse a bánd of sóldiers árméd,
By lóť selécted, ánd complétely
Filling its vást cavérnous wómb.

“Withín view óf the Trójan cóast
Lies Ténédós’ most fámous isle,
Weálthy, whilst Priám’s émpire stóod;
Nów but a báý, and fáithless róadstead;
Thíther they sáil acróss, and lie
Ensconced on the desérted shóre:
We máke no dóubť but théý have léft us,
Ánd depárťed fór Mycénae.

“All Teúeria hér long móurning nów
Has thérefore cást áside:
’Tis pléasant thróugh the ópened gátes
To sálly fórth, and sée
A désert áll, the Dóric cámp;
Ánd the sea-cóast left frée: —
’Twas hére the bánd Dolópián pitched,
Dréadful Achíllés thére;

This was the státion for the ships,
And thát the báttle field.'

"Sóme at the húge bulk óf the hórsé,
Virgin Minérva's déadly présent,
Gáze with astónishment and wónder;
And fírst Thymóetes, éither guileful,
Ór because the fátés of Tróy
Nów at lást that wáy were béaring,
Exhórts withín the wálls to dráw it,
And pláce it ín the cítadel.
But Cápys and the wiser sórt
Ínto the séa wóuld héadlong thrów
The strátagem of the Dánaï;
Ór, with flámes set únderneath it,
Thé suspicious présent búrn;
Or élse bore ínto, ánd explóre
The hóllow hídings óf its wómb.

"Divided bétwixt ópposite cóunsels,
The uncértain crówd stands wávering,
When fóremost thére befóre them áll
Fróm the high cítadel runs dówn,
Bý a great crówd accópanied,
Laócoon árdent, ánd excláims,
While yét afár: — 'What só great mádness,
O wrétched citizens, is this?
The fóe's depárture crédito ye?
Or thínk ye thére can présents bé
Óf the Dánaï, without guile?
Is this your knówledge óf Ulýsses?
Either, shut úp withín this wóod,
Concéaled Achívi líe,

Or 'tis an éngine théy have built,
 Our hóuses to espy,
 And ón our tówn, despite our wálls,
 To cóme down fróm on high.
 Trúst not, O Teúcri, in this hórse;
 Some látent chéat is hére;
 Howe'er it bé, with áll their gifts,
 These Dánaí I féar.'

"He sáid, and 'gainst the cómpact síde
 Óf the béast's well róunded bélly
 Húrléd with pówerful stréngth his spéar:
 Fíxed in the wóod
 Quívering it stóod;
 With a hóllo groaning sóund
 The womb's cáverns rebóund.

"Thén, had the Góds' fates bút permítted,
 Nór infátuate béen our minds,
 He hád impélled us tó demólish
 With rude stéel the láir Argólic,
 And thóu, O Tróy, wert nów surviving,
 And Priam's high citadel stánding nów.

"But sée yon Dárdan shépherds drágging
 With great clámor, tó the Kíng,
 A yóuth with hánds behind his báck bound;
 Whó, of his ówn accórd, himsélf
 Unknówn had in their wáy présentéd,
 This véry púrpose tó efféct,
 And ópen Tróy so tó the Achívi;
 Assúred of spírit, ánd alike
 For éach altérnative prépared;

Tó succéed with his impósture,
Ór submit to cértain déath.

“The yóuths of Tróy on évery side
Pour rúshing róund, to sée desírous;
And stríve, who móst will móck the cáptive.
Now héar the strátagem óf the Dánaï,
And frón the síngle villáiny léarn
What villáins théy are áll.

“For ás full in the géneral gáze,
Confúsed and hélpless, thére he stóod,
And lóoked round ón the Phrýgian bánds: —
‘Alás! in whát land ór whát séa
Can Í take réfuge nów?’ he cries;
‘Or whát resóurce left fór a wrétch
Whose pláce amóng the Dánaï ’s lóst,
Ánd for the fórfeit óf whose life
Éven the Dardánidae cáll in ánger?’

“Chánged by that cry our minds, and áll
Violence represséd: we úrge our prisoner
To spéak, and lét us héar his stóry;
What blóod flows in his véins, on whát
Strong póint rests máinly his reliance.
He thróws fear óff at lást, and sáys: —

‘Trúe conféssion óf the whole mátter,
Lét it háve been whát it will,
Í shall máke to thée, O Kíng.
Ín the fírst place, Í deny not
Thát I’m óf the Argólic nátion;
Fór, though Fórtune máde him wrétched,

Néver shall that réprobate
Máke a chéat and liar of Sínon.

‘Tó your éars repórt perháps has
Brought the glórious, wide-spread náme
Of Pálamédes, són of Bélus;
Whóm, when a fálse cry róse of tréason,
Á nefárious informatíon’s
Guiltless víctim, whose sole crime was
Thát he ráised his vóice agáinst war,
Thé Pelásgi sént to déath down,
Ánd lámént, now thát he ’s déad.

‘Mé, that Pálamédes’ kinsman,
Hither with him ás compánion,
Ánd to léarn to bé a sóldier,
Mý poor síre in éarly yóuth sént.
Lóng as hé stood firm, and flórishéd
A prínce amóng consúltíng prínces,
Í too bóre some náme and hónor;
Bút when Ulýsses’ cózeníng málice —
Wéll known áre the fácts I téll —
To quít this úpper wórld compélléd him,
Í, with sháttéred fórtunes, drágged on
A lífe of glóom and míserý;
And ó’er my guíltless fríend’s mísfórtune
Cháfed wíthín mysélf, índígnant;
Nor, mádman thát I wás, képt sílence,
But róused agáinst me bítter hátreds
Wíth thréats of véngeance, shóuld chance óffer,
And shóuld I tó my nátive Árgos
Éver retúrñ wíth víctory.

"Hénee my first blight óf misfórtune,
 Hénee Ulýsses with new chárGES
 Still térrified me; wórdS ambíguous
 Still amidst the rábble scáttéred;
 Still sought wéapóns whérewithál
 To éxecúte desígns close hídden
 From áll excépt his sécret cónscience;
 Till at lást by méans of Cálchas —
 But whý th' ungráteful tále
 Thús repéat in váin?
 Or whérefore dáilly?
 For yóu, who thínk the Achívi
 Are áll of thé same kind,
 'Tis enóugh that ye have héard
 I am óne of the Achívi;
 Take the pénalty at ónce
 Ye should lóng ago have táken:
 'Tis the véry consummátion
 Which Íthacus desíres,
 And whích at a great price
 The Atrídae fain would púrchase.'

"Then, thén indéed, we 're áll on fire
 To ásk him quéstions, ánd to héar
 Some éxplanátion óf the mátter;
 Little awáre of thé deep guile
 And villáiny of thé Pelásgi.
 Trémbling he góes on with his glózing."

'Oft times the wéary Dánaĩ
 Desíred to táke their flíght,
 To léave Troy behínd them,
 And abándon the long wár;

And I wish to héaven, they hád;
 But the róugh and stórmy séa
 Intercépted óft the wáy,
 And Áuster óft detérred them,
 When ón the póint to gó.
 Abóve all, whén of máples-planks
 Fírmlý knít togéther
 This hórse here was sét up,
 Óver the whole éther
 Stórm-clouds bráttled.

‘Wé, in óur suspénse,
 Send Eurýpylus to consúlt
 The óracle of Phóebus;
 And hé back fróm the shrine
 Bríngs these wórds of sórrów: —
 ‘With a sláughtered virgin’s blóod
 The wínds ye appéased,
 When fírst to Ílium’s cóasts
 Ye cáme, O Dánaï;
 With the blóody sácrífice
 Óf a life Argólic
 Ye must púrchase your retúrn.’

“As sóon as that wórd
 Reached the éar of the públic,
 All mínds were astóunded,
 And thróugh the bones’ píth
 Thrilled an icy-cold trémor: —
 ‘For whóm prepares Fáte this?
 Apóllo calls whóm?’

‘Here Íthacus drágs
 Forth ínto the mídst,

With a great tumult,
Soothsaying Cáelhas,
Ánd to expóund
That blessed will of the Góds
Impórtunate présses.
And mány alréady
Foretóld me the fúture,
Or, ónlooking míte,
The villainy réad
Of the crúel intríguer.

‘Twice five days he ’s silent,
And clóse housed refúses
Any óne to denóunce,
Or hand óver to déath;
Till, bý the loud clámors
Of Íthacus hárdly
At lóng and last fórced,
He speaks óut, as arráanged,
And dooms mé to the áltar.
All assént and on óne
Poor wrétch’s head túrn,
And dischárge the destrúction
Each had féared for himsélf.

‘The hórrid day ’s cóme;
For the ríte they ’re préparing;
The méal ’s mixed with sált,
The tíar ’s round my témples —
Awáy from the sláughter
I bróke, I dený not,
And my bónds left behind me.

In an óozy moráss
 Amóng the sedge lúrking,
 All the níght I lay híd,
 And awáited their sáiling,
 If háply they wóuld sail.

‘And nów I ’ve no móre hope
 To sée my old cóuntry,
 Or the síre I ’ve so yéarned for,
 Ánd the sweet children,
 Who perháps must accóunt
 With their líves for my críme,
 And wrétchedly éxpiate
 This my escápe.
 Bút, by the Góds above,
 Ánd by those Déities,
 To whóm truth is déar,
 And who knów I speak trúth;
 Ánd by whatever
 Fáith uncorrúpted
 Is still anywhére
 Among mén to be fóund,
 I práy you, take pítý
 On hárdships so gréat;
 On a mínd, not desérving
 Such hárdships, take pítý.’

“These téars win his lífe,
 And móre — even our pítý —
 And fírst Priam’s sélf
 His mánaeles tíght
 Commánds to take óff,
 And spéaks to him kindly: —

‘Whoéver thou árt,
Henceforward forgét
The Gráíí thou hast lóst,
(For óurs thou shalt bé)
And trúe answer gíve
To the quéstions I ásk thee;
This húge monstrous hórsé
For what púrpose set úp?
By whóm? with what méaning?
Is it émblem relígious?
Is it éngine of wár?’

“He sáid; and the wrétch,
In Pelásgian arts vérsed,
Toward the héavenly lights úpwards
His úntied hands lífting,
‘Bear wítness’, excláimed,
‘Ye fíres everlásting,
Whose Gódhead ’s invíolate;
Bear wítness, ye áltars
And hórrible kníves,
From which I have fléd;
And yé, sacred fíllets
My víctim brows wóre;
I sín not in bréaking
The Gráían sánctions;
I sín not in háting
The Gráíí themsélves,
And tó the light brínging
Their évery sécret,
Whate’er it may bé;
Nor ám I bound lóngér
By láws of my cóuntry.

Only thóu to thy prómise
 Stánd stedfast Tróy,
 And thy sáviour sáve,
 If I téll thee the trúth,
 If I récompense ámply.

‘Éver in the áid of Pállas
 Pláced the Dánaï théir whole hópe
 And cónfidénce of háppy issue
 Tó the wár they had úndertáken;
 But fróm what time Tydídes ímpious,
 Ánd Ulýsses, críme invéntor,
 Fróm the sácred fáne attétempted
 To téar awáy the weírd Palládium,
 And sláying the high cítadel’s gúards,
 Séized on the sácred éffigy,
 Nór with blóody hánds not dáred
 To tóuch the Góddess’ vírgin tiar:
 Ébbed from that time the hópe of the Dánaï,
 Bróken their stréngth, estránged the Góddess’ fávor.

‘Nor wás it bý ámbiguous pórtents
 Thát Tritónia shéwed her ánger;
 Scárce placed in the cámp the image,
 Whén its eyes stáred, and spárkled fire;
 A sált sweat bróke out ón its limbs,
 And thrice, O wónderful to téll!
 Úp from the gróund it spráng entire,
 Béaring its shíeld and quívering spéar.

‘Immédiatelý their flight must bráve
 The házards óf the séa’, chaunts Cálchas;
 ‘For Pérgamús is nótt to bé
 Bý Argolic árms demólished,

Until at Árgos háving taken
 New áuspicsés, they cóme back híther,
 Brínging with them thát same héavenly
 Gráce and bléssing thát has nów
 To Gréece sailed with them in their cúrved ships.'

'And nów that théy have tó their nátive
 Mycénae sáiled home, théy 're préparing
 New wár, and wóoing Góds to escórt them;
 Which dóne, they 'll cróss the séa agáin,
 Ánd be hére when léast expécted.
 Só adróit a hánd is Cálchas
 Át the análýsis of ómens.

'To réconcile the Déity,
 And éxpiate the mórtal crime
 Óf the théft of thé Palládium,
 Cálchas cóunselled thém to sét up
 This státue hére, but át the sáme time
 Tó so gréat a héight to eréct it,
 And óf such stróng and mássy tímber,
 That thróugh the gátes it cóuld not páss,
 Nór be drawn úp into the city,
 Thére to succéed the fórmér image,
 Ás the tútelar óf the péople.

'Fór, if your hánds did víolence
 Tó the gift óffered tó Minérva,
 Great rúin — ón the próphét's sélf
 Dischárge the próphecý, ye Góds! —
 Would whélm Priam's émpire ánd the Phyrýgians;
 Bút, if your ówn hands dréw it úp,
 And pláced it high within your city,

Thén would Ásia in her túrn
 Beóme aggréssor, and agáinst
 The Pélopéan rámparts cóme
 With mighty wár: such wére the fátes
 That waitéd óur postérité.'

"By thése insidious árts of pérjured Sínon
 The affáir is crédited, and thóse whom néithér
 Tydídes, nór Achíllés of Laríssa,
 Nór a ten yéars' siege, nór a thóusand shíps
 Could súbjugáte, becóme the éasy préy
 Óf an impóstor's wéll dissémbled téars.

"And hére a gréater, fár more áwful, sight
 Fills with alárm our míserable bréasts;
 Laócoón, by lót drawn priest of Néptune,
 At the sólemn áltars á huge búll was sláying,
 Whén, behold yónder! 'cróss the tránquil déep,
 From Ténedos, I shúdder to reláte it,
 Come twó imménse-orbed snákes sténming the séa,
 And máking, síde by síde, díréct for lánd;
 Whose bréasts, amóng the wáves érécted, réar
 Their blóody wáttles hígh abóve the wátters;
 Whíle, in volúminous cóils, their bácks imménse
 And hínd parts swéep the áudibly fóaming bríne.

"They 're ón the lánd: their blóodshot eyés glare fire;
 With swiftly tó and fró vibráted tóngues
 They líck their híssing jáws: aghást we sée,
 And flée in áll díréctions: tó Laócoon .
 They táke their márch díréct; and fírst the bódies
 Óf his two líttle sóns both sérpents elásp,
 And brówsé upón, and bíte, their wrétched límbs;

Himsélf, then, cóming tó their áid with weápons,
 Lay hólð on, ánd with húge coils bínð; and nów
 Twice clásping him abóut the míddle; twice
 Círeling his néck round with their seály trúnks,
 Abóve his héad their héads and táll necks réar.
 Bespéwed with bláck and vénomous góre his tíar,
 Ás with his hánds their knóts he stríves to súnðer,
 Ánd the same móment tó the stárs lifts hígh
 His shóuts horrífic; béllowing like a búll,
 Thát from his néck the unsteády áxe has tóssed,
 Ánd from the áltar with a wóund escápes.
 Bút the two drágons áway glíding flée
 Tó dréad Tritónia's lófty cítadel,
 Ánd in the fáne and át the féet of the Góddess,
 Behínd her shíeld's orb, lie in cóvert clóse.

"'Twas thén, indéed, that évery bréast
 Quáked with a nów and thrílling féar;
 And ríghteously desérved, they sáid,
 The pénalty Laócoon páid,
 Whó, with póinted spéar accúrsed
 Húrléd agáinst the síde of the béast,
 Had hárméd the sácred wóod.

"Tó the Góddess' témples,
 Áll shout óut togéther,
 The ímage múst be bróught,
 Ánd the grácious elémency
 Óf the bléssed Déity,
 Húmbly with práyer be sóught.

"We bréach the cíty wálls,
 We thrów the fórtress ópen,

All gird their lóins, and fáll to wórk;
 Benéath its féet, some, róllers sèt,
 Some, hémpen córds throw róund its néck.
 Téeming with its fréight of árms
 The fátal éngine scáles the wálls;
 Bóys and girls sing hýmns aróund,
 And tóuch the rópe, delighted.
 It énters, ánd glides ménacing
 Ón through the city's midst.

“O Ílium! O my cóuntry!
 Habítation of the Góds!
 Cítý of Dardánidae,
 Váliant and renówned!
 Ín the very éntance
 Fóur times it stopped shórt;
 Clánging within the wómb
 Árms four times were héard.
 Ónward, nót the léss,
 Unhéeding, fúrious, blínd we préss,
 Ánd in the cónsecráted híg-place
 Set úp the unlúcky mónster.

“Then tóo Cassándra's móuth
 To the cóming fáte gave útterance,
 That móuth which, bý the Góds' will,
 The Teúcri bélieved néver.
 We, wrétches who were nót
 Anóther dáy to sée,
 Déck with féstal fóliage
 The shrínes througóut the city.

“Round rólls in the méantime the héaven,
And Níght from Océanus rúshing,
Enwráps in her gréat shade the éarth,
And the ský, and the wíles Myrmidónian.
And nów that, all óver the city,
The Teúcri outstrétched lie and sílent,
And déep sleep their tíred limbs embráces;
From Ténedos, fúllý equípped,
To the shóres that it knóws so wéll,
In the stíllý moon’s fríendly sílence
The ármament Árgive sails óver,
When the Kíng’s ship has húng out its líght;
And Sínon, safe in the protéction
Of the Góds’ partíal déstinies, lóoses
All stéalthý the wómb’s piny shúttér,
And léts out the Dánaï.

“To the áir, the horse ópened, refúnds them;
And fórth from the hóllo wóod jóýful
The chieftáins Thessándér and Sthénelus come,
Alóng the let-dówn rope glíding,
And díreful Ulysses, and Thóas,
And Ácamas, ánd Meneláus,
And Macháon the fóremost of áll,
Neoptólemus, grándson of Péleus,
And himsélf, the snare’s ártist, Epéus.

“They máke their attáck on the city,
As it líes in sleep búried and wíne,
Cut dówn the níght-wátch, and admítting,
At the wíde-opened gátes, all their cómrades,
Uníte into óne their leagued bánds.

"It wás the éarly hóur of sléep,
 When thát most gráteful gift of héaven
 Bégins to stéal on cáre-sick mórtals:
 Ló! in a dréam, befóre mine eýes,
 Héctor, methóught, all wóe-begone
 And wéeping tórrents, stóod beside me;
 Frésh from the cháriot whéel, ..
 As érewhile Í had séen him,
 And áll begrimed with dúst and blóod;
 Ín his swollen féet the thóngs.

"Alás me, whát a Héctor!
 How gréat a chángé was thére,
 From the Héctor thát retúrnéd
 Clád in Achilles' spóils!
 From the Héctor thát had húrled
 Phrýgia's lightéd bránds
 At the ships of the Dánaï!

"Squálid was his béard,
 Clótted his lócks with blóod,
 His bódý gáshed all óver
 With the wóunds he had recéived
 Befóre his nátive wálls.
 I wéeping tóo, methóught,
 Addréssed of my own mótion
 These sád words tó the héro: —

'O líght of Dardánia!
 O Teúcrian hope súrest!
 What gréat délay képt thee?
 Or whénce comest at lást?
 O Héctor, expécted so lóng!

After hów many déaths
Of thy friends look we ón thee!
After hów many tróubles,
And hárassing tóils,
Both of péople and cíty!
Thy visage seréne
Why fóuled thus unséemly?
And whát wounds are thése?’

“He ánswered nót my ídle quéstions,
He wróught me nó deláy,
Bút from his bósom’s innermost
Groaned héavily and sáid: —
‘Ah! flée, O Góddess-bórn,
And sáve thee fróm these flámes:
The fœe is máster óf the wálls,
And in rúin from its súmmit
Down túmbles lófty Tróy.
For Priám and thy cóuntry
Enóugh hast thóu perfórmed;
Had Pérgamus’ defénce
In ány right hand láin,
This right hand thé defénce
Of Pérgamus had béen.
Tróy to thy cáre comménds
The óbjects shé holds sácred;
Take thése Penátes with thee,
To bé thy fâtes’ compánions,
With thése Penátes gó,
And fóund the míghty cíty
’Tis thy déstiný to fóund
After mány a long wándering
Áll the wide sea óver.’

“He said, and in his hands
Brought out, from the interior,
Potent Vesta, and the Fillets,
And the everlasting Fire.

“Meantime within the city far
’Tis woe all and confusion,
And though my sire Anchises’ house
Stood among sheltering trees retired,
Yet louder still, and louder grew,
And nearer still and nearer drew
War’s horror, and the din of arms.

“Starting, and roused from sleep
I climb the roof’s steep ridge,
And with pricked ears stand listening.

“’Twas as when through standing corn
By raging southwinds flames are borne,
Or mountain torrent’s rapid flood
Prostrates fields and smiling crops,
Prostrates the labors of the ox,
And headlong drags with it the wood.
From the high top of a rock,
The shepherd, ignorant what has happened,
Hears with astonishment the sound.
Then, then indeed, the truth was clear,
The ambush of the Danaï open.
Now has Deiphobus’ large house,
By Vulcan overpowered, fallen in;
And now Uælegon ’s on fire,
His next adjoining neighbour;
And far and wide
Sigæum’s friths

Refléct the gláire;
 And cláinging trúmpets,
 Shóuting mén,
 Their lárum ráise togéther.

“Distrácted Í take árms, though smáll
 The góod from árms to bé expécted;
 Bút my soul búrns to gáther róund me
 Some gállant hándful óf compánions,
 And thrów mysélf intó the cástle;
 Mádnness and wráth impél me héadlong,
 Ánd, what a chárming thíng it is
 To díe in árms, comes ’cróss my mínd.

“But sée, escáped out of the mídst
 Óf the Acháian wéapons, Pántheus
 Tóward our hóuse comes rúnníng wíldly;
 Pántheus Othryádes, the priest
 Óf the Phóebus of the cástle,
 Ín his own hánd the cónquered Góds
 Ánd *sacrárium* cárrýing with him,
 And drággíng ón his líttle grándson: —
 ‘Quite lóst? Or nótt yet quáite lóst, Pántheus?
 The cástle — cán we hólđ out in it?’

“Scarce hád I thé words úttered,
 When with a gróan he ánswered: —
 ‘Th’ inévitable dáy,
 Dardánia’s lást is cóme:
 We Trójáns áre no móre;
 Ílium ’s déad and góne,
 Ánd the high Teúcrian glóry.
 Wíld and sávage Jóve
 To Árgos háś transférred

Áll that ónce was óurs;
 The Dánaí have fired,
 And are másters óf the city;
 Within whose véry córe
 The tówing hóse teems wárríors,
 Ánd victórious Sínon
 Flíngs his bránds, insúlting.
 More númerous thóusands néver
 Cáme from gréat Mycénae
 Than are yónder at the gátes,
 That stánd with bóth wings ópen:
 Hére their bristling files
 Besét the nárrow stréets,
 With náked swórd in hánd,
 Glístening, prepáred for sláughter.
 Scarce thóse upón the édge
 And fórefront óf the dánger,
 The níghtwatch óf the gátes,
 Attépt the dárkling fight,
 And óffer blínd resistance.'

"Ínto the mídst of árms and flámes
 By thése words óf Othréades
 Ánd the Gods' wíll I'm bórne;
 Whíther sévére Erínnys cálls,
 Whíther the dínn calls, ánd the shóut
 Hígh to the éther vólleyed.
 By fávor of the móonlight,
 Rípheus, and váliant Épytus,
 And Hýpanis, and Dýmas
 Gáther abóut and jóin me,
 And Mýgdon's yóuthful són
 Coróebus, whóm the víolence

Of his pássion for Cassándra,
 Júst at that tíme, it chanced,
 Had bróught to Tróy, to assíst,
 With the árms of a sòn-in-láw,
 Priam and the Phrygians;
 Unháppy! that not lístened
 To his éxtasied bride's wárning.

“Whóm when I sáw so bóld,
 And bánded for the báttle,
 To shárpen stíll their cóurage,
 With thése words Í endéavour: —
 ‘Yóuths of brávest héart,
 Brávest I féar, in váin;
 If résolute your desire
 My désperate léad to fóllow,
 Fórtune's áttítúde ye sée:
 Forsáking shríne and áltar
 The Góds have áll depárted,
 That ónce sustáined this émpire:
 ’Tis tó a búrning city
 Thát ye bring your succour.
 Ínto the fíght's thickest
 Lét us rúsh and díe;
 To cást awáy all hópe
 Is the sóle hope óf the cónquered.’

“Tó the yóung men's cóurage
 Fúry thus is ádded,
 Ánd like wólves rapácious,
 Rávening in a dárk fog,
 Whén the villainous pinch
 Of húngr has enráged them,
 Ánd their whélps expéct

With párehed jaws their retúrñ,
 Óñ through the mídst of fóes,
 Óñ through the mídst of weápons,
 Tówards no dóubtfú deáth,
 We máreh alóñg the hígh street,
 Únder the hóllow sháde
 Of dárk Night flítting róund us.

“Of thát night’s hávöe sláughter
 Whó has wórds descriptíve?
 For the sórröws of thát night
 Whó has téars suffícíent?
 The áncíent cíty fálls
 After mány a yéar’s dóminíon;
 Thróugh the stréets and hóuses,
 And Góds’ relígíous témples
 Dead bódíes évery whére
 Lie strówn abóut in númer’s.
 Nor páy the Teúcri sóle
 The blóody pénalty:
 Éven to the cónquered bréast
 Cóurage at tímes retúrns,
 Ánd in their víctory’s mídst,
 The Dánaï are laid lów.
 Cruel wóe is éverywhére;
 Éverywhére is féar
 And mány a shápe of deáth.

“Andrógeos, first of áll,
 Ín our wáy presénts hímsélf
 Wíth a gréat tróop of Dánaï;
 And, ígnorantlý believing
 Thát we ’re óf híis pártý,

Thús, of his ówn accórd,
 With friendly wórds accósts us: —
 ‘Make háste, my gállant féllows,
 What láziness is this,
 Thát so láte has képt you?
 While your cómrades Pérgamus
 With fire and swórd are sácking,
 Yé, from the lófty ships,
 Are bút just nów arríving.’
 “He sáid, and ón the íntant —
 For óur replý was nót
 Sufficíently straight fórdward —
 Percéived that hé had fálled
 Ínto the mídst of the fée,
 And astóunded chécked his spéech,
 And retréated on his stép.

“As óne, that ón a snáke
 Ín a thórny bráke
 Unexpéctedlý has tród,
 And bákwards in dísmáy
 Stárts, and flées away
 Befóre its rísing íre
 And blúe and swélling góрге;
 Just só, at síght of ús,
 Andrógeos trémbing fléd:
 We rúsh on, ánd aróund them
 Póuring in dénse armed núbbers,
 Róut them in áll díréctíons,
 Ígnorant óf the gróund
 And strícken with a pánic.
 Ón our fírst emprise
 Fórtune breathes auspícíous.

"And hére, flushed with succéss,
 Coróebus cries exúltíng: —
 'Whére propítious Fórtune
 Now first points óut the wáy,
 That prómises to sáve us,
 O cómrades, let us fóllow;
 Lét us interchánge
 Búcklers and appóintments
 With these Dánaĩ hére,
 And as Dánaĩ equip us.
 Só the báttle 's wón,
 Whó ever quéstions whéther
 'Twas by ártifice or vátor.
 Our énemies themsélves
 Shall fúrnish us with árms.'

"Andrógeos' bushy hélm
 And hándsome emblemed shield,
 So sáying, he put ón;
 Ánd the Argive swórd
 Adápted to his síde;
 Ripheus does the sáme,
 Ánd the sáme does Dýmas,
 And áll the jóyous yóuths;
 Éach and évery óne
 Ín the frésh spoils árms him.

"Then, with the Dánaĩ míngled,
 We márch withóut the éscort
 Of our ówn accústomed Góds;
 Ánd in mány a clóse-hand fight,
 In the dárkness of the night,
 Full mány of the Dánaĩ

Despáitch to Orcus dówn;
And sóme of them fly scáttèred
To the ships and fáithful shóre,
And sóme, in a vile pánic,
The húge horse climb agáin,
And stów themselves awáy
Ínto its wéll known páunch.

“Alás! there 's nó succéss,
If héaven 's not só inclined:
See whére, with háir dishévelled,
Cassándra, Priám's dáughter,
Óut of the fáne is drágged
And fróm Minérva's shrine;
Stráining, but áll in váin,
Toward héaven her árdent eýes:
Her eýes, for fétters hóld
Her délicate hánds confíned.

“That sight Coróebus bróoks not,
And in a frénzy flings him
Ínto the midst, to díe.
We fóllo in a bódý,
And in amóng them rúsh
With thícK and héavy báttle.

“Here first we 're óverwhélmed
Fróm the high top óf the témples
Bý our ówn friends' míssiles,
Ánd a most píteous sláughter
Arises fróm the fálse show,
Máde by our Gráian árms
And búshy hélmet-crést.

Then, with gróans and indignátion
 At the réscue óf the vírgin,
 From évery síde collécting,
 The Dánaĩ fáll upón us;
 Ájax móst redóubted,
 Ánd the twáin Atridae,
 Ánd the whole bánd Dolópián.

“So sómetimes á tornádo búrst,
 And wínds with ópposite wínds conténd,
 Zéphyrus and Nótus ágainst Eúrus,
 Ín his éastern stéeds rejóicing:
 The wóods screech, ánd, in his illhúmour,
 Néreus with his trident fóamy
 Stírs the séa up fróm the bóttóm.

“Those too appéar whom in the dárk night
 Bý our strátagem wé had róuted,
 And húnted óver thé whole city;
 The fírst are théy to récognise
 Our árms and wéapons, ánd to márk
 The díscrépance betwéen our vóices,
 Ánd the extérior wé assúmed.
 That instant, númeres óverwhélm us,
 And fírst Coróebus próstrate lís
 Strétched by the ríght hand óf Penéleus
 Beside the armipotent Góddess’ áltar.
 Rípheus too fálls, by fár the jústest
 Ánd móst ríghteous óf the Teúeri;
 Bút the Gods ótherwíse decreéd.
 And Hýpanís and Dýmas pérish,
 Pierced by the wéapons óf their cómrades;

Nor shielded thee, as down thou sankest,
 Thy gréat and mánifold piety, Pántheus,
 Ór the Tiára óf Apóllo.

“Bear witness, Ó ye Ílian áshes,
 Ye pyre-flames óf my friends, bear witness,
 I faced in thát your hóur of rúin
 Évery wéapon óf the Dánaĩ,
 Bráved unshrinking áll their táctics;
 Ánd had my fáll been in the Fátes,
 Bý my hands’ déeds well éarned my fáll.

“Our pártý ’s violently sévered:
 Pélias and Íphitus gó with mé;
 Héavy with yéars the láttér, Pélias
 Slów with a wóund dealt bý Ulýsses:
 To Priám’s pálace bý the clámor
 Immédiately we ’re cálléd away.

“’Twas hére indéed the báttle ráged,
 As if elsewhére were nóne,
 No déaths beside in thé whole city;
 So fúriously was rámping hére
 Indómitable Márs,
 So strénuously the Dánaĩ
 Úp the stéps were striving,
 And hóused benéath the slóping cópe
 Of shields compácted firm togéther,
 The véry dóor were sieging:
 Ánd up scáling ládders rúshing,
 With búcklered léft hand wárded missiles,
 With right hand séized the párapets.

"Agáinst them thé Dárdanidae,
 For weápons óf defénce in this
 Their hóur of útmost néed and déath,
 Uptéar rooftóps and túrretíngs,
 And gilt beams dówn upón them ról,
 Their fóresires' lófty órnaments.
 Óthers belów in á dense bánd
 Withín the dóor, drawn bládes in hánd,
 Intént to guárd the éntance, stánd.

"To bríng assistance tó the cónquered,
 Ánd relieve the róyal pálace,
 My spírit rises frésh withín me.
 Behínd there wás a sécret éntance
 And pássage óf commúnicátion,
 Neglécted ánd unúsed of láte,
 Betwéen the párts of Priam's pálace.
 Through this door, while the státe stood fírm,
 Háplless Andrómache full óft
 Was wónt to páss withóut attendánts,
 Her fáther -and móther-in-láw to visit
 Ánd to his grándsire, in her hánd,
 The bóy Astýanax conducted.

"I énter, ánd the whóle way páss
 Úp to the high roof súmmit,
 From whence the wrétched Trójans dówn
 Their missiles váin were húrling.
 Óut of the róof, high tóward the stárs
 A tówer rose pérpendicular
 Óver the frónt wall óf the búilding;
 From whence there wás a próspect wide
 Of áll Troy, ánd th' Acháian cámp,

And óf the návy óf the Dánaï:
 Attácking it with crówbars róund,
 Where insecurely it was jóined
 Tó the roof-tér race, wé uphéave
 And púsh it fróm its high foundátion.
 With wíde and súdden crásh it fálls
 Upón the squádróns óf the Dánaï;
 But óthers tó their pláce succéed,
 Nor is there, in the méan time, páuse
 Of stónes or ány fórm of wéapóns.

“Befóre the véry thréshold
 Óf the véstibúle itself,
 In his wéapóns’ brázen light
 Exúlting Pýrrhus glístens;
 As the Cóbra, that lay swóllen
 Únder the shéltéring gróund
 Áll the cold winter thróugh,
 Now háving cást his slóugh
 And crópped his póisonous hérbs,
 Tó the líght comes fóward,
 Renéwed in yóuth and beauty,
 And ón his slímy spires
 Cóiling himsélf eréct,
 His bréast rears tó the sún,
 And báck and fóward shóots
 His twinkling tóngue tri-fúrrowed.

“Alóng with hím huge Périphas,
 And hé that dróve Achilles’ stéeds,
 Ésquire-at-árms Autómedon,
 Alóng with hím th’ whole Scýrian yóuth
 Úp to the hóuse come, ánd fling híg

The firebrands tó the báttlements.
 Pýrrhus himsélŕ amóng the fóremost,
 Séizing a dóuble-héaded póle-axe,
 Búrsts the dóor's hard éntance ópen,
 Ánd from the pívots of the hínges
 Fórces the brázen-plátéd dóorvalves.
 And nów he has héwed the pánel óut,
 Ánd a húge wide-yáwning lóophole
 Ín the hárd wood éxcavated.
 The intérior óf the hóuse stands ópen;
 Expósed to víéw are thé long hálls,
 Expósed to víéw the privacies
 Of Priam ánd the áncient Kíngs,
 Ánd they behóld men stánding árméd,
 Immédiately ínside the thréshold.
 But fár withín 'tis áll confúsióŕ,
 And gróans, and miserable húbbub:
 The whóle *caváedium* thróugh and thróugh
 Wáils with the wáilings óf the wómen;
 The clámor smites the gólden stárs;
 Affrighted mátrons éverywhére
 Wildly róam thróugh thé vast building,
 And húg and prínt the dóors with kisses.

"In the míght of his síre
 Pýrrhus présses right ón:
 No bárriers may stáy him,
 No guárds may deláy him;
 Befóre the ram's shóck
 The báttéred door' tótters,
 Displáced from their pívots
 Lie próstrate the válves;
 Main stréngth bursts a pássage,

The éntrance is fórced,
Ín rush the Dánaï,
Sláughter the fóremost,
And the whóle place with sóldiery
Fíll far and wide.

“Less fúriously the fóaming river,
Whose gúshing flóod has óvercóme
And búrst the dám’s oppósing máss,
And léft its chánnel, ón the fields
Rúshes ahéap, and drágs alóng
Cáttle and stáll o’er áll the pláin.

“Mýsélf have séen upón the thréshold
Neoptólemus ánd the twáin Atrídae,
Fúrious, and réeking sláughter:
Hécuba ánd her húndred dáughters
Mýself have séen, and, mídst the áltars,
Priam defiling with his blóod
The fíres himsélf had cónsecráted.
Low líe those fifty spóusal chámbers,
So rich hope óf a téeming óffspring,
Low líe those fifty dóors supérb
With cónquered spóils and góld barbáric;
The Dánaï ór the fíre have áll.

“Thou ásk’st perháps the fáte of Príam:
Whén he behéld his cíty cáptured,
The éntrance óf his pálace forced,
Ánd in his privacies’ mídst the fóe,
The óld man hís age-pálsied shóuldérs
In lóng disúsed arms váinly cáses,
Gírd on the úseless swórd, and rúshes
Ínto the thickest óf the fóe, to díe.

"In the pálace cóurt intérior,
 Benéath the báre ethéreal áxis
 Stóod a great áltar, ánd beside it
 A láurel óf most áncient grówth
 Óver it bénding, ánd embrácing
 In its sháadow thé Penátes.
 Here in váin gathered róund the áltars,
 Hécuba ánd her dáughters sát,
 Clásping the ímages óf the Góds,
 And clóse togéther cówered like dóves
 Bý the black pélting témpet flúrried.

"But whén in yóuthful árms equipped
 Priam hímself she sáw: —
 'Ah! whát so díreful ímpulse
 Most wrétched spóuse', she críed,
 'Hath girt thee with these weápons,
 Or whither rúshest?
 'Tis nót of súch assístance,
 Of sáfeguards súch as thóse,
 The présent time has néed,
 No, nót, if stánding hére
 Wére my own Héctor's sélf.
 Submit, I dó beséech thee,
 And líther déign to cóme;
 This áltar shíelds us áll,
 Or with us thóu shalt díe.'
 "The fúll of yéars, this sáid,
 Untó hersélf she tóok,
 And pláced in the sácred séat.

"But sée where yónder, thróugh the lóng
 And émpy hálls and pórticoes

Fléeing disábled, fróm the midst
 Óf the cárnage máde by Pýrrhus,
 Fróm the midst of fées and wéapons,
 Cómes Polítes, són of Priám;
 And, behind him, glówing hót
 Pýrrhus with rábid stróke uplifted —
 Now, nów, nay nów the elúch is ón him,
 Néarer the spéar and néarer tó him,
 Till, at the móment whén he énters
 His párents' présence, dówn he fálls,
 And in a gúsh of blóod expires.

“Nor Priám thén, what thóugh he stóod
 Alréady in the tóils of déath,
 Abstáined from íre or spáred his wórds: —
 ‘But máy the Góds in héaven,’ he cried,
 ‘If ány ténder Góds there bé,
 Who mínd atrócities like this,
 With wórthy thánk and guérdon dúe
 For this audácious outrage páy thee,
 Thée, who hast máde the síre eyewitnèss
 Óf the son’s déath, and with his child’s blood
 Defíled the présence óf a fáther.
 Far óther fée was thát Achilles,
 From whóm thou liest that thóu art sprúng,
 Who blúshingly a súpliant’s right,
 A súpliant’s sáncitý révéring,
 Héctor’s pale córse réstored to Priám
 For sépulture, and sént me hóme
 In sáfety tó my réalms agáin.’

“Thús having sáid the óld man flúng
 His pówerless inefféctual wéapon,

Which made the shield's brass-plating ring,
And, foiled at once, hung where it struck."

'Then to my sire Pelides post,'
Pýrrhus replied, 'and bear these tidings:
The naughty and degenerate deeds
Of Néoptólemus be sure
That thou remember well to tell him;
Now die.' "The old man, with these words,
He dragged to the very altar, trembling,
And in the plash of his son's blood
Slipping; twined in his hair the left hand,
And with his right the flashing sword
Uplifted high, and in his side
Up to the hilt-guard buried.

"Such was the close of Priam's fates;
Such the allotted bourne of him,
Who, of so many Asiatic
Nations and lands proud ruler once,
Saw Tróy in flames, and Pérgamus fallen:
Upón the shore he lies,
The head lopped from the shoulders,
A huge and nameless carcase.

"Then first in all its power I felt
The horror that surrounded me;
I stood aghast: my dear sire's image
Rose to my mind, when I beheld
The equal-aged King his life forth
Exhaling at a cruel wound;
Forlorn Creúsa too rose to my mind,
And my sacked house, and little Iúlus' ease.

"I cást a lóok round óf inquiry,
 What fórcé there máy be yét abóut me.
 All tíred out hád desérted me,
 And éither léaped down tó the gróund,
 Or thrówn into the flámes
 Their wórñ and févered frámes.

"And nów I wás alóne remáining,
 Whén in Vésta's sécret séat
 Týndarus' dáughter Í behóld,
 A lúrkíng sílent vísitant;
 The bríghtness óf the cónflagrátióñ
 Líghts me, ás abóut I wáñder,
 And éverywhére cast róund my éyes:
 Shé, in dréad antícipátióñ
 Of rétribútióñ fróm the Teúcri
 For Pérgamus ó'erthrów and fáll,
 In dréad nó léss of chástisément
 At the hánds of th' ángry Dánaï,
 Ánd of hér desérted cónsort:
 Tróy's and her cóuntry's cómmon Fúry,
 Óbject óf the géneral hátréd;
 Óut of the wáy had pút hersélf,
 And thére wás sítting bý the áltar.

"With súdden fláming íre
 My sóul is áll on fire,
 To avénge my cóuntry's fáll,
 Ánd the críminál chástíse:"
 'And sháll this wretch unscáthed,
 Spárta behold agáin,
 And fátherland Mycénae?
 In quéenly tríumph hóme

Tó her spóuse and children,
 And tó her síres retúrn,
 By crówds of Ílian dâmes
 And Trójan serfs attéended?
 And Priam have been sláin?
 And Tróy in ashes láid?
 Ánd the Dardánian shóre
 So óft have sweated blóod?
 No, néver! for althóugh
 He wins no glorious náme
 Who púnishes a wóman,
 Nor hás such victory práise,
 Still I shall bé extólléd
 For extirpating a núisance,
 And inflicting on the gúilty
 The chástisement desérvéd.
 Twill bé some comfort tóo,
 To have given myself enóugh
 Of the fiery flame of véngéance,
 And glútted my friends' áshes.'

"With súch ejáculátion,
 I was rúshing in a fúry,
 When, néver by mine eýes
 So bríght before behéld,
 My móst benígnañt móther
 Stood vísible befóre me,
 Refúlgent in pure líght,
 Midst the dárkness of the night,
 A góddess undisguised,
 In such májesty and gréatness
 Ás to heaven's inhábítants
 She is wóñted to appéar;

And caught me with her right hand,
And held me back and added
From her rosy lips these words:—

‘What fury ’s this, my son?
What poignant pain excites
This ungovernable ire?
Or whither away fled
Thy wonted care of us?
Wilt thou not first a look
Bestow where thou hast left
Thine age-worn sire Anchises?
Whether thy spouse Creusa,
Whether thy boy Ascanius
Survives yet? round all whom
The Graian files are roaming,
And whom the foeman’s sword,
But for my care’s resistance,
Had swept away ere this,
Or the devouring flame.

‘’Tis not the hateful fair face
Of Lacedæmonian Tyndaris,
Not criminated Paris,
But the stern will of the Gods,
The Gods’ stern will o’erthrows,
And prostrates, from its summit,
The power and might of Troy.

‘See here — for from thine eyes
All the cloud I ’ll take away
Which, drawn across them, dulls
And damps thy mortal vision,

And spréads thick dárkness róund:
 And thóu, fear nó't to dó
 Every bídding óf thy párent,
 Ánd to hér instrúctions
 Refúse not thine obédience —
 Hére, where thóu behóldest
 These húge dísrúpted másses,
 These stónes áwáy from stónes forced,
 These únduláting cólúms
 Of míngled smóke and dúst,
 Néptune is úndermíning,
 And fróm their déep foundátions
 With his great trident héaving
 The wálls and thé whole cíty.
 Hére, in her fiercest fierceness,
 Júnó, fóremost léading,
 Óccupies the Scáean,
 And, swórd at síde, calls fúrious
 Her állies fróm the shíps;
 Alréady óf the high Cástle,
 Tritónian Pállas, (sée
 Behind thee thére,) sits mistress,
 Ín a beamy clóud's
 Effúlgent halo bríght,
 Bríght with her fell Górgon.
 The síre of héaven hímsélf
 Fúrnishes the Dánaí
 With succéssful stréngth and cóurage;
 Stirs úp the Góds hímsélf
 Agáinst the Dárdan árms.
 Áwáy, my són, flee swift;
 Let thy lábors have an énd:
 Éverywhere I'm with thee,

Until I sét thee sáfe
 Ón thy patérnal thréshold.
 Thús having sáid, she plúnged
 Ínto the níght's thick shádes:
 Ánd befóre me pláinly
 I sáw the díreful figures
 Óf the gréat divínities,
 Inímical to Tróy.

“All Ílium thén appéared to mé
 To sink in flámes, and fróm its báse
 Neptúnian Tróy to bé o'erthrówn.
 'Twás as when híns, with stróke on stróke
 Of dóuble-héaded íron áxe,
 Have nígh cut thróugh, and émulous stríve
 To óverthrów, an áncient ásh,
 Sómewhere amóng the lófty móuntains;
 With trémbling lócks, and crówn concússed
 At évery stróke, it nóds its héad,
 And thréatens still, till, grádually
 With wóunds o'ercóme, awáy it 's tórñ,
 Ánd, with a lóng and lóud last gróan,
 Down túmbles ón the hílls, a ruín.

“Descéding thénce, I máke my wáy,
 Únder the guídance óf the Gódhead,
 Thróugh the mídst of flámes and wéapons;
 Wéapons give wáy and lét me páss,
 The flámes retíre befóre me.
 But whén the whóle wáy Í have tráversed,
 And réached the óld patérnal mánshion,
 My síre, whom first I sóught, and fáin
 Had cárried first to thé high móuntains,

Refúses tó survive Troy's fáll,
 Ór prolóng his life by éxile:—
 'O yé, whose blóod is yóung and frésh,
 Whose firm strength ón itsélf reliés,
 Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lóngér
 Hád the celéstial dénizens wished,
 They hád préserved for mé this hóme.
 Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé
 Ónce to have séen the city táken,
 And ónce outlived its óverthrów.
 Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,
 Take nów your lóng and lást farewéll:
 I 'll fight until the fóe, in pity,
 Ór to obtáin my spóils, despátch me.
 Í can dispénse with tómb and búrial.
 Ódious to héaven, and úseless hére,
 This lóng time nów, my lágging yéars,
 Since the Gods' síre and kíng of mén
 Blew ón me with his thúnder's blást,
 And strúck me with his fire.'

"Só he persisted sáying,
 Unchángeable ánd resólvéd:
 Wé, on the óther hánd,
 With flóods of téars beséech him —
 Í and my spóuse Creúsa,
 Ascánius, ánd the whóle house —
 Beséech him, the house-fáther,
 Nót to súperádd
 Préssure tó fate's préssure,
 Nór with himsélf the hóuse
 And áll of ús undó.
 Ábsolute hé refúses,

And immovable sits fixed
In the same spot and purpose.

“I rush to arms again,
And in my misery’s depth
Wish death; for now what counsel,
What chance of safety’s left:—
‘And hast thou hoped, O sire,
That I would stir one foot,
And thou left here behind?
And from a father’s mouth
Hath such impiety fallen?
If of so great a city
The powers above are pleased
That nothing shall be left,
And if thou’rt quite determined,
And think’st it right to add
Thy family and thyself
To the fall of falling Tróy,
That gate to death lies open;
Pýrrhus will soon be here,
Who massacres the son
In presence of the sire,
And massacres the sire
Beside the very altar.

‘Is it for this, kind mother,
Thou snatchest me unhurt
Out of the midst of flames,
Out of the midst of weapons,
That I may see the foe,
In the bosom of my home,
And Ascánus and my sire
And Créusa, lying butchered,

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 Whose fírm strength ón itsélf relies,
 Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lónger
 Hád the celéstial dénizens wished,
 They hád préserved for mé this hóme.
 Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé
 Ónce to have séen the city táken,
 And ónce outlived its óverthrów.
 Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,
 Take nów your lóng and lást farewéll:
 I 'll fight untíl the fóe, in pity,
 Ór to obtáin my spóils, despátch me.
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Out of the midst of flames,
Out of the midst of weapons,
That I may see the foe,
In the bosom of my home,
And Ascánius and my sire
And Créusa, lying butchered,

And weltering side by side,
 Éach in the óther's blóod?
 Bring árms, ye bráve, bring árms;
 The lást day cálls the cónquered;
 To the Dánaï gíve me báck;
 To the fight let mé agáin;
 Let 's renéw once móre the báttle;
 This dáy we sháll not áll,
 Not áll díe únrevénged.'

"Then with my swórd new-gírt,
 And ínto my shield's hándle
 Insérting my left árm,
 I was rúshing óut of dóors,
 When, behóld! upón the thréshold
 My spóuse elíngs róund my féet,
 And ín her árms forth strétches
 Little Iúlus tó his síre:—

'If to díe thou depártest,
 Take ús with thee tóo
 Ínto áll the worst dángers;
 But íf thine expérience
 Has hópe stíll ín árms,
 Defénd this hóuse fírst.
 To whóm left thy síre,
 And líttle Iúlus?
 To whóm left am Í,
 Whóm thou ónce call'dst thy wífe?'

"With súch loud cries and gróans
 She was fílling the whóle búilding,
 When a pródigy rose súdden,
 And wónderful to téll;

For thére, among the hánds,
And befóre the very fáces,
Óf the sórrowful párents,
Ló! a light and póinted fláme
From the típ top óf the héad
Of Iúlus séemed to shéd
A bláze of líght aróund,
And with innóxious tóuch
Lick líghtly híś soft háír,
And féed abóut híś témples.

“In trémbling féar and flúrry
We sháke the fláming háír,
And búsily with wáter
The sácred fire extínguish;
But síre Anchíses jóyful
Hís eýes lífts tóward the stárs,
And tóward the héaven dírécts
Hís vóice and óutstretched hánds:—
‘O thóu, almíghty Jóve!
If ány práyers may bénd thee,
Dó but lóok upón us;
And thén, if thóu shouldst fínd
Our píety desérving,
Gíve us thy hélp, O síre!
And ràtífy this ómen.’

“Scárcé had the óld man sáid,
Whén with a súdden crásh
It thúndered on the léft,
And dárting from the ský
A stár with lúminous tráín
Shót acróss the dárkness.
We sée it ó’er the hóuse top

Gliding alóng, and trácing
 Its bright path, till it plúnges
 Ínto the Idéan wóod.
 A lóng and lúminous stréak
 Is léft where it has pássed,
 And, fár and wide aróund,
 The whóle place fúmes with súlphur.

“’Twas thén indéed that, vánquished,
 The síre aróse, and wént
 Fórt to the ópen áir,
 And adóred the hólý stár,
 And thús the Góds addréssed:—
 ‘Now, nów, there ’s nó deláy;
 I fóllow, and wheré’er
 Ye léad, am présént thére.
 Góds of my fátherlánd,
 O! présérve my fámily;
 My grándson, O! présérve;
 This aúgury is yóurs,
 And Tróy ’s in yóur protéction.
 I yíeld indéed, my són,
 Ánd to kéept thee cómpány
 Refúse not ány lónger.’

“He sáid, and nów the fíre
 Sounds cléarer thróugh the city,
 Ánd the cónflagrátió
 Néarer rólles its tide:—
 ‘Then cóme, dear fáther, móunt
 Upón my néck and shóuldérs;
 To cerry yóu will bé
 To mé no írksome tóil;

Betide what máy betide,
 For ús two thére shall bé
 One cómmon risk, one sáfety;
 Little Iúlus kéeps
 In cómpany with mé,
 And in my stéps far óff
 My spóuse Creúsa fóllows.
 Ye sérvants, gíve atténtion
 To whát I nów shall sáy:—

‘Fácing thóse who léave the city
 Thére ’s an ántique túmulus,
 And sólitáry fáne of Céres,
 Ánd, close bý, an áncient cýpress,
 Bý our síres religiously
 Presérved through mány a yéar:
 Át that spót from different quárters
 We méet togéther: thóu, O síre!
 Táke in thy hánd the sácred óbjects,
 Ánd the fátherlánd Penátes:
 For mé, just frésh come fróm the cárnage
 Óf so gréat war, it were ímpious
 To láy hand ón them, till I ’ve máde
 Ablútion in the rúnníng stréam.’

“I sáid; and ón my shóuldérs bróad
 And bént neck first a gárment spréading,
 And thén a táwny líon’s skín,
 Pláce myself úndernéath my búrden.
 Little Iúlus in my ríght hand
 Intwínes himsélf, and tó his síre,
 With a child’s shórtér stép, kéeps clóse;
 My wífe comes ón behínd.

"Through dárk ways wé move ón,
 And Í, whom bút just nów
 No shówering missiles rúffled,
 Nor oppósing trúops of Gráii,
 By évery áir am fríghted,
 By évery sóund excited,
 In ánxious féar alike
 For my cómrade ánd my lóad.

"And nów I néared the gátes,
 And thóught I hád made góod
 The whóle way, whén, close bý,
 Áll of a súdden, séemed
 Upón our éars to fáll
 The sóund of trámping féet,
 And thróugh the sháde my sire
 Forthlóoking cries:— 'My són,
 O! flée, my són; they 're cóming;
 I sée their búrning bráss,
 I sée their fláshing shields.'

"I knów not whát malignant Pówer
 Of récolléction hére deprived me,
 And flúrried ánd confúsed my mínd;
 For ás, the róad's diréction léaving,
 I táke my wáy thróugh páthless pláces,
 Alás! some violent déath snatched fróm me
 My spóuse Creúsa. Ít is dóubtful
 Whéther she stópped, or lóst her wáy,
 Or tired sat dówn, but tó our éyesight
 Néver since thén was shé restóred:
 Nor did I báckward túrn my lóok,
 Ór of the lóss becóme awáre,

Until to the old túmulus
And Céres' sacred seat we come:
When here at last we 're all collected,
She only to our number 's wanting,
And had not either by her comrades,
Or by her son, or spouse been seen.

“Whóm of Góds or mén,
Whóm did I nótr reproach
In my ráving ánd delirium?
What sight more crúel sáw I
In the sácking óf the city?
Ascánius, síre Anchises,
And the Teúcrian Penátes
I híde in a curved válléy,
And comménd to my compánions.
In glittering arms I'm gírt,
And séek again the city,
Résolute to bráve
All chánces ónce agáin,
Through the whóle of Tróy retúrn,
Ánd to évery dánger
Expóse my life once móre.

“First I séek the wálls,
Ánd obscúre gate-pórtal
By which I hád passed óut,
Ánd my fóotmarks báckwards
Explóre with séarching-eyé,
And thróugh the night retréad.
'Tis hórror éverywhére;
The véry silence sélf
Strikes térror tó the sóul.

"Thence hóme, if bý some châce,
 If bý some châce that wáy
 Her fóotsteps shé had túrned;
 The Dánaï hád rushed ín,
 And were másters óf the building.
 Úp to the highest róof-top
 Bý the wind that íntant
 Rólled the devóuring fire;
 Abóve the hóuse rise high,
 And cráckle tó the ský,
 The ráging héat and fláme.
 Thence ónward Í procéd,
 And the résidénce of Priam,
 And the citadél revisít.
 Ín the vácant pórticoes
 Of Júnó's fáne alréady
 Phóenix and díre Ulýsses,
 Gúards seléct, were wátching
 The héaped up píles of bóoty.
 Thíther from all sídes,
 Tórñ from the búrning shrínes
 Troy's tréasures wére collécted:
 Thére were the cáptured véstments,
 And sólíd gólden góblets,
 And tábles óf the Góds.
 Bóys and trémbling mátrons
 In lóng arráy stand róund.

"I dáred even tó cry óut,
 And thróugh the dárkness shóut,
 And in sórrow cálléd "Creúsa",
 Untíl I filled the stréets
 With the óutcry óf her náme

Óver and óver agáin,
And óver agáin in váin,
And óver agáin, repéated.

“As thróugh the city’s hóuses
Thus in éndless séarch I ráged,
Befóre mine eýes appéared,
Lárger than life, the sháde,
Sémbulance, and imaged fórm
Of Creúsa’s hápless sélf,
And in these wórd’s addréssed me,
And sólaced thús my cáre:—
‘What aváils it, Ó sweet spóuse,
Such mád grief tó indúlge?
These evénts do nót occúr
Withóut the will divíne:
To táke Creúsa with thee,
Compánion óf thy trável,
His órdinánce forbíds
Who réigns o’er high Olýmpus.

‘Áfter á far éxile,
Áfter thóu hast plóughed
The vást tract óf the séa,
Thou shált at lást arrive
Át the Hespérián lánd,
Whére with géntle cúrrént
Lýdian Týber flóws
Through rích and péopled fields.
A róyal spóuse, and kíngdom,
Ánd prospérity there wáit thee.
Weep no móre for lóved Creúsa;—
Néver will Í, a Dárdan,

And Góddess Vénus' daughter,
 The háughty séats behóld
 Of Mýrmidon or Dólops,
 Or gó to bé a sláve
 Tó a Gráian mistress;
 The gréat Gods'-móther mé
 Hére in these shóres detáins.
 And nów farewéll, and éver
 Lóve our cómmon són.'

"Ínto thin áir, this sáid,
 Desérting me she fléd,
 And léft me wéeping múch,
 And múch to sáy desiring.
 Abóut her néck there thrice
 I stróve my árms to thrów;
 Thrice from my frústrate grásp,
 Light as the wínds, the sháde,
 Swift as a dréam, escáped.

"So spént the night, at lást
 To my pártý Í retúrn:
 And hére I fínd with wónder
 Great númerb óf new cómrades
 From áll sides hád flowed in;
 Matrons and mén and yóuths,
 A miserable crówd,
 Réady with héart and súbstance
 To fóllow me to éxile,
 Ínto whatever lánds
 I might think fit to léad them
 Áwáy beyónd the séa.

“And nów o’er Ída’s tóps
Lúcifer was rising,
And léading ón the dáy;
Strong bódies of the Dánaï
Had posséssion of the gátes,
And évery hópe was lóst;
I yield: uplíft my síre,
And my wáy take tó the móuntains.

III.

“After the Góds
Had thought fit to destróy,
By a dóom it desérved not,
The réalm Asiátic,
And lineage of Priam,
And próud Ilium féll,
And áll Troy Neptúnian
Smóked from the gróund,
Divine áuguries drive us,
To séek out far lánds,
Desert pláces of éxile,
And close únder Antándrus
And Phrýgian Mount Ída,
We build our fleet’s fábric,
And our créw get togéther,
All úncertain whither
The fátes may` convéy us,
Where allów us to hált.

“’Twas the véry beginning
And first of the súmmer,
When fáther Anchises
Gave órders to spréad out
Our sails to the fátes;

And in téars I take léave
Of the shóres of my cóuntry,
And the pláins where Troy ónce was,
And sáil out of pórt,
And awáy to the hígh deep
An éxile am bórne
With my cómrades and són
And the gréat Gods Penátes.

“From Tróy’s coast far dístant,
The Thrácians inhábit
A lánd to Mars sácred,
Vast wide-spreáding pláins,
By dóughty Lycúrgus
In óld time reigned óver,
And clósely united
With Tróy in relátions
Friendly and sócial,
While Tróy was a city.

“I sail thíther, and lánding
By nó kind fate sánctioned,
Amóng the shore’s windings
Begín straight to build,
And fróm my own náme,
Call my péople Enéadae.

“A sléek, shining búll
To the Kíng of the Góds
On the shóre I was óffering,
And práying the móther
Dionéan to bléss
The wórks I ’d begún:

It chanced that a túmulus
Néar hand was stánding,
O'ergrówn with shrub córnél,
And stiff spikes of mýrtle.
I went tó it, and stróve
From the swárd to tear úp
Some gréen wood for bóughs,
To gárland the áltars,
When a pródigy hórrid,
And stránge to reláte,
To my eýes was presented:
For fróm the first sápling,
Pulled óut of the gróund,
Black dróps of blood drip,
Where 'twas bróke from the róot,
And the éarth stain with góre.
Cold hórror my límbs shakes,
My blóod with fear fréezes.
Procéeeding to pùll up
Anóther tough withe,
And the hidden cause sift
And explóre to the bóttom,
From the óther's rind tóo
The black dróps of blood issue.
I búsy my mind
With conjéctures, and óffering
To the rúral nymphs hómage,
And to fáther Gradívus,
The Gétic plains' lórd,
Beséech them to shéd
On th' appéarance their bléssing,
And avért the bad ómen:
But whén I attépt

With a still greater éffort
The thírð rod to wrénch,
And with my knees, púshing
Agáinst the sand, stráin —
Shall I spéak out or hùsh? —
I héard from the tómb's depth
A píteous groan issue,
And thús a voice ánsWER:—

‘Why lácerate só
A póor wretch, Enéas?
Dead and búried let rést;
And thy kind, tender hánds
With súch a crime stáin not.
Thine ówn Troy produced me,
And the blóod from this stálk
Drips not stránger to thée.
Ah! flée this land crúel,
These shores cóvetous flée,
For Í'm Polydórus,
And this spiky cróp
Has shot úp from the lánces,
Sharp-póinted and thick-set,
That hére pierced me thróugh.’

“Then indéed I was fríghtened,
And stóod hesítating
In dóubt and amázement;
My vóice to my thróat clave,
My háir rose eréct.
This Pólydore, érewhile,
With góld a great wéight,
To the Thrácian King's kéeping

Was privily sént
By unfórtunate Priám,
When he sáw the besiegers
Invésting his city,
And begán to distrust
The Dárdan arms' stréngth.
His hóst, when the might
Of the Teúcri was bróken,
And their fórtune at ébb,
Takes párt with the cónquering
Arms Ágamemnónian,
And évery tie bréaking,
Kills Polydórus,
And clúches the góld.
O cúrsed thirst of góld,
To whát crime persuád'st not
The bósom of mórtals!

“When the fríght left my bónes,
I reláte to selécted
Chief mén of the péople,
And first to my sire
The pórtents celéstial,
And ásk their advice.
All are óf the one mind,
To give the sails lóose
To the bréath of the Áustri,
And the wicked land léave,
That bróke a host's fáith.

“We sólemnize thérefore
The fúneral of Pólydore,
And the túmulus héap huge,

And pile up with éarth;
Ánd to the Mánes
Raise áltars, festóoned
With dárk violet fillets
And sórrowful cýpress.
The wómen of Ílium
Stand róund, as of wónt,
With lóng hair dishévelled.
Foaming mílk-boats funéreal
Of wárm mílk we óffer,
And bówls of blood sácred;
Then invóke with a lást shout,
And in the tomb búry,
The sóul of the déad.

“Then as sóon as the wínds
And the séa had grown plácid,
And séemed fair to prómise,
And Áuster’s mild rústling
To the hígh deep invited,
Our créws o’er the shóres spread,
And hául down the véssels;
We sáil out of pórt;
Lands and cíties recéde.

“Amídst the sea lies,
Most delightful to dwéll in,
A lánd consecráte
To Néptune Aegéan
And the móther of the Néreids;
Which, in óld time wide flóating
Abóut the coasts róund,
The áffectionate Bówbearer

Bóund between lófty
 Mýcon and Gýarus,
 And stéadied secúrely,
 That it might receive cúlture,
 And at nóught set the winds.

“My cóurse I shape thíther;
 That móst placid island’s
 Safe hárbour recéives us
 Fatigued with our vóyage.
 Disembarked, we bow dówn
 With réverence befóre
 Apóllo’s own cíty.
 We are mét by King Ánius,
 Ánius who King is
 And hígh priest of Phóebus;
 With his témples encircled
 With láurel branch sácred
 And díadem he méets us,
 And sóon recognízing
 His óld friend Anchíses,
 Clasps the hánds of his guésts,
 Who clasp his in retúrn,
 And we énter the dwélling.

“In his tíme-worn stone témples
 I wórshipped the Gód:—
 ‘O gránt us, Thymbréus,
 A hómé of our ówn;
 To our wéariness gránt
 A fórtified stróngthold,
 A pérmanent cíty,
 And nátiónal líne.

Tróy's second Pergamus
Ó save in ús,
In ús, the poor résidue
Léft by the Dánaï
And rúthless Achilles.
Whóm bidst us fóllow?
Which wáy shall we túrn?
Or whére shall we séttle?
Advise us, O síre,
And glide into our mínds.'

“Scárce had I saíd,
Whén of a súdden
All things seemed to rók,
And be pút into mótion,
Both the flóor of the témples,
Ánd the God's láurel,
And the whóle mountain róund;
The shríne was thrown ópen;
And from únder its cúrtain
Forth béllowed the Trípod.
To the gróund we fall próstrate;
A vóice to our éars comes:—

‘Hárdy Dardánidae,
That lánd, whence the prímitive
Stóck of your ráce came,
Will wélcome with jóy
Your retúrn to its láp:
Search ón, till ye fínd out
Your áncient móther:
Enéas' house thére
And his children's children

For éver and éver
O'er áll lands shall réign.'

"So Phóebus; and gréat joy
In áll rose tumúltuous;
And whére may that lánd be,
They ásk one anóther,
To which Phoebus bids them
Their stráy footsteps túrn,
And thére found their city.

"Then my síre, turning óver
The óld-time traditions,
Says:— 'Chieftains, give éar;
And from mé learn your hópes,
In the séa's midst lies Créte
With its móuntain Idéan;
The ísle of great Jóve,
And the crádle of our ráce;
A rích teeming réalm
With a húndred great cíties,
From thénce came of óld
Our mighty síre Teúcer,
If whát I have héard
I récollect rightly,
And chósé for his réalm's site
The séacoast Rhoetéan.
In the váles' depths they dwélt then,
And as yét was no Ílium,
No Pergámean tówers.
Hence bórrowed those rites,
That may nótt be discússed,
Of the Móther that lóves

The háunts of Cybéle;
Hence the Córybants' cýmbals,
Hence Ída's grove bórrówed,
And the líons yoked únder
The cár of our Lády.
Cóme then, let 's fóllo
Whither the Góds lead;
Let 's propítiate the wínds,
And the Gnóssian realms sée,
No léngthy run dístant:
With Júpiter's hélp,
The third dáy sets our fléet
On the séa-bord of Créte.'

“He sáid; and the Góds
With due ófferings hónored;
To Néptune a búll slew,
To thée, fair Apóllo,
A búll on the áltar;
To Hiems, a bláck sheep;
A whíte, to fair Zéphyrs.

“Expélled out of Créte
And the réalms of his síres
'Twas repórted that chieftain
Idómeneus had fléd,
And léft us a hóme there,
And nóne to molést us.
Ortýgia's port léaving
We skím swiftly óver
The ísland-sown séa,
Through the clústering Cýclades,
By Oléaros alóng,

And snówy - white Páros,
And vérdant Donýsa,
And the Bácehanal - révelled
Móuntains of Náxos.
Chéerily sáilors call;
Búsy the hánds of all:—
'For the lánd of our fóresires,
For Créte,' is the cry.
A wind rises áft,
And goes with us alóng,
Ánd to the shóres
Of the áncient Curétes
At lást we come gliding.

“I sét about thérefore,
And éagerly wórk at,
The wálls of the city
I 'd so lónged to see rising;
And cáll it Pergámea;
And my péople exhórt
To cling clóse to a hóme
By so déar a name cálléd,
And réar high their cástle.

“But scárce were the ships
On the drý shore drawn úp;
And the yóung people búsy
With fármíng their néw lands,
And márríage contráctíng;
And with láw-gíving, Í,
And assígning of dwéllíngs;
When ón the limbs súdden,
And ón trees and cróps,

From the póisonous áir
Of the únhealthy séason,
Came a péstilence pútrid,
A wrétched diséase,
That killed the sweet life
Or léft the frame sickly.
Burning Sírius the gráss
And the fields shrivelled úp;
And the dry, blasted cóp
No nóurishment yielded.
O'er the séa back agáin,
My síre bids us méasure
Our wáy to Ortýgia;
There to bég Phoebus' gráce,
And the óracle ásk,
To whát quarter nów
Is our cóurse to be sháped,
Whére may our wéariness
Hópe to find rést,
What énd, what relíef
He appoints to our lábors.

“'Twas night; and all things
That had life were asléep;
When the Phrýgian Penátes,
Whose images sácred
I bróught with me óut
Of the mídst of Troy's flámes,
Seemed, ás I lay sléeping,
To stánd manifésted
In múch light befóre me,
Where the fúll moon was thróugh
The wide-ópen sash stréaming,

And thus to address me,
And solace my cares:—

‘What Apóllo would téll thee
Arrived at Ortýgia,
Behóld! he sends ús,
Of his ówn free accórd,
To decláre to thee hére.
Since the fire of Dardánia
Thy fórtunes we ’ve fóllowed
And thóse of thine árms;
We have sáiled in thy shíps,
And alóng with thee méasured
The swóllen sea acróss;
’Tis wé that shall émpire
Confér on thy eity,
And ráise to the stárs high
The héirs of thy line.
But thóu, from thy trável’s
Long lábour not shrinking,
Prepáre a great city
For gréat men to dwéll in:
It wás not on thése shores,
It wás not in Créte,
The Délian Apóllo
Báde thee to séttle;
Thou must séek other quárters.

‘Hespéria ’s the náme
Which the Gráii bestów
On an óld warlike lánd,
Of a rich fruitful glébe,

By th' Oenótrii ónce tilled,
Ánd at the présent time
Cálled, it is sáid,
By the yóung race, Itália,
From the náme of a chief.
There our rightful abóde;
Thence Dárdanus spráng,
And fáther Iásius,
The héad of our ráce.
Úp, up, and jóyfully
Téll thine aged síre
These trúths beyond quéstion.
Let him Córythus séek,
Ánd th' Ausónian lands;
Jóve to thee gránts not
The fields Dictéan.'

“By the vision astónished,
And vóice of the Góds,
(Nor wás it mere sléep,
For I pláinly obsérved
The filleted háir,
And lóok of the Déities
Présent and spéaking;
And the cóld sweat wás stréaming
My whóle body óver,)
I spríng from the cóuch,
And my vóice, and the pálms
Of my úpward-turned hánds,
Dirécting towards héaven,
Póur on the héarth-fire
The unmixed-wine libátion.

“The wórship completed,
I téll the whole cáse,
With jóy, to Anchíses.
He admitted the twófold,
Ambíguous, extráction;
Ánd that he hád now
A sécond time érred
Abóut these old pláces;
Then sáys:— ‘O my són,
So by Ílium’s fates hárrassed,
Cassándra alóne
Such advéntures foretóld me.
I récollect nów,
Her próphecies prómised
These réalms to our ráce,
And oft cálled them Itália,
Hespéria oft cálled them.
But whó could believe
That the Teúcri would cóme
To the cóasts of Hespéria?
Or whó had faith thén
In Cassándra’s foretéllings?
Let us gíve way to Phóebus,
And, táught by this léssohn,
Do bétter in fúture.’

“He sáys; and we áll,
Huzzáing and jóyful,
Obéy his commánd;
This sèttlement tóo
Desért, and a féw
Behínd in it léaving,
Set sáil, and awáy

In our hóllow ships scúð
The vást sea-plain óver.

“And nów o’er the hígh deep
We were hólding our wáy on,
And no lánd was in sight,
But on évery side róund us
Sky ónly and séa,
When, right óver our héads
And the dárk curling wáves,
Stood a lívid cloud lówering,
With níght charged and témpet.
In an ístant the wínds
Raise the vást raging séa,
And dispérse us and tóss us
Abóut on the bíllows.
Through rífts in the stórmclouds
That hide from our sight,
And láp in damp níght,
The ský and daylight,
Shoots the lightning in vólleys.
We are driven from our cóurse,
And drift about blindly
Óver the wáters.
Palinúrus himsélf
Protésts he ’s unáble
Dáy in the ský
To distínguish from níght,
Ór, in the mídst
Of the séa, find his wáy.
Three dáys dim-distínguished,
Three stárless níghts, só
In blind dárkness we drift;

On the fourth day at léngh
Land is fírst seen to rise,
And brings into view móuntains
Awáy in the distance,
And shóws curling smóke.
Dówn drop our sáils,
To our óars we rise úp,
And withóut more adó
Awáy pull the créw,
And twirling the dripping foam
Swéep o'er the blúe.

“The Stróphades’ cóasts
Are the fírst to recéive me,
Sáved from the wáters;
The Stróphades, só
By a Gráian name cálléd,
Are islands that lie
In the gréat sea Iónian,
Where díreful Celéno
And the rést of the Hárpies
Dwéll ever sínce
From their fórmér caróuse
They were fríghted awáy,
And agáinst them was clósed
The pálace of Phíneus.
More fóul pest than théy
The Góds’ wrath sent néver;
Néver from Stýgian wave
Róse direr mónster.
Fáces of dámsels,
Bódies of bírds,
With fóulest dung-dróppings,

And hánds crooked to tálons,
And visages éver
Pállid with fámine.

“When, hither arrived,
We hád the port éntered,
Lo! we sée, everywhére
In the fields, without kéeper
Glád herds of óxen
And flócks of goats grázing.
Sword in hánd we rush ón,
Ánd to a sháre
Of the préy call the Góds,
And Júpiter’s sélf;
Then ráise dining cóuches
Upón the curved shóre,
And spléndidly féast;
Bút, on a súdden,
Dówn from the móuntains
The Hárpies are ón us,
With hórrible clápping
And clánging of wings,
Maráuding, despóiling,
Ánd with uncléan touch
Pollúting the víands;
Screaming díre all the while,
And a nóisome stench shédning.

“Agáin we lay óut,
In a pláce far remóte,
Undernéath an o’erhánging
Rock’s shélter, our tábles,
With trées closed all róund

And thick branching úmbrage,
Ánd on the áltars
Agáin place the fire.
Agáin come the clánging pack
Óut of their hidings,
Ánd from a different
Quárter round gliding,
Pollúte with their tálons
And fól mouths the víands.
I thén bid my cómrades
Betáke them to árms,
And that wár with the díre crew
Múst needs be wáged.
They dó as commáded,
Ánd in the hérbage
Swórds hide and shíelds.
Só when the whírr
Of their dównward flight sóunded
Alóng the curved shóre,
And Misénus with trúmpet-blast,
Fróm his high lóok-out,
Has gíven them the sígnal,
My cómrades rush ón,
And the nóvel fight trí,
To wóund with their swórds
The séa's birds obscéne.
But théy take no húrť
Or on plúmage or bódy,
And awáy toward the ský
In rápid flight gliding,
Their hálf-eaten préy
Leave behínd and foul tráces.
On a lófty-browed rók

One, Celéno, her pérch takes,
And, unlucky sóothsayer,
Cróaks forth these wórds:—

‘And wáge ye war too,
O Laómedon’s sóns,
War too for the óxen
And stéers ye have sláughtered?
And will ye the innocent
Hárpies expél
From their cóuntry and réal’m?
Hear thérefore my wórds
And in your minds fíx them.
What the Fáther almíghty,
To Phóebus Apóllo,
What Phóebus Apóllo
To mé hath foretóld,
I, the chief of the Fúries,
Revéal now to yóu.
For Itália you ’re bóund,
Ánd to Itália,
Áfter your vóws
Ye have máde to the winds,
Ye shall sáfely arrive,
Ánd to land ón it
Sháll be allówed you;
But ye sháll not wall róund
Your appóinted cíty,
Until áfter dire fámíne,
Avénging this úndeserved
Ónslaught on ús,
Has compélled you to nibble
And gnáw round your tréenchers.’

“She said; and fled óff
To the wóod on her pinions.

“Then with súdden fear fréezes
The blóod of my cómrades,
Their cóurage is fálled,
Nor will they on árms
Relý any lónger,
But with práyers and entréaties
The góod will implóre
Of those béings, whatever
Their náture may bé;
Góddesses whéther,
Or díre birds obscéne.
And fáther Anchlíses
With pálm wide spread óut,
As he stánds on the shóre,
Invókes the great Góds,
And ordáins the due hónors:—
‘Avért, ye kind Góds,
The catástrophe thréatened,
And your wórshippers sáve.’
Thén bids them lóosen
And sháke out the rópe coils,
Ánd the stay cáble
Haul óff from the shóre.
South bréezes our sáils stretch,
And, fólloving the cáll
Of the stéersman and wind,
We seud óver the fóam.

“And nów midst the wáves
Shrub Zacýnthus appéars,

And Dulichium, Sáme,
And Néritos' stéep cliffs:
We flée far awáy
From Láërtian Íthaca's
Rócky domáins,
And déep curse the lánd
That nürsed fell Ulýsses.
By and bý Mount Leucáta's
Súmmit's tempéstuos,
And the fáne of Apóllo,
The térror of sáilors,
Upón our view ópens.
Our wéary course thither
We túrn, and heave tó
Beside the small city.
From the prów drops the áncor,
The stérns line the shóre.

“And só of firm lánd,
Beyond áll expectátion
At lást in posséssion,
We perfórm our lustrátions,
And Jóve's altars kindle;
And sólemnize gámes
In dischárge of our vóws,
And let Áctium's shores witness
The pástimes of Ílium;
Our fólk (in delight
To have máde good their flíght
Through the mídst of the fóe's
Many cíties Argólie),
Enácting with náked

And óil-besmeared shóuldern
Their nátive gymnástics.

“In the méantime the sún
Round the gréat year is rólled,
And frore winter’s north-éasters
Róughen the séa.
I bíd them their pláces
Take ón the row-bénches,
And sét out from pórt.
But fírst in the frónt
Of the gáte I set úp
The cóncave brass búckler,
Great Ábas once cárried,
And with this scroll inscribe:
From the cónquering Dánaĩ
Enéas these spóils took.
Then évery oar stríves
Which will smíte the sea stóutest,
And brávely we swéep
O’er the fáce of the déep.

“Straightwáy from our viéw
Slip awáy the Pheácian
Citadels áiry.
Alóng by the cóasts
Of Epirus we skim,
The Chaónian port énter,
And lie to befóre
Buthrótus’ high city.

“An increíble rúmour
Here réaches our éars,

That of Phrygian Eácides'
Cónsort and scéptre
Nów in posséssion,
Priám's son Hélenus
Rúled far and wide
O'er the Gráian cíties,
Ánd that Andrómache
Cálléd once agáin
A compátriot, lórd.
I was strúck with amázeмент;
My bréast was inflámed
With a wóndrous desire
To spéak with the héro,
And héar from himsélf
Of advéntures so stránge;
I léave fleet and shóre,
And walk úp from the pórt.

“It chanced, in a sácred grove
Óutside the cíty,
By the síde of a mimic
Símóis' wátters,
Andrómache wéeping,
To the cínclers of Héctor
Was póuring libátion,
The Mánes invóking,
And óffering the sólemn
And sád viand-óffering,
At the Cénotaph túmulus,
And twó sácred áltars,
She had búilt of green túrf.

“When she saw me approaching,
And about me men armed
With the armour of Tróy,
Séized with wild fright
At the márvellous sight,
She gréw cold and stiff,
And sank dówn in a swóon;
And, áfter a lóng time,
Thus hárdly at lást said:—

‘Is it a réal face,
And cóm’st thou thysélf,
Substántial and living,
Ó Goddess-bórn?
Or if unsubstántial
And nót of this wórld,
Then whý comes not Héctor?’
“She sáid; and with téars
And láments the whole pláce filled.

“With mínd discompósed,
And stámmering útterance
I can scárce to her ráving,
In sýllables bróken
These féw words replý:—
‘I live indeed — dóubt not,
For réal what thou sée’st —
And thróugh all extrémities
Drág on existence.
O thóu that hast fálLEN
From a wédlock so hígh,
Ah! whát ’s thy lot nów?
Is Pýrrhus thy lórd still?

Ór does a súitable
Fórtune at lást
Visit hér that was ónce
Héctor's Andrómache?

“She cást down her lóok,
And with húmble voice sáid:—
‘Oh! háppy was shé,
Above áll Priam's dáughters,
Who benéath Troy's high wálls,
At the énemy's tómb
Was commáded to díe;
No lotcásting for cáptives
Had shé to endúre,
No béd ever tóuched
Of a cónqueror and máster.
But Í, made a sláve
When my cóuntry was búrned,
Over fár seas must trável,
And the próud humors béar
Of the háughty young shóot
Of the stóck of Achilles;
Who áfter a child's birth
Transférred me, his bóndsmaid,
To Hélenus his bóndsman,
And awáy went a-wóoing
Ledéan Hermíone's
Hand Lácedemónian.
But Oréstes, inflámed
By the lóss of the bríde
He so ténderly lóved,
And his thóughts' even ténor

Disturbed by his own crime's
Retributive Furies,
Pounces on him unwary,
And slays him in front
Of the altar domestic.

‘Neoptólemus déad,
A párt of his émpire
To Hélenus féll;
Who, from Cháon the Trójan,
These pláins called Chaónian,
And the náme of Chaónia
Bestówed on the kíngdom;
Ánd with this Pérgamus'
Stróng castle Ílian
These híll tops compléted.
But whát winds have blówn thee
To thése coasts of óurs?
Or whát fate hath léd thee,
What Gód driven thee, híther,
In ígnorance tótal
Of áll that has háppened?
And hów does Ascánius?
Is stíll the boy líving
Whom while Tróy was a cíty —
Is the lóss of his párent
A gríef to him sómetimes?
Does his bréast ever glów
With the óld martial spírit?
Does he éver remémber
He 's són of Enéas,
And néphew of Héctor?’

“As thús she was póuring
Her lóng lamentátion,
And áll in vain wéeping,
Forth óut of the fórtress,
By a gréat suite escórted,
Comes Priám’s son Hélenus,
His friends recogníses,
And léads with joy in;
And with éach word he útters
Sheds mány a téar.
I obsérve on my wáy
How líke to great Tróy
Their mimic Troy city
And Pérgamus tíny,
With the scánty dry stréamlet
They cáll after Xánthus,
And clásp to my bósom
Their Scáean gate’s pórtal.

“Nór, at the sáme time,
Enjóyed not the Teúcri
Their city of friends;
The Kíng entertained them
In pórticoes ámple;
In the mídst of the háll
Stood the gólden-served bánquet;
And with bówls in their hánds
They libáted to Bácsus.

“And só, as awáy
Fleeted dáy after dáy,
And the bréezes of Áuster,
Infláting the lint-sheet,

Invited to sail,
 I accóost in these wórds,
 And inquire of, the séer:—
 ‘O thóu Trojan-bórn,
 Who intérpret’st the Góds;
 Who Phóebus’ divíne will
 Percéivest and féel’st;
 Who expóundest the Clárian’s
 Láurels and trípods,
 The sígns of the stárs,
 And the lánguage of birds,
 And the ómens derived
 From the swift-flying wing,
 O sáy — for the Góds,
 With one ónly exeéption,
 To Ítaly eáll me,
 And the lánds reserved fór me
 Commánd me to try; ‘
 And religion my whóle course
 Has prómised me prósperous,
 Only Hárpy Celéno
 With áwful wrath thréatens,
 And predicts us a fámine,
 Foul, stránge, and prodígious,
 And súch as no píous soul
 Dáre even spéak of —
 Say whát ’s the chief dánger;
 These difficulties hów
 Shall I bést shun or cónquer.

“Here Hélenus, fírst
 Having sláughtered the stéers

By the ritual required,
Entréats the heaven's gráce;
And, unlóosing the tíar
From his sánctified héad,
Me, in ánxious suspénse
And áwe of the Gód's
Great mánifestátion,
Leads himsélft, in his hánd,
To thy dwélling, O Phóebus.
Thén in prophétic strain
Fróm his divíne mouth
Thús sang the priest:—

‘O bórn of a Góddess!
Since the gréatness is pláin
Of the áuspices which
O'er the hígh deep escórt thee —
Since the mónarch of Góds
Appóints the Fates só,
So dispóses evénts
In succéssion and órder —
Sóme out of mány points
Í'll expláin tó thee,
That thou máy'st with more sáfety
The séa take for hóst,
And secúrely at lást
In Ausónian port séttle.
To knów more than this,
Or móre than this téll,
The bán of the Párcae
And Júnó Satúrnian
Hélenus hinders.

‘First of áll, that Itália
Thou déem’st near at hánd,
And whose pórts thou prepar’st,
As if clóse at the dóor,
(Ah how little thou knów’st!)
All at ónce to inváde,
Beyond mány a lánd’s
Wide impássable tráct
Lies fár far away.
Thine óar thou must tóg
In Trináeria’s wátters,
The bríny Ausónian
Must návigate róund,
The Inférnal Lakes visit,
And páss by the ísland
Of Círee Eéan,
Befóre thou canst séttle
On sáfe land thy cíty.
I ’ll téll thee the tókens:
Keep them stóred in thy mind.

‘When thóu, in the mídst
Of thy tróuble and cáre,
Benéath the holm óaks
That bólder the báńks
Of a river retired,
A great whíte sow shalt fínd
Stretched at léngth on the gróund,
Giving súck to her fárrów
Of thirty young pígs,
Each as whíte as hersélf,
That spót ’s thy sure rést
And the síte of thy cíty.

Nor lét thy flesh créep
At that gnáwing of tréenchers;
The Fátes will a wáy find,
Apóllo when cálléd on
Will cóme to thine áid.

‘But avóid the edge néxt us
Of Ítaly’s shóres;
Wicked Gráii inhábit,
And fíll with their cíties,
All that tráct which is wáshed
By this séa-surf of óurs;
Here the Lóeri Narýcian
Their cíty have built,
Ánd with his sóldiery
Lýctian Idómeneus
Óccupies wide
The Sállentine pláins.
Here too on the stréngth
Of her wáll Philoctétian
Relies with all cónfidence
Chíef Melibóeus’s
Lítte Petília.

‘Even whén on the óff side
Thy fléet has arríved,
And ón the seashóre
Thou art ráising thine áltars
And páying thy vóws,
Thy lócks thou must shróud,
And thy fáce cover úp,
With a wrápper of púrple,
Lest, whílst at the blázing

And sánetified áltars
Thou art hónoring the Góds,
An énemy's fáce
By some chánce meet thine eýe,
And már all the ómens.
Let thysélf, let thy cómrades,
This cústom obsérve,
Thy postérity éver
In hóliness kéep,
And abide by, this rítual.

‘But whén on thy wáy
Thou hast sèt out from hénce,
And the wind wafts thee néar
To the cóast of Sicília,
And the stráits of Pelórus
Begin to grow wide,
Keep awáy from the wáters
And shóre on the stárboard,
And, awáy to the lárboard
In lóng circuit tácking,
The léft shore sweep róund.

‘They sáy that these lánds,
At first óne and continuous,
Have, at sóme time or óther,
With mighty convúlsion
And vást wreck and rúin
In twáin leaped asúnder,
(So powérful is tíme's lapse
To bring about chánges,)
And thát the sea, fóreibly
Ín between rúshing,

Cut Ítaly óff
From the side of Hespéria,
Só that an interposed
Fríth's narrow wáters
Now wash ópposite cities
And ópposite fields.

‘The right side by Scýlla
Is gárrisoned stróng;
Charýbdis implácable
Síts on the léft,
And into her whirlpool,
Sheer dówn perpendicular
Three tímes in succéssion
Each vást billow súcks,
Ánd to the úpper air
Thrice aloft flings each,
And láshes the stárs:
But Scýlla the fáce has
Óf a fair máiden,
And húman her búst is
As fár as the gróin,
Where it énds in a mónstrous
Huge trúnk of a grámpus,
To a wólf's belly knít
And the táil of a dólphin:
And óut of the dárk
Cavern-hóle that conceáls her
She thrústs her face fórh,
And drags shíps on the rócks.
Far bétter to cómpass,
Althóugh it deláy thee,

Trinácrian Pachýnus,
 With lóng circuit róund,
 Than one single look cást
 On uncóuth shapeless Scýlla
 In her vást cavern cróuching,
 Or the rócks that resóund
 With her blúe cub-wolves' bárk.

‘Besides, (if in Hélenus
 Áught be of wisdom,
 If ány reliance
 May be pláced in the séer,
 And if but with trúth
 Apóllo his mind fílls,)
 Of this póint, Goddess-bórn,
 This one póint I'll forewárn thee,
 This one póint above áll,
 And óver and óver
 And óver agáin
 Will repéat and impréss it;
 To Júnó's great Gódhead .
 Addréss thy first vóws,
 To Júnó thy gifts bring,
 To Júnó thy práyers sing,
 And, with héart and soul póured forth
 In húmble entréaties,
 Subdúe to thy wishes
 The pówerful dóнна:
 So shált thou at lást
 From Trinácria be pássed
 To Ítaly's cónfines,
 Succéssful, victórious.

‘When Itália thou ’st réached,
And the cíty of Cúma,
And rústling Avérnus’
Divíne woods and lákes;
Thou shalt sée the crazed máid
That benéath the coved róck
Writes her vérses prophétic
On plúcked leaves of trées:
So lóng as the dóor
Of the cáve remains shút,
These presérve their due órder,
Arráinged as she léft them;
But whén the door ópens,
The fírst puff of wínd
Sends the ténder leaves flitting
The whóle cave abóut,
And the máid never cáring
To cách, and dispóse them
Anéw in their órder,
Inqúirers awáy go
As wíse as they cáme,
And túrn with disgúst
From the cáve of the Síbyl.

‘Here lísten not thóu,
Though thy cómrades may chide thee,
And a fáir wind may cáll thee,
And préss thee to sáil;
Nor the tíme lost to trável
Estéem of such válué,
As nót to go páy
Thy res pécts to the séer,
And bég she may pléase

Her closed lips to open,
And give to her prophecies
Utterance oral.

‘Duly worshipped, the priestess
Will clearly explain thee
The nations Italian,
The wars that await thee,
And how thou may'st best
Flee or bear every toil;
And on thy way prosperous
Forward will send thee.
With these admonitions
My voice is permitted
To warn and advise thee.
Now go, and aloft
With thy brave deeds exalt
Mighty Troy to the ether.’

“The seer, when with friendly mouth
Thus he had spoken,
Bids massy gold presents
Be brought to the vessels,
And on board of them great store
Of silver plate stows,
And ivory fillagree,
Bowls Dodonæan,
And the linked coat of mail
Neoptolemus wore
Of triple gold wire,
And his helmet so splendid
With horse-tail appended
To high towering crest.

Gifts appropíate, too,
He bestóws on my síre;
And présents us with hórses,
Présents us with pilots,
The númber of rówers
Fills up compléte,
And with rowing implements
Rígs us out néw.

“Meantíme to get réady
Our másts and our cánvas,
And nó lose the fáir wind,
Anchises gives cóunsel:
And thús, with much hónor
Addréssing him, sáys
The próphet of Phóebus:—

‘O thóu, worthy déemed
Of Vénus’ high núptials,
Special cáre of the Góds,
Anchises, twice réscued
From Pérgamus’ ruíns,
Behóld stretched befóre thee
The lánd of Ausónia;
Sail awáy for it stráight.
This néar side, howéver,
Skirt alóng without tóuching;
Far fróm it apárt
Lies that dístrict Ausónian,
Apóllo throws ópen.
On, ón, of a dúteous son
Ó happy fáther:
The Áustri are rising,

What néed of more tálking?
Or why should I lónger
With préaching deláy thee?’

“Andrómaché too,
Sad at pártng for éver,
Has bróught for Ascánius —
Nor is the boy lóth
With the gift to be lóaded —
A Phrýgian-wrought Chlámys
With figures embróidered
Upón a gold gróund;
And thús to him sáys:—

‘Take this too, my bóy;
Let this wórk of my hánds
Remind thee sometímes
Of the cónsort of Héctor,
Ánd of the lóng love
Andrómaché béars thee.
Take thy rélatíve’s lást gift,
O thóu, the sole ímage
On éarth to me léft
Of Astýanax nów;
Like thíne were his féatures,
Like thíne his hánds’ móvéménts,
His eýes glanced like thíne,
And he wóuld be, if líving,
Just nów the same áge,
Such a strípling as thóu.’

“With gúshing tears thús
I addréssed them at pártng:—
‘Live in háppíness yé,

Who alréady your fórtunes
Have máde and compléted.
While wé out of óne fate
Are called to anóther,
Rest 's provided for yóu:
No wide-spreading séa-plain
Have yé to plough óver;
No fields of Ausónia,
Still fléeing befóre ye,
Have yé to pursúe.
Ye have hére, in your sight,
An image of Xánthus,
A Tróy which your ówn hands
Have built, let me hópe,
With áuspices bétter
Than thóse of the óld one,
Ánd to the Gráii
Of áccess less éasy.
If éver the stréam
Of the Týber I énter,
If I éver arrive at
The Týberine fields,
And sée the strong city
That 's gránted my péople,
We 'll blénd and uníte
Into óne Troy in spirit
The twó sister cíties,
The twó kindred péoples,
Thís in Epírus,
And thát in Hespéria,
Bóth from one fórefather
Dárdanus sprúng,
And the sélfsame misfórtune;

Ánd may our children
The bónd preserve éver.'

“Whilst alóng by the néighbouring
Ceraúnians we stéer,
Whence shórttest the pássage
Acróss to Itália,
The sún sets, and dárkness
Falls thícK on the móuntains:
Then divíding amóngst us,
For tént-poles, our óars,
We láy us full léngth
On the lánd's welcome láp,
And rést and refrésh us
Alóng the dry béach
At the édge of the wáter,
Till déwy sleep sóftly
Steals ón our tired limbs.

“Borne alóng by the Hóurs,
Night hád not yet réached
The mid arch of héaven,
When úp from his cóuch
Alert springs Palinúrus,
And ín his ear's hóllow
Each bréath of air cáatching,
Tries hów the wind blóws:
Notes áll the stars, silently
Ín the sky glíding,
The twáin Bears, Arctúrus,
And Hýades ráiny,
And cásts his eye róund
On Oríon's gold tráppings;

Then séeing the whóle sky
For fáir weather séttled,
From the póop gives loud sígal:
We decámp, spread our sáils' wings,
And éssay the vóyage.

“And nów from befóre
The first réd of Auróra
The stárs had retréated,
When, díim in the díistance,
The hílls of Itália
And lówland, we sée.
'Itália!' Achátes
Is first to cry óut:
Itália the whóle crew
Salúte with glad shóut.
Then fáther Anchíses
Tákes a great béaker,
And fills it with púre wine,
And gárlands it róund,
And ón the high póop standing
Cálls to the Góds:—

‘Ye Góds that rule óver
Lánds, seas, and témpests,
Gránt us a fáir wind,
And próssper our vóyage.’
The wished-for breeze ríses,
And wáfts us on stéady.
The hárbour, as néar we draw,
Ópens, and gives us
Full view of the témples
Of Cástrum Minérvæe.

We fúrl sail, and tóward the shore
Túrn our ships' bóws in.
The créscent-shaped hárbour,
Scooped óut by the fórcé
Of the éasterly billows,
Lies híd from the viéw
By a lédge of rocks, éver
With sált sea-spray fúming.
The túrret-crowned cliffs
Send dówn to the shóre,
On this side and thát,
Their lóng flanking wáll.
Betwéen, in the distance,
The témples 's seen rising.

“Here I sée the first ómen;
Four hórses snow-white
In the ópen fields grázing:
And fáther Anchíses:—
‘These hórses bode wár,
For hórses are párt
Of the équipage wárlike:
O lánd, thou recéivest
Our vísit with wár.
Yet there 's hópe of peace too,
For these véry same cáttle
Are at óther times wónt
To be yóked to one cár,
And to dráw in one hárnesh
Harmónious togéther.’

“Then váiling our héads
With a clóse Phrygian múffle,

We bég, at armísonant
Pállas's áltars,
The bléssing and gráce
Of the déity hóly,
That héard the first jóyous
Hurráhs of our lánding;
And Hélenus' strictest
Injúctions obéying,
In due fórm offer úp
To Júnó of Árgos
The hónors commáded;
Then, as sóon as compléted
Our vóws' presentátion,
Turn séaward the hórn
Of our shéeted yard-árm,
And the fields leave behind
And suspícious abódes
Of the bórn of the Graïi.

“Seen on óne hand the báy
Of Hercúlean Taréntum —
If fáme truly súrnames
Taréntum, Hercúlean —
While ópposite rises
The témples Lacinian,
And Cáulon's hill fórtress,
Ánd Scylacéum's
Shíp-wrecking héadland.
And awáy in the distance
We sée from the billow
Trinácrian Étna:
And héar from afár
The lóud, broken róar

Of the séa on the shóre,
As with áll its sands séething,
And billows exúltig,
It béats on the rócks.

“Then fáther Anchíses:—
‘This cán be no óther
Than thát same Charýbdis;
These hére are the réefs,
These the hórrible rócks,
Of which Hélenus wárned us:
Bear awáy, hearty féllows,
And évenly ón your oars
Rise all togéther.’

“They obéy the commánd;
And first Palinúrus
Róund to the lárboard
The bráying prow túgs;
Róund to the lárboard,
With óars and sails tácking,
The whóle squadron véers.
On the crést of the swéll
We rise úp to the ský,
Then sink in its déep trough
Down, dówn to the Mánes.
The hóllow rocks thrice
We heard róaring belów,
Thrice with the spirted spray
Sáw the stars dripping.

“In the méantime the wínd,
With depárting day, léaves us;

Ánd to the Cýclops' coasts,
Óf the way ignorant,
Wéary we glíde.
The pórt itself 's spácious,
And fróm the wind shélted;
But, with rúin horrífic,
Close bý thunders Étna;
Sometímes, with tornádo - burst,
Úp to the éther
A pitchy cloud thrówing
Of smóke and red áshes,
Ánd the stars lícking
With vólumes of flámes;
Sometímes to the ský aloft,
With a roar, bélching
Mólten rocks rént
From its ówn stony bówels,
And vólleys of splinters,
Ánd from its lówest depths
Séething and bármíng.

“The rúmour is rífe,
That benéath this huge Étna
Squéezed lies Encéladus'
Half thúnder - burnt bódý;
Which has búrst ítself flúes,
And blázes out thróugh
The mass súperíncumbent,
Ánd with a smóky web
Wéaves the whole ský:
And thát, every tíme
He túrns hímself óver
To rést híis tíred síde,

All Trinácria rúmbles,
And tó the core trémbles.

“Of the nóises unéarthly
We héard all that night,
As we láy in the wóods,
No cáuse could we sée;
For the ský's bright Ethéreal,
And stárfires were ábsent,
And through thick murky ráincLOUDS
Dead mídnight's moon wáded.

“And nów in the éarly east
Mórning was rising,
And Dáwn had the díim shade
Dispélled from the ský;
When óut of the fórest
A stránge apparítion
Comes súddenly fóward;
A mán, to the lást degree
Wásted and hággard,
And tó us a stránger;
Ánd, in most píteous plight,
Tóward the shore strétches
His súppliant hánds.

“We túrn our look tóward him:
Long béard, and filth shócking;
Clothes with thórns stuck togéther;
In áll else a Gráían,
And érst to Troy sént
In his fátherland árms.

“But hé, still afár,
 At the sight of Troy’s árms
 And our cóstume Dardánian,
 Checked his stép all at ónce,
 And a while stood affrighted:
 Then, áfter a líttle,
 Rushed dówn to the shóre,
 With téars and entréaties:—

‘Bý the stárs I adjúre ye,
 Bý the pówers supérnal,
 Bý the áir we ’re bréathing,
 Ánd the light of héaven,
 Táke me with ye, Teúeri,
 Tó whatever lánds;
 Tó whatever lánds,
 Só from this ye táke me.
 I dený not Í am
 Óf those Dánaĩ óne
 Whó with wár inváded
 Thé Penátes Ílian.
 Óf which misdemeánour
 Íf so gréat the crime be,
 Ín the vást sea drówn me,
 Tó the billows flíng me,
 Scátter mé, pieceméal;
 To pérish Í objéct not,
 Só it bé by mén’s hands.’

“He sáid; and róund our knées
 Clúng, and rólled, and twísted:
 His náme and his advéntures,
 Ánd what stóck he ’s cóme of,

We bid him boldly téll:
 And sire Anchíses' sélf
 Óffers his hánd at ónce,
 And with the inmédieate plédge
 Assúres the yóung man's mínd,
 Who cónfidént at lást says:—

‘By bírth I ám of Íthaca;
 My náme is Ácheménides,
 Unfórtunate Ulýsses' cómrade;
 To Tróy, to séek my fórtune, sént
 Bý my poor fáther Ádamástus —
 Áh, that we stíll had póor remáined!
 My cómrades, in their trépidátion
 And hásty quítting óf the vást
 And crúel cávern óf the Cýclops,
 Have hére forsáken ánd forgót me.
 Huge, góry, dárk, that bándquet-háll;
 Himsélf knocks át the stárs, so táll:
 Góds, from súch a mónster sáve us;
 Íll to lóok at, ill to accóst;
 A cánnibál, that ón the flésh
 And grím blood óf poor wrétches féeds.
 Mysélf have séen, where, ás he láy
 Strétched on his báck in thé cave's mídst,
 He séized with his broad hánd, and smáshed
 Agáinst the rók two óf our númer,
 And sét the flóor all róund abóut him
 Swímming in a splásh of sánies.
 Mysélf have séen undér his téeth
 The wárm limbs quívering, ás he chámpe'd them
 Óozy, and drípping with black góre:
 Nót with impúnity hówéver;

Nor wére such pránks tamely' endúred
 By Íthacús; nor díd Ulýsses
 Forgét himsélf in thát conjúcture.
 Fór on the ístant thát dead-drúnk,
 And górged with fód, he droóped his héad,
 And láy, imménse, stretched thróugh the cáve,
 Erúcting in his sléep a másh
 Of wine, and blóod, and hálf-chewed flésh;
 We, áll at ónce, (beséeching first
 The gréat God's hélp, and tó each mán
 By lót his séveral párt assigning,)
 From évery síde round póur upón him,
 Ánd with a shárp stake bóre the eýe,
 The óne, huge, súnk eye, thát, as róund
 As Phoébus' lámp or shíeld Argólie,
 Gláred from benécath his lówering fórehead;
 And só, with jóy, revénge at lást
 The ghósts of óur compánions.
 But flée, O wrétched béings, flée,
 And bréak the rópe off fróm the shóre:
 For éverywhére these cúrved coasts róund
 A húndred óther Cýclóps dwéll,
 Ór in the lófty móuntains wánder,
 Each óne as úgly, húge and mónstrous,
 As thát same Pólyphéme, that péns
 His wóolly flócks in cávern hóllo, 800
 Ánd from their údders thé milk squéezes.

'The móon is nów her hórns with light
 The third time fílling, sínce amóng
 The wíld beasts' désert háunts and hómes,
 Hére in the wóods, I drág existence,
 Eýe the vast Cýclóps ón the rócks there,

And stárt at theír voice-sóund and fóotsteps.
 Upón upróoted wéeds I féed,
 And with the córnél's stóny bérries
 Eke óut a pítiful subsistence.

‘As áll things róund I réconnoítred,
 This fleet tóward the shóre appróaching
 Mét my view first; to it, whatever
 It might be, Í ’ve consigned myself,
 Cáreless by yóur hands hów I pérish,
 Íf I escápe that créw accúrsed.’

“Scáree had he sáid, when wé behóld
 Upón the híll-top, mídst his shéep,
 The shépherd Pólyphéme hímsélf,
 Unwíeldilý his vást bulk móving
 In the shóre’s well knówn diréction,
 A hórríd, shápeless, húge, blind mónster.
 A póllard pine-trunk, ín his hánd,
 Stéadies ánd dirécts his stéps;
 Alóng with him keep cómpany
 The wóolly shéep, his sóle delight,
 And ónly sólace óf his wóe;
 His pástoral pípe hangs fróm his néck.

“Whén he had cóme down tó the wáter,
 Ánd of the high waves félt the cóntact,
 The brúised and clótted góre straightwáy
 He wáshes fróm his éyeless sócket,
 Gnáshing with his téeth and gróaning;
 And thóugh far ín the séa he ’s wálking,
 No wáve has báthed his táll flank yét.

“Wé, upon our part, silently
The cable cut, and taking with us
The suppliant who so well deserved it,
Spéed away in trépidation,
And bénding fórdward ón our óars,
Strive who will swéep the séa-plain fástest.

“He héard; and in the sóund’s diréction
His fóotsteps túrned; but wén he cóuld not
Lay hánd upón us, ór pursúe
Fást as the Íonian wáves retréated,
He ráised such án imménse loud shóut
As máde the séa with ál its wáves,
Ánd the whole lánd of Ítaly trémble,
Tó its inmost córe affrighted,
And Étna’s cróoked cávérns bellow.

“Thén from the wóods and lófty móuntains
Dówn to the pórt excited rúshing,
The elán of Cýclops fills the shóres.
With grim-scówling lówering éye,
Disappóinted thére they ’re stánding
Ín full viéw, the Etnéan bróthers,
A hórrid dívan, hígh to héaven
Their táll heads réaring, like a gróup
Of lófty-tópped aéríal óaks,
Or cýpressés coníferous,
Hígh sácred-gróve of Jóve or Dían.

“To lóose our sáils out tó the bréezes,
Ánd flee héadlong ány whither,
The shárpness óf our féar impéls us;
But wárned by Hélenús’ instrúctions

Nót to attépt the nárrow pássage,
 Séparáing déath by Scýlla
 Fróm Charýbdis' néighbouring déath,
 To stéer our cóurse back wé detérmine —
 Whén from Pelórus' stráits — behóld!
 Bóreas comes dówn, and sóuthward béars us
 Pást Pantágia's rócky móuth,
 And Mégara's inlet, ánd low Thápsus:
 These pláces Ácheménides,
 Hápless Ulýsses' cómrade, shówed us,
 Ás we bóre him báck álóng
 The cóasts he fórmérly had sáiled up.

“An ísland — cálléd of óld, Ortýgia —
 Strétches acróss the báý Sicánian,
 In frónt of bíllowy Plemmýrium.
 Fame sáys that híther Élis' river
 Alphéus wróught his hídden wáy
 Únder the séa's bed, ánd is nów
 Thróugh thy fóuntain, Árethúsa,
 Míxed with thé Sicilian wáves.
 Tó the great lócal Déities hére
 The réverénce prescribéd we rénder;
 Then léave belínd the sóil enríched
 Bý the o'erflówing óf Helórus,
 And, únder thé tall précípíces
 Óf Pachýnus' rócky héadland
 Álong cóasting, séc, far óff,
 Cámarína, bý the Fátes
 Ínterdictéd fróm all móvement,
 And Géla — só calléd fróm its ríver —
 Wild Géla, ánd the pláins Gelóan.
 Steep Ácragás, the bréeder ónce

Of génerous hórses, thén displáys
Ín the dístance its vast rámparts.
Thee too, with á fair wínd, we léave,
Pálmy Selínus, ánd scud ón
Óver the dífficult Lílybéum's
Réefy wátters. Drépanum's pórt,
And jóyless shóre receíve me thén.
Hére, after áll my búffetíngs
With the tempéstuous sea, I lóse,
Alás! I lóse my síre Anchíses,
Sólace of áll my tóils and cáres;
Hére thou desértest thý tired són
O bést of síres, alás! in váin
Snátched from the mídst of só great dángers.
Néither síre Hélenús this gríef,
Though mány a hórror hé predicted,
Nor díre Celéno éver tóld me.
Thís was the lást of áll my tróubles,
The góal of mý long trávels thís.
Whén I depárted thénce, a Gód
Lánded me hére on yóur sea-bórd."

Só, while all lístened, síre Enéas
Relátéd thé dívine ordáinments,
Ánd his trávels' hístory tóld;
And hére at lást came tó an énd,
And céased álíke from wórd and áction.

IV.

But áll this lóng while thé Queen 's sórely fréttíng,
The póison óf the wóund works in her véins,
A slów and smóulderíng fire wastes hér awáy;
Óft to her mínd recúrs how éxcellént
The mán himsélf, honóred how múch the nátion;
His lóoks and wórds adhére fixed in her bréast,
Nór to her fráme allóws care plácíd sléep.

Mórrów's Auróra hád from héaven remóved
The húmíd shádw, ánd with lámp Phoebéan
Was súrveyíng the éarth, when, síck at héart,
She thús accósts her sóul-accórdíng síster:—
“O síster Ánn, what térrífýíng vísíons
Dístráct and fill me with anxíetý!
What nów-sort guést thís, tó our séats arríved!
How dígnífíed the expréssíon óf his fáce!
How stróng and stálwart áre his chést and árms!
I thínk, nor váín the thóught, he 's óf the Góds' race,
For tímorous éver ís the lów-born mínd.
Alás, by whát fates hé was tóssed abóút!
What wárs fought tó the drégs he sáng! Were 't nóť
My mínd's fixed ánd ímmútable resólvé
No móre with ány óne in márríage bónd
To assóciate mé, sínce óf my fírst attáchment

I wás by Déath so chéated ánd beguiled —
 With útter tédium túrned I nót from wédlock,
 I might perháps to this one fáult succúmb.
 Ánna — for Í 'll conféss it — since the time
 My spóuse Sicheús mét his wréched fáte,
 Ánd the Penátes with a frátricide
 Were sprinkled, this man sóle my résolution
 Hath máde to tótter, ánd my féelings biassed:
 I knów the márks of the óld famíliar fláme.
 But ráther lét the yáwning éarth ingúlf me,
 Or with his thúnder thé omnípotent Sire
 Tó the shades húrl me — Érebús' pale shádes,
 And night profóund — than thát, O Módesty,
 I violate thée or sín agáinst thy láws.
 Hé that first jóined me tó him bóre áwáy
 My lóves at his depárture; lét the sáme
 Still háve, and in his sépúlchre présérve, them.”
 She sáid; and filled with gúshing téars her bósom.

Ánna replíes:— “O thón, than líght more déar
 Untó thy síster, shált thou lónely pine,
 And wáste áwáy in célibáte perpétual,
 Nor children swéet, nor Vénus' guérdoms knów?
 The cinders, trówest thou, ór sepúlchred Mánes
 Have thát care? Gránt, no súitors érst thy síck
 Despónding mind have influénced, in Líbya
 Or prévious Týre; Iárbas wás despísed,
 And tríumph-téeming Áfric's óther chiefs;
 Múst thou fight thérefore éven with a lóve that pléases?
 Bethínk'st thee nót in whóse fields thón hast séttled?
 How hém thee ín on this síde thé Getúlian
 Cíties and tribes invíncible in wár,
 The bíttless Númid ánd waste kindless Sýrtes;

On thát the thirsty désert, ánd Barcéi
 Maráuding wide? see'st thóu no wárs in Týre's
 Horizon rising, héar'st no bróther's thréats?
 With Júnó's áuspicsés and fávoring Gódhead,
 I dóubt not, háve the Ílian véssels héld
 Their híther cóurse: O síster, whát a cíty
 Shált thou behóld this! whát a kíngdom sée
 Rise out of súch a márríage! Cómpanied
 By Teúcrian árms to whát vast héights shall réach
 The Púníc glóry: ónly thóu the Góds' gráce
 Beg dúly ánd obtáin with sácrafíce;
 Then gíve thy hósptálitý free scópe,
 Ánd with excúse upón excúse deláy him:
 Ships crázy — stórmy sée — watrý Orion —
 In súch rough wéather whó wóuld thínk of sáiling?"

Her lóve-sick mínd with thése words shé inflámed,
 And bléw to kíndling, ánd in the pláce of dóubt
 Put fírm hope, ánd turned módesty adríft.
 Fírst to the fánés they gó, and mídst the áltars
 Seek gráce with wónted ófferings óf seléct
 Sécond-year shéep to Législátive Céres,
 Phóebus and síre Lyéus; ábove áll
 To Júnó, pátronéss of márríage bónds.
 Óut of a pátera, in her ríght hand héld,
 Hérsélf, most lóvely Dído, póurs the wine
 Betwéen the twó horns óf a bríght white ców,
 Ór in the mídst of thé fat áltars páces
 Befóre the présent Góds, and sólemnísing
 The dáy with ófferings, ánd re-sólemnísing,
 Intént pores ón the béstíal's ópened bréasts,
 And cóunsél áskés of thé still bréáthíng éntíails.
 Ah, líttle knéw the sóóthsayers! vóws whát úse,

What úse are témples tó her in her frénzy?
 The fláme eats hér soft márrow áll the while,
 The vóiceless wóund benéath her bósom ránkles.
 Stúng to a fúry, hápless Dído spéeds
 Érrant and áimless ó'er the tótal city:
 Thróugh the Dictéan wóods and bóskey gládes
 So flées ahead the hînd that shépherd's árrow
 Hath píerced from fár mid Crétan wóods, unwáry,
 And cárries in her flánk the déadly réed,
 Nor wóts the hûnter thát his shót has táken.
 Now thróugh the fórts she léads Enéas with her,
 Shéws him the wéalth Sidónian, city réady;
 Bégins to spéak out, stóps in the mídst of the séntence;
 Nów at day's fáll reséeks the féast, and crázed
 Intréats to héar once móre the Ílian tóils,
 Once móre hangs ón the líps of thé narrátor;
 Áfter, when áll are góne, and in her túrn
 The móon goes dówn, and stáreset cóunsels sléep,
 Lone móurning in the éempty hóuse, she léans
 Óver the cóuch where látely hé reclined,
 And sées him présent still, and héars him spéaking;
 Or chármed with thé resémblance tó his síre,
 Hólds in her láp Ascánius, tó beguile,
 Íf at all póssible, the míscréant pássion.
 The túrrets háve ceased rísing; thé young mén,
 Práctising árms; ports áre no móre prépared,
 Or militáry búlwarks sáfe and súde;
 The wórks hang interrúpted óf the húge
 And frówning wálls, and éngines hígh as héaven.

That súch a pést had hólđ of hér, so sóon
 As Jóve's dear spóuse percéived, and thát her pássion
 Befóre it swépt the bárrier óf fair fáme,

Satúrnia in these wórds addrésses Vénus:—
 “Nótable práise, indéed, and ámples spoíls
 Ye cárry óff, thou ánd thy són — a gréat
 And mémorable náme — by ártífice
 Of twó divínities íf one wóman ’s cónquered;
 Nor só purblínd am Í as nótt to sée
 That dréad of whát my cápítal may yét be
 Mákes thee suspícious óf high Cárthage’ hómes.
 But whát shall bé the bóund? or tó what púrpose
 So gréat conténtions? why not ráther stúdy
 Péace everlásting bý a márríage cóntract?
 Whát with thine whóle soul thóu hast sóught is thine:
 Dídó ’s in lóve — on fire — through áll her bónes
 The pássion ráges — lét us thén this péople
 Góvern in cómmon, ánd with áuspícés
 Équal: let hér obéy a Phrygian húsband,
 And hánd the Týrians ó’er in dówer to thee.”

To hér — for shé percéived the spéech was féigned
 With púrpose tó divért to Líbya’s cóast
 Th’ Ítálian émpire — Vénus thús replíed:—
 “Whó so insénsate tó refúse such óffer,
 And chóose in préférence a wár with thee,
 Might ónly fórtune tréad in the stéps of the déed?
 But Í ’m kept vácilláting báck and fóward,
 Unáble Fáte’s inténtion tó discóver,
 And whéther it be Jóve’s will tó permit
 The Týrians ánd Tróy’s trávellérs be blént
 Ínto one péople, with one cómmon cáuse,
 One cité cápítal: his cónsort thóu,
 The privilége thine to trý what práyers may dó:
 Ón; I will fóllo.” Róyal Júnó thén:—
 “That tásk be mine; and nów — give héed — I’ll téach thee

In féw words hów to a háppy clóse may bést
 Be bróught this bússiness: théy prépare to gó —
 Enéas ánd most wrétched Dído with him —
 Ínto the wóods to hünt, soon ás the béams
 Of rising Titan háve tomórrow's wórlð
 Uncóvered. Dówn upón them, át the móment
 Óf the extrémest húrry óf outriders
 To inclóse with néts the brákes where thé game pástures
 Amóng the wóods, I 'll póur a bláckening stórm
 Of háil and ráin, and róuse the whole ský with thúnder;
 The cómpany, with dínnight cóvered, flée
 On áll sides. Dído ánd the Trójan chief
 Méet in the sáme cave. Í 'll be présent thére,
 And Hýmen with me; ánd, on thy good wíll
 Íf I may cóunt sure, thére I 'll jóin her tó him,
 And with a lásting márríage máke her his."
 Not lóth yields Cýtheréa thé consént
 Required, and smíles at thé devíce ingénious.

Mórn hath arisen meanwhile, and léft the ócean;
 Fórth, at the first blaze óf the stár of dáy,
 Póur from the gátes the chósen prime óf the yóuth,
 With néts, and gíns, and húnting spéars broad-bláded,
 Rider Massýlian, ánd quick-scénted hóund.
 The élite óf the Póeni róund the pálace
 Awáit the Quéen, who língers in her chámber;
 In crimson ánd in góld capárisoned stánding,
 The méttled chárger chám্পs thé bít to fóam.
 At léngth with á large éscort shé sets fórward,
 Clád in Sidónian chlámys with limned bórder:
 Of góld her quíver; tíed her lócks in góld;
 Gólden the cláspings óf her púrple vést:
 The Phrygians tóo set óut, and glád Iúlus,

And, hándsomést of áll, Enéas' sélf,
Whose cóming jóins the twó troops into óne.

As whén Apóllo Xánthus' stréams desérting
And Lýcian winter, tó matérnal Délos
Pays vísit, and new stáblishés his chóirs;
And róund the áltars rise the mingled vóices
Of Crétan, Dryóps ánd dyed Ágathýrse;
Himsélf walks frée upón the slópes of Cýnthe,
Móulding his flówing lócks, and with soft fóliage
Binding, and góld impláiting; ón his shóulders
The dárts clang; nó less lively móved Enéas,
Nó less surpássing gráce beamed fróm his féatures.

Whén to the lófty móuntains théy have cóme
And déns imprácticáble; ló! the wild goats,
Driven from the híghest óf the crággy súmmits,
Run dówn the stéep slopes; in anóther quárter,
Acróss the ópen pláins, in dústy gróups
The déer scour fugítive, and quít the móuntains.
Bút in the válleys' mídst the bóy Ascánus
Jóys in his méttled stéed, and nów past thése,
Past thóse nów ráces, ánd would fáin to his vóws
'Móngst the dull béasts some fóaming bóar were gránted,
Ór from the móuntain cáme dówn thé tawn lion.

Begins meanwhile confúsió in the ský
Ánd a great rúmbling; fóllows háil-and-ráin-storm;
The Týrian cómpany, Trójan yóuths, and Vénus'
Grándson Dardánian, fríghted, várious shéltér
Séek everywhére the fíelds thróugh; fróm the móuntains
Rush rívers; Dido ánd the Trójan chíef
Arrive at thé same gróttó; prímal Téllus

And Júnó Prónubá give signal; cónscious
 Éther upón the márrriage fláshes líghtríngs,
 Ánd from the tóp o' th' crág the nýmphis cry "wóe!"
 That dáy was óf her déath first órígin,
 First órígin óf her tróubles; réeks no lónger
 Appéarancés or réputátion Dído,
 Nor is 't a stólen amóur she méditates nów:
 She cálls it wédlock; screéns her fáult with thát name.

Incóntinént thróugh thé great Líbyan cíties
 Goes Rúmor; Rúmor spéedíest of ílls:
 Whose lífe líes ín actívity; who gáíns
 Vígor by móving ón; fear kéeps her smáll
 At fírst; but býe and býe she réars hersélf
 Hígh tóward the áir, and wáلكing ón the gróund
 Her héad amíd the clóuds pokes. Párent Téllus,
 In ánger át the Góds, they sáy, producéed her,
 Encéladús' and Coécus' yóunger síster,
 Swíft-footed ánd stróng-winged; huge, hórríd mónster,
 That cóunts for évery féather ón her bódy,
 O wónderfúl! a wátfhful eýe benéath,
 A tóngue, a gárrulous móuth, a pricked-up éar.
 By níght, no líd to swéet sleep dróoped, she flíes
 I' th' dárk, mid-wáy betwíxt the ský and éarth,
 Whírríng; by dáy síts séntínél on róof-top
 Or lófty tówer, and térrífíes gréat cíties,
 No léss of fálse and slándéroús tenácíous,
 Than trúth-annóuncíng. Shé the pópular mínd
 With mánífold díscóursíngs nów was fíllíng,
 Jóyous; and fáct álíke and nó-fact brúited:
 That Trójan-sprúng Enéas hád arríved,
 And béauteous Dído déígn's to máte to táke hí'm;
 And nów the lívelong wínter wíth each óther

They while away in luxury and riot,
 Thoughtless of empires, slaves of a base passion.
 Such import the foul Goddess everywhere
 Spreads amongst men's mouths; then toward king Iarbas
 Incontinent her course turns; with her words
 Kindles his spirit, and heaps high his ire.

Hé was the son of Ámmon by the rape
 Of the nymph Gáramántis, and had raised
 Through his wide realms a hundred temples huge
 To Júpiter, and on a hundred áltars
 Lighted eternal watchfires to the Gód.
 Rich was the floor around with blood of cattle,
 Blooming the doors with variegated wreaths.
 Fired by the bitter rumor, hé is said
 To have uplifted suppliant hands supine
 Before the áltars, in the holy presence,
 And thus besought Jove much in his distraction:—

“Almighty Jove, in honor of whom now
 The Móorish nation, rising from the feast's
 Embróidered cushions, pours the wine-libation,
 Behóld'st these things? Or, when thou húrl'st thy thunder,
 Are there no grounds, sire, wherefore we should shudder,
 And is the bolt that frights our souls all aimless,
 Empty the noise in the clouds? A wandering woman
 Who built in our confines a tiny town
 On purchased site; to whom we granted leave
 Our coast to till, and act the petty Queen,
 Hath spurned our proffered wedlock, and ta'en home
 Enéas to be lord of self and realm;
 And now yond París, with his half-man suite,
 Chin-stayed Méonian mitre, and moist tresses,

Enjoys his plunder; to thy temples wé
Bring gifts forsooth, and fondle an émyt náme."

Him práying só, and hólдинг bý the áltars
Th' Almighty héard, and tóward the róyal-fórtress,
And lóvers, óf a bétter fáme forgétful,
His eýes turned; thén to Mércury thus sáid,
And gáve commissiön:— "Gó, son, cáll the Zéphyr;
Glíde on thy wings down; ánd to the Dárdan chief
Who nów in Týrian Cárthage whíles his tíme,
Regárdless óf the cíties thé Fates gránt him,
Béar through the súpple áir my wórds:— 'Not súch
Prómised him tó us his most lóvely móther,
Nór for such púrpose twice from Gráüan árms
Snátched him; but tó be whó should rúle Itália
Grávid with émpíres, róaring wild with wár;
Whó should perpétuate Teúcer's lófty líne,
And réign lawgíver ó'er the tótal wórlð.
If cóld he túrns from só great glórious próspect,
And wíll not fór hímsélf moil, cán a síre
Grúdge to Ascániús the tówers of Róme?
What mákes he? ór amídst a hóstile nátiön
With whát expéctance língers; nór one lóok
Cásts toward Ausónian prógeny, and fíelds
Lavínian? Lét him sáil; this is the süm;
Of this our méssage bé ambássador."

'Twas sáid; and hé the mándates óf his gréat síre
To obéy prépared; and fírst tíes ón his féet
The gólden ánklets, whích, or óver lánd
Or óver súa-plain, béar his flíght sublíme,
Swift as the blást; then tákes the wánd with whích
From Órcus hé evókes the pállid sóuls,
Ór to sad Tártarus dísmísses dówn,

Gives sléep and wáking, ánd dead eýes unséals.
 By vírtue óf this wánd he márshalled nów
 The winds to his will, and with them floáted smóoth
 The múrky clóuds acróss; and nów he kéns,
 Dówn as he flíes, the súmmit ánd steep sídes
 Of hárd-endúring Átlás, whó the ský
 Próps with his crówn; Átlás, whose héad piníferous
 Black clóuds perpétual gírd, and winds and ráins
 Bátter; with snów mantléd his shóuldérs; rívers
 Rúsh from his áged ehín down; stíff and brístling
 His béard with íce. Here first Cylléníus stáyed
 His éven-winged flíght; hence tóward the wáters dówn
 Flúng him precipítous. As flíes a bírd
 Abóut the shóres, the fishy rócks abóut,
 Lów, near the wáter; só from his matérnal
 Grándsire descénding, thé Cyllénian óffspring
 Fléw betwixt éarth and ský, and cút his wáy
 Alóng the winds, by Líbya's sándy cóast.
 Sóon as his wínged soles tóuched the Líbyan kráals,
 Enéas méets his viéw, housés erécting
 And fóunding pálacés; a swórd he wóre
 With aúburn jásper stárréd; and fróm his shóuldérs
 A clóak, the présent óf rich Dídó, húng,
 Whose gólden wóof was bý her ówn hands thrówn
 Acróss a wárp of glówing Týrian púrple:
 In wóords like thése immédiate hé accósts him:—
 “Thóu the foundátions óf high Cárthage láy'st,
 And réar'st uxórious á fair city? áh,
 Forgétful óf thy réalm and ówn affáirs!
 From bríght Olýmpus sénd me dówn to thée
 Hímself the rúler óf the Góds, who túrns
 Éarth and the ský with his déity; hímself
 Bids béar this méssage thróugh the súpplé áir:

What mák'st thou, ór with whát expéctance línger'st
 Ídle in Líbyan lánd? If cóld thou túrn'st
 From só great, glórious próspect, ánd moil'st nóť
 For thíne own próper práise, regárd Ascáníus,
 Regárd thy rísing héir, hopefúl Iúlus;
 To whóm are dúe the kíngdom óf Itália
 And Róman lánd." So háving sáid, Cylléníus
 The mórtal vísion léft abrupť, and fár
 Ínto the thín air váníshed fróm the eýes.

Enéas át the síght stood dúmb and wítless;
 His háir with hórror brístled, ánd the vóice
 Cláve to his throát. Astónished át so great
 Monítion ánd commándment óf the Góds,
 He búrns to flée awáy, and léave that swéet land.
 Ah! hów procéed? with whát accóst now dáre
 Come róund the ráging Quéen? make whát exórdium?
 And híther nów his súpple mínd he húrries,
 Now thíther, ánd toward évery síde dívides;
 Tries évery wáy, and, vácilláting lóng,
 At lást thus fixes. Mnéstheus ánd Sergéstus
 And bráve Serést he cálls, and bíds, the fléet
 In sílence fit out; tó the shóre the créws
 Down gáther; thé sea ímpleménts prépare;
 And whát the occásion óf the móve díssémbles.
 Hímself meanwhile, sínce únware éxcellent Dído,
 Nor bréach of só great lóve expécteth áught,
 Will trý how bést to appróach her; whích the sóftest
 Tímes for díscóurse; what thé propítious méthod.
 Tó the commándér áll yíeld glád obédíence,
 And quíck perfórm the órders. Bút the Quéen —
 Whó may decéive the lóver? — féaring dánter,
 Becáuse there séems to bé none, ís the fírst

To cách an ínklíng óf the ínténded móvémént,
 And wáres the guíle befórehand. Thé same héartless
 Rúmor has sét her ráging with the néws
 Of óutfít óf the fléet, and préparátions
 For sáiling. Fúrious, tó a frénzy kíndled,
 She báceh'nals thróugh th' whóle city, líke a Thýias
 Whóm the retúrñ of thé triénñial órgies
 Góads to delíríum, whén the sácred stóres
 Are áll put ínto móvémént, ánd at níght
 Cíthéron 's vócal with the shóut of "Báecchus!"
 At lást, of hér ówn mótion, shé accósts
 Enéas thús:— "And hást thou hóped, perfídious,
 Thou míght'st so gréat enórñity díssémbles,
 Ánd, not one wórd sáid, fróm my lánd depárt?
 Our lóve — thy plíghted ríght hand — nót detáins thee
 Nor Dído léft to díe a crúel déath?
 Áye! thou must éven benéath the stárs of wínter
 Ríg out thy fléet; must húrry tó the hígh-deep
 Éven in the Nórth wínd's téeth, thou crúel! Whát?
 If áncíent Tróy were stánding, ánd 'twas nót
 For hómes unkñown and fóreígñ lánds thou sáil'dst,
 Wóuld'st thou for Tróy sáil cróss the bíllowy séa-pláin?
 Is't mé thou flée'st? By thése téars ánd thy ríght hand
 (Mysélf have léft my wréched sélf nought élse) —
 Bý our connúbials — bý our úndertáken
 Márríage — if áught of thee I háve desérved well —
 If áught of míne was éver tó thee déar —
 Take píty ón a fállíng hóuse, I práy
 (If práyers may yét aváil), and dó that mínd off.
 Becáuse of thee the Líbyan nátions háte me,
 And Nómád Kíngs; becáuse of thee, in chóler
 The Týrians; thróugh the méans of thé same *thee*
 Extínet my módestý, and (ónly páth

Which led me toward the stars) my former fame.
 To whom desért'st me in my dying need,
 Guest, since the name of spouse thou know'st no longer?
 Why prolong life? Is it until my brother
 Pygmálion overturn my city's ramparts,
 Or the Getúle Iárbas lead me captive?
 Hád I but hád of thée, before thy flight,
 Some prógený; played bút in mý pavilion
 Some little Enéas, nót resémbling thée
 Excépt in féatures, Í should nót, methinks,
 So whólly óverraught seem ánd desérted."

She said. He, of Jove's admonition mindful,
 His eyelights held unmóved, and strúggling pressed
 Dówn to his héart the cáre; then ánswered bríef:—
 "Néver shall Í dený, O Quéén, that gréat
 Are thy desérts toward mé as thóu canst find
 Wórd's to expréss; nor éver áught but jóy
 Sháll the remémbrance of Elísa bring me,
 So lóng as Í hold mémory of mysélf,
 So lóng as ó'er these límbs the spírit rúles.
 Few wórd's the cáse requíres; I néver hóped
 (Invént it nót) to híde a stéalthy flight;
 Of spóusal tórch I néver máde proféssion,
 Nór to a cómpact of that kind was pártý.
 Í, if the fátes permítted mé to líve
 Self-góverned, ánd make séttlement of my cáres
 As Í might chóose, wóuld páy my first atténtions
 Tó the sweet rélics of my Trójan hóme;
 Priám's high dwélling shóuld have pérmanéce,
 Ánd I wóuld rébuild Pérgamus fór the cónquered.
 But nów to gréat Itália thé Grynéan
 Apólló bíds betáke me, tó Itália

The Lÿcian fâte-lots; thére then is my lôve,
 My cóuntry thére. If Cárthage' citadêls,
 This Libyan city's smíle, have chárms for thée,
 For thée Phoenician, whérefore tó us Teúcrians
 Grúdgést a sêttlement in the Ausónian lánd?
 Óurs the same right as thíne to sêek far kíngdoms.
 Mé, oft as night with húmid sháde the éarth
 Cóvers, oft ás the fiery stárs arise,
 The tróubled image óf my sire Anchíses
 Admónishés in dréams and térrifies;
 Me mónishés my són Ascánus' wróng,
 Whose déar self Í defráud of thé Hespérian
 Réalm, and the lánds pronóunced by fâte his ówn.
 Even nów the Góds' ambássadór, despáched
 From Jóve himsélf — witnéss be bóth our héads —
 Bóre through the súpple áir his mándates dówn;
 Mysélf behéld the Gód in mánifest líght
 Éntering the wálls, heard with these éars his vóice.
 Céase with thy pláints to infláme both mé and thée;
 Nót of my frée will Í pursúe Itália."

Hím, as he spéaks, she lóng time viéws askánce,
 Rólling her éyeballs hítherwárd and thítter,
 And with her silent éyeglance scáns all óver;
 Then thús, inflámed, speaks óut: — "Nor Góddess-párent,
 Nor Dárdanus áuthor óf thy ráce had'st thóu,
 Traítor; but hórrid, hárd-rocked Cáucasús
 Begát thee, ánd Hyrcánian tigressés.
 Héld thee their dúgs. For — whý should Í dissémbles?
 Résérve me fór what wórse? — at mý lámént
 Gróaned he? bent hé his éyeglance dówn? or, sóftened,
 A téar shed, ór took píty ón the lôver?
 Whát shall I gréater óutrage cáll, what lèss?

Certain nor gréatest Júnó, nór the sire
 Saturnian, ón these dóings lóoks appróval.
 Nówhere on éarth can cónfidénce be pláced:
 Shipwrecked, in néed, I tóok him in, and máde him,
 Fóol that I wás! the pártner óf my kíngdom;
 Restóred his lóst fleet, sáved his créws from déath.
 Háh! Furies fire — transpórt me. Nów it is
 Áugur Apóllo; Lýcian fáte-lots nów;
 Nów bears the hórrid mándate thróugh the áir
 The Góds' ambássador, by Jóve himsélf sent.
 A líkely lábor thát for thé immórtals!
 A líkely cáre that tó distúrb their quiet!
 I hólđ thee nót; thy wóords refúte not; gó —
 Set sáil for Ítalý — rush thróugh the wátters
 In séarch of kíngdoms — Sóme hope stíll is míne,
 That mídst the rócks — if nót quite ímpotént
 The Góds' retributive jústice — thóu shalt féel
 Púnishment pierce thee, ánd shalt óft ínvoke
 The náme of Dído. With dark smóuldering fires
 My mémory sháll pursúe thee, ánd when déath
 Hath cóldly séparáted sóul and bódý,
 My spéctre háunt thee whéresoé'er thou góest —
 Wrétch, thou shalt háve thy méed; and Í shall héar,
 Ánd the news wélcome ín the inférnal Mánes.”
 With thése wóords bréaking óff, she túrned áwáy,
 And flúng her óut of sight, and fléd the light,
 Sicked; and there léft him hésitant, ánd afráíd
 To spéak the wóords that tó his tóngue were crówding.
 Her máidens hér collápsed límbś ín their árms
 Recéive, and tó her márbled bédchambér
 Béar, and place ón the cóuch. But kínd Enéas,
 Thóugh gréat be his desíre her gríef to sóothe,
 Ánd her cares túrn áwáy with wóords of cómfort,
 Yet éxecútes — not wíthout mány a gróan,

And lóvesick wávering of résolútion —
The Góds' hest, and his fléet visits once móre.

Then, thén indéed, the Teúcrians plý the wórk,
And óver thé whole séa-bord thé tall ships
Draw dówn, and with hulls nów-tarred sét aflóat;
And in their zéal for flíght bring fróm the wóods
Uncárpentered timber with the léaves and bránches.
Thou míght'st behóld them mígrating, and fórth
Fróm the whole cíty rúshing: ás when émmets,
Míndful of wínter, plúnder á huge córñ-heap,
And úp in stóre lay; ó'er the pláin they gó,
A bláck troop, and alóng the nárrow páth
The bóoty thróugh the gráss bear tó one céntré;
Sóme, with the whóle strength óf their shóuldérs strúggling,
Púsh the great pickles fórward, óthers kéepe
The trúop togéther, and chastíse délay.
Évery path 's hót with wórk. What félt'st thou thén,
Dído, that síght behólding? thíne what gróans
Whén, out of thíne high cástle, thóu hadst próspect
Óf the wide shóre round in one bústling férment,
And sáw'st befóre thíne éyes there thát commótion,
That míghty shóuting óver thé whole séa-pláin.
O cáitiff Lóve, to whát compéll'st thou nót
Poor mórtals' bréasts! To téars she is fórced once móre;
Once móre to trý the pówer of práyers, and húmbly
To lóve submít her spírit, thát in váin
She díe not, while resóurce remáins untríed:—

“Ánna, see'st óver thé whole shóre what hástening?
From évery quárter róund they have cóme togéther;
The línt-sheet cálls the bréezes, and alréady
The jóyful sáilors ón the póops have pláced
The córonáls. As sùre as Í have hád

Stréngth to anticipáte this wéight of sórrow,
 So súrely, síster, Í 'll find stréngth to béar it.
 Yét for me míseráble thís one thíng
 Dó, Anna; fór to thée alóne that tráitor
 Pays cóurt, thou ónly hást his cónfidénce,
 Knów'st his soft tímes, and hów best tó appróach him.
 Gó, síster; tó the próud foe, súplíant sáy:—
 'Í never with the Dánaí at Aúlis
 Conspíred the Trójan nátion tó extírpate;
 Néver sent fléet to Pérgamús, or tóre
 The síre Anchíses' cínders fróm the tómb;
 Ínto his hárd ears whý my wórds admit not?
 Whíther so hásty? Ón a wréched lóver
 Lét him bestów this lást gráce; lét him wáit
 Tíll a fair wind facílitátes his flíght.
 'Tis not that áncient wédlock hé played fálse to,
 I nów beg; ór that his fair Látian réalm
 He shóuld renóunce; mere tíme I ásk; some spáce
 To lét subside my pássion, ánd the lésso
 Of résignátió léarn fróm mý misfórtunes.
 Píty thy síster bégging thís last gráce,
 Whích when he háth accórded mé, I 'll gíve
 Tróuble no lónger; móre than déad, though líving.'

SúcH were her práyers, her téars; convéyed to hím
 And réconvéyed by hér most wréched síster;
 But hé is bý no téars moved, bý no wórds
 Persuáded; thé fates hínder; ánd the Gód
 Obstrúets his plácid héaring; ánd as wén
 Bóreases Álpine stríve whose blásts shall fírst
 O'erthrów an óak, by mány a yéar stóut-tímbered,
 And nów fróm thís síde whístling thróugh the bráanches,
 And nów fróm thát, the gróund strew déep with léaves,

And sháke the trúnk, which yét clings firm to the cliff
 With róot that dówn toward Tártarus as fár
 Strétches, as tóward the éthereal áir its tóp:
 Só on the héro béat the assiduous vóice
 On éither síde; so cáre his gréat breast thrilled:
 Unálterable stánds his résolútíon,
 And téars (alás, what úse!) roll dówn his chéeks.

'Tis thén indéed that, át the fátes dismáyed,
 Unháppy Dído práys for déath; heaven's cónvex
 Behólds with wéarinéss. More tó persúade her
 To éxecúte her púrpose, and the líght leave,
 She sáw, when ón the incense-búrning áltars
 Plácing her ófferings, (hórrible to téll!)
 The sácred líquors blácken, and the póured wines
 Túrn into góre obscéne; this síght to nóne,
 Not éven tó her síster's sélf she tóld.
 Fúrther; there wás benéath her róof a chápél
 Of márble, tó her fórmer húsband sácred,
 Much hónored óbject óf her spécial cáre,
 With féstal frónd and snów-white fléecy fillet
 Gárlanded; hénce her spóuse's vóice she thóught
 She héard artícuate cálling, whén dark night
 Cóvered the éarth, and his funéreal díрге
 The móping ówl upón the róoftop chánted;
 And pláined and pláined in lóng-drawn nótes of woe.
 Mány predíctions tóo of píous séers
 Hárrów her sóul with térrible monítion.
 Himsélf, saváge Enéas, in her dréams
 Pursúes, to mádness dríves her; évermóre
 She séems to bé alóne left; évermóre
 To trável á long róad uncómpánied,
 And séek her Týrians in a désert lánd:

As w^hén crazed Péntheus th^e Euménides' bánds
 Sées, and the twó suns, ánd a dóuble Thébes;
 Or ás when, ón the tráigic stáge, Orést
 Ágamemnónian flées befóre the firebrands
 And lúrid snákes of hís pursúing móther,
 And ín the dóorway sit the avénging Dirae.

Só when at lást by ánguish óvercóme,
 Posséssed by fúries, shé resolvés to díe;
 The tíme and mánnér with hersélf she fíxes;
 Thén under cléar brow and a lóok of hópe
 Hídíng her púrpose, thús her sorrowíng síster
 Addrésses:— "Sister, Í have fóund a wáy,
 (Congrátuláte thy síster) whích shall éither
 Bring me my lóver báck, or frée me fróm him.
 Ón the confínes of ócéan, nigh the súnset,
 The Éthiópíans' útmost dwéllíng líes,
 Whére on his shóulder gréatest Átlas spins
 The áxis stúdded bríght with búrníng stárs.
 A priestess thénce of th^e Massýlian tribé
 They have shówn to mé; the sáme that wás caretáker
 Óf the Hespérídes' fáne, and úsed to kéeep
 The sácred bóughs íntáct upón the trée
 By méans of a drágon whóm she cóaxed to stáy near
 By sprínkling dáinty hóney ón his fóod,
 Ánd the sweet séed of th^e somníferous póppy.
 The sáme profésses íncantátions pótent
 To éase the héart of tróuble, ánd to lóad
 With héavy cáres whátéver héart she wíll,
 To stóp the flówíng rívers, túrn the stárs báck,
 Ráise the noctúrnal Mánes: thóu shalt sée
 The ásh come dówn the móuntain; héar the gróund
 Béllow benéath thy féet. I cáll to wítness

The Góds, and thée, and thy sweet héad, dear sister,
 Against my will I pút the mágie árt on;
 Be sécret thóu, and in the intérior cóurt
 Eréct a pyre; and lét them ón it pláce
 The árms which thé coldhéarted mán left hánging
 In my bedchámber; with whatever élse
 Belónged to him; and thé connúbial béd
 Whereón I pérished: 'tis some sátisfáction
 Áll the mémórials óf th' iniquitous mán
 To abólish; ánd the priestess só dirécts."
 These wórds said, shé was sílent; ánd her fáce
 Grew súdden pále: yet Ánna, thát her sister
 With thése new rites masks déath's prepárativé,
 Not dréams, nor hás a nótion óf such fúry,
 Nor cónsequénce aught gráver apprhénds
 Thán at Sichéus' déath; so dóes her bídding.

Nów has the Quéen withín the inmost cóurt
 A pyre érécted húge, of hólm-oak bíllet
 And tórch-pine, ánd the pláce with flówer-festóon
 Hung róund and cháplet óf funéreal léaf:
 Ánd, knowing wéll what is abóut to bé,
 The cóuch placés on tóp, and ón the cóuch
 His éffigy, the swórd he léft behind,
 Ánd whate'er élse was his; aróund stand áltars;
 Ánd with dishévelléd háir and vóice of thúnder
 The priestess thrice the húndred Góds invókes,
 And Érebus, and Cháos, ánd the thrée
 Fáces of Virgin Dian, tríple Hécate.
 Aspérion shé had máde too, with factitious
 Avérnus' wáter, ánd had sóught for hérbs
 Dówny and bláck-bane juiced, and réaped by móonlight
 With brázen síckle; sóught too thé love-philtre,

Tórn (ere the dām's tooth cóuld lay hólð on ít)
 Fróm the just-bórn colt's fórehead. Ín ungírt
 Véstmént, herself, and wíth one fóot unshód,
 Ánd in devótional hánds the sáltmeal hólðing,
 Besíde the áltars, eálls, from the édge of déath,
 The Góds to béar her wítness, ánd the stárs
 That sée her fáte, and íf there bé a pówer
 Has eógnisánee of únrequítéd lóve,
 Implóres that ríghteous, thát remémbering pówer.

'Twas níght, and évery weáry fráme on éarth
 Was sóund asléep: the fórests wére at rést,
 Ánd the fell séas; the stárs in míd course glíding:
 Húshed wére the fíelds, and flócks, and páinted bírds,
 And fár and wíde the líquíd láke's indwéllers,
 And évery ténant óf the bósk and bráke,
 In slúmber's árms at thé dead hóur of níght
 Sóothed their heart-sórrows, ánd their tóils forgót:
 But nó sleep, nó forgétfulnéss, no níght
 Wréched Phoeníssa ón her eýes receíves
 Ór in her bréast; redóubling eóme her cáres;
 Agáin love ríses ín his míght and fíercesness,
 Agáin in á great súrf of íre she flúctuátes,
 Insísting thús and wíth herself revólving:—
 “Wéll! wát to dó? Mocked thús, my fórmér súítors
 Sháll I agáin try ánd a Nómad márríage,
 And súpplíant wóo whom Í so óft have spúrnéd? —
 Then lét me tó the Ílían fléet betáke me,
 The Teúeríans' húmblest, móst obédíent sérvant:
 Becáuse forsóoth the fórmér áíd I gáve them,
 So stéads me nów? such míghty grátítude theírs
 Fór my past sérvicés? But gránt, I wóuld;
 Whó wíll permít me? Ínto theír prouð shíps

Whó will récéive me háteful? Áh! thou lóst one,
 Not yét knowst, féelst not yét the pérjuries
 Óf the Laómedon tribe? What thén? in sóle
 And sécret flight shall Í accópany
 The exúltng sáilors? ór bear dówn upón them,
 By áll my Týrian sóldiery escórted;
 And drive to séa, and bíd set sáil agáin,
 Thóse whom I scárce could téar from Sídón city.
 Náy, but avért pain with the knífe, and díe
 Ás thou hast méritéd. Thou, síster, thóu first,
 Tó my tears yíelding, thréw'st me tó the fóe,
 And héap'dst my mádness with this lóad of tróuble.
 I hád not léave to léad a síngle life,
 And, cóy as fórest wílding, kéep me cléar
 Of mátrimónial cóuch and cáres like thése;
 I 've bróke the tróth pledged tó Sichéus' cinders."
 Súch was the gréat wail into which she búrst.

Súra of his jóurney, ánd all things prépared,
 Enéas nów on thé high stérn was sléeping,
 Whén, in a dréam, the Gód-form with same lóok
 Présents itsélf retúrning, ánd agáin
 Séems to admónish; líke, in áll respécts,
 To Mércury; face, cólor, gólden lócks,
 And yóuthful límbs decórous:— "Cánst thou thén,
 O Góddess-bórn, in súch conjúcture sléep,
 And nót percéive what cónsequent risks surróund thee,
 Mádman! nor héar'st the zéphyrs blówing fáir?
 Búsy is hér breast with a wórk of guile
 And díre íniquity, and fíxed to díe
 She flúctuates ín a chángeful súrf of ánger.
 Fléest thou not hénce précipítate, whilst flée
 Précipítate thou máy'st? All in commótion

The sea with ships and the stern firebrand's glare,
 Alive the shore with flames, thou shalt behold,
 If morn but touch thee in these lands delaying.
 Away, away, this instant: various ever
 And mutable is woman." So he said,
 And with the dark night mingled. Then indeed
 Eneas, at the sudden apparition
 Terrified, starts from sleep, and his companions
 Worries:— "Awake, men, instant, and in all haste
 Take your seats on the row-bench; loose the sails quick.
 A God, despatched from the high ether, spurs us,
 Behold! a second time, to speed our flight,
 And cut the twisted cables. Thee we follow,
 O holy deity, whoever thou art;
 A second time thine orders we obey
 With joyous exultation. Grant us thou
 Thy presence and serene aid, and stars rising
 Propitious in the sky." He said, and forth
 Snatched from the sheath the lightning blade, and smote
 With the bare steel the hawser. The same ardor
 At once possesses all; they rap and rush,
 And have the shores deserted; the fleet hides
 View of the sea-plain: with stout-tugging arms
 They whirl the foam, and the cerulean sweep.

And now leaving Tithonus' saffron couch,
 Aurora prime the earth with new light sprinkled;
 The Queen — when from high look-out she beheld
 The first grey dawn, and with squared sails the fleet
 On-moving; and the empty shore perceived,
 And rowerless port — her lovely breast three times,
 And four times smote, and tore her auburn hair:—
 "He *will* go then, by Jupiter," she cried,

"This interlóper! áfter hé has máde
 Mé and my réalms his spórt! Why dónt they árm
 Áll through the city's bréadth: why don't they téar
 The véssels fróm the dócks down, ánd pursúe?
 Gó, get the flámes quick; weápons hére; row, rów; —
 What sáy I? ór where ám I? ór what mádnness
 My bráin turns? Háplless Dído, tóuch thee nów
 Thy héartless dóings? Thé fit time was thén,
 Whén thou didst scéptre him. Behóld how hé,
 Whó, they say, béars with him his fátherlánd's
 Penátes — hé, who ón his shóuldérs cárried
 His áge-worn síre — his fáith kéeps, ánd pledged right-hand.
 Cóuld I not táke and téar his bódy piéce-meal,
 And scátter it tó the wáters? his compánions —
 Ascánius' sélf could Í not stáb to déath;
 And cóok and sérvé up tó the fáther's táble?
 Bút the fight's fórtunè hád been dóubtfúll — Hád it,
 Of whóm was Í, so sóon to díe, afráid?
 Firebrands and flámes intéo his ármamént —
 Ínto the mídst of his décks — I wóuld have bórne;
 Wóuld have extérmináted són, síre, ráce;
 And lást, mysélf intéo the ruín flúng.
 O sún, whose eýe of fláme behóldést áll
 That 's dóne in thé whóle wórlð — and thóu, O Júnó,
 That knów'st my súfferings wéll, being thysélf
 Ágent of théir inflietion — ánd thou, Hécaté,
 To whóm the cróss-ways óf the cities ráise
 The mídnight cry — and yé, avénging Dírae,
 And Góds of díyng Elísa — héar my práyer,
 O héar, and lét the méritéd rétribútíon
 Pursúe the cúlpit: if 't be nécessáry
 Thát the arch-críminál should vóyagé sáfe,
 And réach port, ánd Jove's Fátes will háve it só,

And this a términús may nó't be móved;
 Lét him at léast by thé belligerent árms
 Óf a bold péople hárrassed — fróm his cónfines
 Expátriáte — torn fróm Iúlus' émbbrace —
 For hélp beg, ánd behóld his fóllówers
 Dishónored díe; nor whén he háth submitted
 To térms of péaceé disádvantágeous, lét him
 Enjóy his scéptre, ór that wished-for dáy;
 Bút prematúre fall, ánd unbúried líe
 Ín the sands' mídst: my práyer this; with my blóod
 I póur these lást words fórth: and yé, O Týrians,
 Plágue and detést the whóle stock, róot and bráñch;
 Be thát the préSENT yé shall sénd our cín-ders.
 Betwíxt the péoples lét there bé no lóve,
 No léague. Out óf my bónes arise, avénger,
 That shált the Dárdan cólonísts pursúe
 With fire and swórd; now, láter, whénsoé'er
 Thou máyst and cánst. Oppósed — my práyer and cúrse is —
 Be shóres to shóres, to wáves waves, árms to árms;
 Sélves, sons, and sóns' sons, cómbatánt for éver."

She sáys; and cásts o'er ín her mínd on áll sídes,
 Hów from the háted líght to bréak áwáy
 Sónest: then bríefly thús addrésses Bárcé,
 Síchéus' núrse, for ín old síre-land láy
 Her ówn nurse, á black cín-der: — "Híther, núrse dear,
 Sénd me my síster Ánna: lét her quíckly
 Sprinkle her with the stréam's límph, ánd bring with her
 The atónements fróm the flóck that háve been shówn her.
 And thóu thysélf with píous fillet váil
 Thy témples; mý íntén-tion ís, to pérfect
 Those sácred rítes I háve comménced ín hónor
 Of Stýgian Jóve; and énd my cáres, by gíving

The pyre of that Dardanian to the flames.”
 She said; and zealously the aged nurse
 Makes such speed as she can.

But Dido — fluttered
 With her wild darings — in a savage transport —
 With bloodshot rolling eyes, and tremulous cheeks
 Spotted with hectic, paled by death's high view —
 Into th' interior precincts bursts, and furious
 Mounts the high pyre, and bares — not for such use
 Had she obtained that gift — the Dardan sword:
 But when the Ilia vestments met her view,
 And the known bed, a little while in tears
 And thought she lingered, leaning on the bed,
 And these, her last words, uttering:— “Sweet remains, —
 For sweet ye were while heaven and fate permitted, —
 Receive this soul, and free me from these cares:
 I 've lived; I 've run the race that fortune set me;
 And great 's the image of me that shall now
 Beneath the earth go; I 've a noble city
 Founded; seen my own battlements rise round me;
 Avenged my spouse; punished my hostile brother;
 Happy, alas! too happy, if but only
 A Dardan keel had never touched our shores.”

She said; and with a kiss the couch impressing:—
 “Though I die unavenged, I 'll die,” she says;
 “My downward journey, so — aye, so, precisely —
 Becomes a pleasure; let the cruel Dardan
 Gaze from the high-deep on these flames, and with him
 My death take for the omen of his voyage.”
 She said, and while she yet spake the attendants
 Behold her sink stabbed; the sword reeking blood,

Her hánds flung pówerless fróm her. Tó the háll's heights
 The shout goes; thé repórt runs bÁCCHANÁL,
 ShÁking the cíty; with lámént and gróan
 And wóman's cries the hóuses áre in úproar;
 Loud rings the éther with the gréat hand-cláppings,
 Breast-smítings: júst as if the fóe had rúshed in,
 And Cárthage áll, or áncient Týre were fálling,
 And ó'er the highest tóps of húman dwéllings
 Ánd of dívine, the ráging flámes were rólling.
 The síster héars — more like a córpse than líving —
 And thróugh the mídst runs — rúshes — ín dísmáy
 And trépídátion, smítting ón her bréast,
 Téaring her fáce, and én the dýing cálling
 By náme:— "And wás 't for this then, síster? mé
 Sóught'st thou to óverréach? wás 't this, this pyre,
 These fires, these áltars wére préparing fór me?
 Whát shall I móst compláin of, Í forlórn,
 Spúrne'd and desérted bý my dýing síster?
 Thou shóuldst have hád my cómpany, have cálléd me
 Tó the same fáte; with óne death-wóund we twáin,
 Ánd at the sélf same móment, shóuld have pérished:
 Buílt I it with these hánds for thée? for thée
 Invóked I with this vóice our cóuntry's Góds,
 Then, crúel, fróm thee strétched here, stáid awáy?
 Thou 'st rúined, síster, bóth thysélf and mé,
 Péople, and síres Sidónian, ánd thy cíty.
 Give wáter hére, and lét me wásh her wóunds,
 Ánd her last bréath, if ány lást breath still
 Hóvers abóut her, gáther with my móuth."

So sáying shé had scáled the lófty stéps,
 Ánd her half lifeless síster ín her bósom's
 Embráce wás hólding cúddled, gróaning mích,

And drying with her gárment thé black góre;
But shé, her héavy eýes to líft endéavoring,
Agáin faints; grídes benéath her bréast the infixed wound:
Thrice, on her élbow léaned, she ráised hersélf;
Thrice on the cóuch fell báck; with wándering eýes
Sought híg heaven's líght, and, háving fóund it, gróaned.

Omnípotent Júnó thén, her lóng pain pítying
And díffícult depárture, fróm Olýmpus
Sent Íris dówn to frée the strúggling sóul,
Ánd the knít límbs reláx; for ás 'twas néither
By fáte she pérished, nór her ówn desérving,
But prémátúre and wrétched, ín a súdden
Kíndling of fúry, Próserpíne had nót
The áuburn lóck dispárted fróm her crówn,
Nór to the Stýgian Órcus dóomed her yét.
Down thérefore thróugh the ský on sáffron pínyons
Flies déwy Íris, thóusand várious tínts
Bórrówing from th' ópposite sún; and stánding nigh,
Óver her héad:— “This cónsecráte to Dís
I béar as bíd, and fróm that bódý frée thee,”
She sáys, and shéars the lóck; and lífe awáy
Fléd to the wínds, and cóld becáme the bódý.

V.

In the méantime through wáves that with nóthwinds were bláckening,
Enéas detérmined was cútting his wáy,
Back cásting his lóok on the tówers which alréady
Are all lit up with hápless Elísa's pyre-flámes.

Though hidden the cáuse of so gréat conflagrátion,
A présentiment sád thrills the bréasts of the Teúcri,
When they think, of a lóve-cross how bitter the pángs are,
And whát a vexed wóman can dó in her fúry.

And nów that the véssels are óut on the wide sea,
And lánd is nowhére any móre to be séen,
But éverywhere róund them the séa and the ský;
Right óver his héad hangs a lívid cloud lówering,
With níght charged and témpet; and ínto dark wrinkles
The séa-surface cúrls; and thús Palinúrus
The stéersman himsélf, from the héight of the póop:—
“Ah! whát art thou át, father Néptune, and whérefore
Encómpass such stórmclouds the éther abóut?”

This said, he commands them
To gather their óars up,
And with might and main rów;
Sets the sáils at a táck,
And to this effect spéaks:—
“Magnánimous Enéas,
I wóuld not believe
Even Júpiter's sélf,
That with ský such as this
We could still make Itália;
The áir to mist thickens;
The winds have changed quárter,
And, in their might rising
From the óvercast súnset,
Roar right thwart our cóurse;
Nor with áll our endéavor
Can we hólđ our diréction,
Or máke head agáinst them.
Since Fórtune 's victórious,
Come, lét 's follow Fórtune,
And túrn at her cáll;
Nor fár distant hénce
Are the sáfe shores, I wéen,
Of brótherly Éryx,
And the hárbour Sicánian,
If ónly my mémory
Pláys me no fálse trick,
As I cóunt my course báck
By my nótes of the stárs.”

Then géntle Enéas:—
“I tóo observe súrely
The wínds are this lóng time

Detérmined upón it,
And áll to no púrpose
Agáinst them thou strivest.
Tack abóut; could there lánd
To mé be more gráteful,
Or to which with my tired ships
I 'd more gládly run dówn,
Than that lánd which presérves for me
Dárdan Acéstes;
Than that lánd which holds lápped
In its bósom the bónes
Of my fáther Anchíses?"

When thús he had sáid,
They máke for port stráight:
Fair zéphyrs the sáils stretch,
And swiftly the fléet
O'er the rólling flood cárry,
Till at lást to the knówn strand
With jóy they turn in.

But fróm the high hill-tóp afár,
Acéstes hád obsérved with wónder
The véssels óf his friends appróaching,
Ánd all brístly ó'er with jávelins
And Libyan béar-skin, cómes to méet them;
Ánd, for bý a Trójan móther
Hé was són of stréam Crimísus —
Ánd his párents' mémory hónored —
Jóyful wélcomes théir retúrn,
Ánd with stóre of tréasures rúral
And friendly fúlness éntertáins
And sólacés their wéarinéss.

As soon as in the éarly éast
 Bright mórn the stárs had róuted,
 Enéas fróm the cóast all róund
 Súmmons his cómrades tó assémbly,
 Ánd fróm the túmulus' móund thus spéaks:—
 “Míghty Dardánidáe, descéded
 Fróm the high blood óf the Góds,
 The yéar its circle hás achíeved,
 And óne by óne its mónth's compléted,
 Sínce my dívine síre's lást remáins
 Dúly in the gróund we láid,
 And cónsecráted thé sad áltars;
 And nów, unléss I érr, is cóme
 That dáy which Í shall éver hólđ
 A dáy of bíternéss, shall éver —
 Yóur wíll be dóné, O Góds! — hólđ hónored.
 Whéther I páss this dáy in éxile
 Amíd the Sýrtés óf Getúlia,
 Ór by stréss of wínd and wéather
 Dríven intó Mycénae cíty
 Óut of thé Argólic máin;
 Gífts annívérsary ón this dáy
 I 'll cárry ín procéssíon sólemn,
 Ánd wíth due ófferíngs héap the áltars.
 Só much the móre then lét us cóme —
 Nów that we 've éntered fríendly pórt,
 And fínd óursélves upón the spót,
 Nót, as I thínk, wíthóut the Góds'
 O'errúlíng wíll and próvídéncé,
 Besíde my párent's bónes and áshes —
 Lét us all cóme, and jóyfully
 Célebráte the féstal dáy,
 And bég the Gód to gránt us wínds,

And to allow that in a temple,
 To his service dedicated,
 In my city I may offer
 Every year a similar honor.
 To each ship's crew Troy-born Acestes
 Makes present of a pair of bees.
 Bring to the feast your own Penates
 And those your host Acestes worships.
 Besides, when the ninth radiant morn
 Shall raise the standard of boon day,
 And unveil the globe to mortals,
 I'll give the Teucri a regatta,
 To commence their games withal.
 And then let all who are good runners,
 And every one whose bold proud step
 Tells of his skill to speed the dart,
 Or the light arrow, or whose strength
 Ventures the gauntlet's crude encounter,
 Be present and expect the prize
 That shall reward the conqueror.
 Lend me your favoring voices all,
 And bind your brows with foliage."

He says, and with his mother's myrtle
 At the same time veils his temples;
 So Helymus, ripe-aged Acestes,
 And so does too the boy Ascanius;
 The others the example follow.
 Direct from the assembly then,
 Amidst a great encircling bevy,
 He takes his way to the tumult,
 Accompanied by many a thousand;
 There on the ground in due libation

Pours twó bowls óf unmixed wine, twó
 Of nów milk, twó of sácred blóod,
 And flings bright púrpling flówers and sáys:—

“Sáncified párent, háil once móre!
 Áshes, sóul, and sháde patérnal,
 Sáved to no púrpose, háil! all háil!
 ’Twas nót to bé, that wé should séek
 Itália’s fátéd fields togéther,
 And thát unknowñ Ausónian Týber;
 ’Twas nót to bé.”

Scarce hád he sáid,
 When, tráiling fóρθ
 Out óf the déep .
 Intériór céll
 Its sévenfold róll
 Of séven huge cóils,
 A slimy snáke
 The túmulús
 Benígnantly
 Encómpassés,
 And glídes abóut
 Amidst the áltars.
 Its scály báck
 Was áll one bláze
 Of glówing góld
 With spóts of blúe
 And púrple fléckered,
 Bright as the thóusand
 Várious húes
 Cást in a bów

Upón the clóuds
Frónting the sún.

Ín amázeмент
Gázed Enéas,
Whilst the sérpent,
Midst the pólished
Cúps and góblets
Lóng time glíding,
Sipped at lást,
And áfter sipping
Léft the viands
Ánd the áltars,
Ánd innóxious
Tó the túmulus'
Dépths retúrned.

Dóubtful, whéther
Tó estéem it
A lócal Géníus,
Ór the atténdant
Óf his síre,
He célebrátes
So múch the móre
The rites begún
Ín his síre's hónor,
Ánd, complying
With the cústom,
Sláys two shéep
Whose twó broad téeth
Show twó years óld;
Álso two swíne
Ánd a like númer
Óf black cáttle;

And from bówls
 Pours wine-libátion,
 And invókes
 The sóul and Mánes
 Of gréat Anchíses,
 From Ácherón,
 On léave, returned.
 His cómrades too,
 As éach has méans,
 Bring gifts with jóy,
 And sláughter stéers,
 And lóad the áltars;
 And sóme at éase
 Stretch ón the gráss,
 And sóme in órder
 Sét brass cáldrons,
 Or pláce live cóals
 Benéath the spits,
 And róast the flésh.

And nów the stéeds of Pháëctón brought in
 The mórning óf the ninth, the expécted dáy,
 Seréne and bright; and rúmor ánd the náme
 Of fámed Acéstes hád the shóres all róund
 Filled with reúnion jóyful óf the néighbours,
 Thrónging to sée th' Enéadáe, and sóme
 Prépared too tó compéte. The prizes fírst
 Are fúll in view placed in the circus' midst;
 Religious tripods — córonáls of gréen —
 And pálm, the méed of victóry — and árms —
 And vésts all crimsoned ó'er — and góld and silver,
 Of éach a tálent. Thén, from the midst of the móund,
 The trúmp procláims the amúsements háve comménced.

The first gáme is betwéen
Four wéighty-oared bóttoms,
Selécted as máches
From the whóle of the fléet.
With his stóut rowers Mnéstheus
Impéls the swift Grámpus,
Mnéstheus who sóon shall be
Mnéstheus Itálian,
Fírst of the ráce
That shall cáll themselves Mémmi.
With his thrée complete bénches
Of rówers Dardánian
In tríple rows ráising
Their óars simultáneous,
Fóward drives Gýas
The huge city-like máss
Of unwieldy Chiméra.
Ín the great Céntaur
Is cárried Sergéstus,
From whóm takes its náme
The fámily Sérgian;
Ánd in blue Scýlla,
Cloánthus, from whóm
Thy ráce is derived,
O Róman Cluéntius.

Óver agáinst the fóaming shóre,
Fár in the séa there is a rók
Which, óverwhélmed and búffettéd
By swélling bíllows át such tíme
As wintry Córi hide the stárs,
Lifts silentlý, in tíme of cálm,
Óver the stíll and wáveless déep,

Its lével fíeld, the fávorite háunt
 Óf the sunshíne-lóving séamew.
 Fáther Enéas hére eréets
 A vérdant góal of léafy ílex,
 Sign to the sáilors hére to túrn,
 And whéel from hénce their lóng course báck.
 Their pláces thén they chóose by lót;
 Effúlgent fróm the stérns afár
 The cáptains' sélves dístínguished shíne
 In órnáménts of góld and críimson;
 The óther yóung men háve their náked,
 Glístening shóuldérs sméared with óil,
 Their bróws with wréaths of póplar sháded.

On the rów-benches séated,
 Arms stréched to their óars,
 Hearts pí-t-a-pat béating,
 Exúlting and bréathless
 With kéen greed of glóry,
 All álíve, all atténtíve,
 They wátech for the sígnal.
 Then whén the shríll trúmpeet
 Its lárúm has sóunded,
 From the bárríer awáy
 Withóut stop or stáy
 They áll leap togéther;
 Sálors' húrrah's stríke éther;
 Turned úp by the sínewy
 Túg of their árms
 The séá-surfáce fóams;
 All álíke, all togéther
 They plóugh up, they téar up,
 They sháttér with óars

And with tridented bóws
The whole yawning sea-plain.
Less precipitous rushing
And to the race dashing
Pair-in-hand chariots
Burst from the barrier,
And scour o'er the plain;
Less impetus speeds
The career of the steeds,
Though the drivers the wavy reins
Shake to them loose,
And over the lash
Lean their whole bodies forward,
And hang on each stroke.

With handclapping and shout
And partisan rout
The enclosing shores round
And woodlands resound,
And with peals of hurrahs
The hills rebound.

Amidst the crowd and din
Foremost scuds away
Gyas o'er the waters;
Cloanthus, better rower,
But by his heavy timbers
Retarded, follows after.
Centaur then and Grampus,
Behind at equal distance,
Contend which shall be foremost:
And now 'tis Grampus has it,
And now huge Centaur conquers,
And passes Grampus by;

And nów with bóws abréast
 They dásh alóng togéther,
 And side by side with lóng keels
 Fúrrów thé sea bríne.

And nów to the róck
 They were fást appróaching,
 And júst at the góal,
 When fóremost, victórious,
 In the mídst of the swéll
 To his stéersman Menoétes
 Thus cálls aloud Gýas:—
 “Whíther awáy to the ríght so fár?
 Hítherward, híther;
 Húg the shore clóse,
 And lét your oar-bládes
 Graze the rócks on the léft;
 Leave to óthers the déep.”

He sáid, but Menoétes,
 Súnken rocks féaring,
 Wrésts the prow séaward:—
 “Whíther awáy stray’st
 Óut of the stráight course?
 For the rócks make, Menoétes.”
 So a sécond time shóuted
 And cálléd him back Gýas,
 And revérting his lóok,
 Lo! behind him Cloánthus
 Close préssing upón him
 And táking the néar way.

Brushing bý in the interspace
 ’Twíxt the resóunding rocks

And the lár-board of Gýas,
In a twinkling Cloánthus
Is óut on the sáfe sea,
And behind has left Gýas,
Behind left the góal.

Then indéed the youth's bónes
With kéen anguish búrnéd,
Nor wére his cheeks téarless;
And óf his crew's sáfety
Forgétful no léss
Than óf the respéet
Which he ówed to himsélf,
Headlong into the séa
From the hích poop he húrled
Dull plódding Menoêtes;
Himsélf takes the rúdder,
Himsélf becomes stéersman,
And chéers the crew ón,
And shóreward the hélm turns.

But, whén from the bóttom
At lást he 's come úp —
And not éasily éither
From yéars and the wéight
Of his wét dripping gárments —
Heavy-láden Menoêtes
Makes fór the rock's tóp,
And thére on the drý stone
Séts himsélf dówn.
The Teúeri laughed át him
Both fálling and swimming,
And láugh at him nów

As he spéws from his inwards
The sált water úp.

And nów in the twó last,
Sergéstus and Mnéstheus,
The jóyous hope kindles
To béat lagging Gýas.
Sergéstus starts fóremost
And dráws near the róck,
But nót by the léngth
Of the whóle keel fóremost;
By the stéerage he 's fóremost,
While ón him abáft
The bów of the Grámpus
Émulous présses.

But Mnéstheus goes midships
And chéers the crew ón,
In their véry midst pácing:—
“Now, nów on your óars rise,
Brave féllows Hectórian,
Whom in Tróy's fateful hóur
I selécted as cómrades;
Now pút forth that vígor,
That spírit put fórt, h,
Which érewhile ye shówed
In the Sýrtes Getúlian,
The Íónian séa,
And Málea's péstering
Wáves pertinácious.
I ásk not the fírst place,
Nor stríve now for cónquest,
Though gládly had Mnéstheus —

But I léave those to cónquer,
To whóm thou, O Néptune,
Hast gránted the cónquest;
Only lét 's not be lást,
Conquer só far at léast,
And avért that dishónor —
Fellow tównsmen, avért
That fóul, crying sín."

With extrémé, utmost éffort
They léan themselves fóward;
The brónzed vessel trémbles
Benéath the vast strókes
That ráise the keel óut of
And óver the wáter.
The thick panting shákes
Their límbs and dry móuths;
On áll sides abóut them
The swéat flows in rivers.

Mere áccident bróught them
The wished-for hónor;
For, whilst in a fúry
His prów forcing úp
On his ríval's lar-bóard,
And for wánt of room cúttíng
Too clóse to the rócks,
On a jútting reef fást
Stuck hápless Sergéstus.
The crág was concússed,
And ón the sharp snág
The prów, where it strúck,

Hung suspended, and crack
Went the óars in the strúggle.

The sáilors, at fáult thrown,
With lóud clamors rise
From the bénches togéther,
Ply shárp-pointed póles
And iron-shod hánd-spikes,
And pick up the bróken oars
Óut of the abýsm.
But Mnéstheus, made stóuter-
By his véry succéss,
Invókes the winds' áid,
And with swift sweeping óar-banks
Pulls jóyous awáy
In the ópen sea-róom,
And rúns with the fáll
Of the wáter in lándward.
As a dóve, that a súdden
Alárm has distúrbed
From her nést and sweet yóung
In óne of a púmice rock's
Númerous hídings,
Awáy to the fields
Flies óut of the cáve
With a térrified flútter,
But sóon on expánded
And mótionless pinion
Guides swiftly alóng,
And dówn through the still air
Her líquid way swéeps:
So Mnéstheus flies óver
The lást of the cóurse;

Her mere ímpetus só
Carries Grámpus fórdward.

And first he desérts
Sergéstus hard strúggling
In the high rocky shállows
And in váin calling hélp
And léarning to ráce
With bróken óars.
Then awáy after Gýas
And enórmous - diménsioned
Chiméra hersélf,
Which, strípped of her stéersman,
No lóng time compétes.
And nów at the úttermost
Énd of the cóurse
Remains ónly Cloánthus;
Hím he makes áfter,
And his whóle strength exérting
Presses hárd upon him.

'Tis thén indeed áll
Repeat shóut upon shóut,
And chéer on the chásers,
Till éther resóunds
With the crásh of the clámor:
These indignantly clíng
To the crédit acquired,
And fást hold the hónor
They have cóunted their ówn,
And are willing to bárter
Existence for glóry.
Succéss feeds the óthers:

They dóub't not they 're áble,
And thérefore they 're áble.

And with bów beside bów
They had bóth perhaps wón
The prizes togéther,
Hád not, with bóth hands
Outstrétched toward the séa,
Cloánthus thus vówed,
And to the déities
Póured his prayer fórh:—

“Ye séa-ruling Góds,
Upon whose plains I ráce,
Only gránt me my wish,
And I 'll hól'd myself bóund
To bring to your áltars
And sólemnly óffer,
On this very shóre,
A brilliant white búll,
And into the sált waves
With jóy fling the éntails,
And the flówing wine póur.”

He sáid, and the whole chóir
Of the Néreids and Phórcus,
And the máid Panopéa,
Benéath the waves, héard him,
And fáther Portúnus,
With a púsh of his gréat hand,
Himsélf-urged him ón.
Swifter than Nótus,
Than fléet arrow swifter,

The bárk flies to lánd,
And into the déep port
Shóots away fár.

Then the séed of Anchises,
Fóllowing the cústom,
Cálls all togéther,
Ánd with the hérauld's
Lóud voice procláims
Cloánthus victórious,
Ánd with green láurel
Mántles his témples;
And commánds him to chóose
For éach ship three stéers,
And gives him for éach ship
A présent of wine
And a gréat silver tálent.

On the cáptains themsélves
He bestóws the chief hónors:
On the victor a chlámys,
With góld over-wróught,
And twice with a bróad
Purple stripe Melibéan
Meándered all róund;
And in-woven thére
Was the róyal bóy,
Stálking the swift deer
On léafy Ída:
His lánce in his hánd
He is hót at the spórt,
You may sée him pánting;

But dówn on him swoóping
Jove's winged armour-béarer
Up alóft in his tálons
From Ída has snátched him;
Aged guárdians in váin
Stretch their hánds toward the héavens,
And fierce-barking dógs bay the áir.

But to him who hath wón
Second pláce by his prówess,
He gíves a mail cóat
Triple pláited with méshes
Of búrnished gold wire
(Adórnment alike
And defénee in the báttle),
Which his ówn victor sélf
From Demóleos had tórñ
Under high Ilium's wálls
Rapid Símoïs beside:
Exérting their whóle strength,
Searce áble the ménials,
Phégeus and Ságaris,
On their shóuldern to cárry
Its mánifold plies;
But Demóleos lóng ago
Hád it upón him,
When húnting and chásing
The Trójans abóut.
To the thírd he présents
A páir of bronze básins,
And two éwers of wrought silver
With figures embóssed.

With their gifts they had áll now
Just só been présented,
And were márching alóng
In the pride of their wéalth,
With their témples bound róund
With ribbons of crimson,
When, with múch skill and tróuble,
From the féll rock pulled óff,
And láme with the lóss
Of a whóle tier of óars,
Sergéstus brings úp,
In the mídst of derision,
His hónorless véssel.

As whén on a cáuseway
A snáke is surprised
And bý a brass whéel
Obliquely run óver,
Ór with a héavy blow
Máimed by way-fárer,
And léft on the stóne
Between líving and déad;
In lóng coils it wríthes,
And in váin to flee stríves,
And lífts up on hígh
Its fóre-part feróciours,
And its hissing neck réars,
And with fiery eyes gláres,
While, twisting and twining
In knóts on itself,
Its wóunded and láme
Hinder párt keeps it báck:
So límpingly rówed

The slów bark alóng,
But made sáil notwithstanding,
And únder spread cánvas
Éntered the pórt.

Enéas, rejóicing
That véssel and créw
Have been bróught back in sáfety,
Bestóws on Sergéstus
The prómised rewárd:
A sláve not unskilled
In the wórks of Minérva,
Phóloë, the Crétan,
With twins at her bósom,
He hás for his prize.

This cómbat dismissed,
Tender-héarted Enéas
Hies to whére, round abóut
By a théâtre girdled
Of cúrved, wooded hills,
On the vále's intermédiat
Smooth gréen was a circus.
'Twas hither the héro,
With mány a thóusand,
Repáired, and his séat took
On a high-raised estráde,
In the midst of the assémbled
And séated spectátors;
And to shárpen the spirit
Of súch as might háply
Incline to conténd
In the rápid foot-ráce,

The prizes set out,
And displayed the rewards.

They come flocking from all sides,
Teuceri mixed with Sicáni:
First Eurýalus and Nísus;
Eurýalus of beauty rare,
In the fresh green of youth fair;
Nísus with all his heart
Virtuously, tenderly
Loving the lad.
Next after in order
Comes royal Dióres,
Descended from Priám's
Pre-éminent stock;
Then Sálius and Pátron,
Acaránian the one,
Of Tégea's Arcáidian
Lineage the other;
Then two youths Trinácrian,
Hélymus and Pánopes,
Well used to the woods,
Aged Acéstes' páges:
And many besides
Of dim fame obscure.
In the midst of whom then
It was thus spoke Enéas:—

“Give jýful attention,
And hear what I say.
Of all that are here
I 'll not allow one
To depárt unrewarded:

A páir of darts Gnóssian
Of bright, polished stéel,
And a twó-headed póle-axe
With ráised work of silver,
Shall bé to each óne
Présented alike.

“Prizes shall bé
For the fóremost thrée,
And a wréath, round their héads,
Of táwny ólive:
For the first a supérbly
Capárisoned hórse,
The rewárd of the victor.
An áamazon’s quíver
The sécond shall háve,
Full of Thrácian árrows;
It hángs in a bróad belt
With góld overláid
Ánd with a táper-turned
Jéwel-stud fástened.
Let the thírđ depart pléased
With this hélmet Argólic.”

When thús he had sáid,
They táke their stands éach;
Then, well márking the góal,
Awáy on a súdden,
At the sóund of the trúmpet,
Rush ínto the cóurse,
Like a fást-dashing shówer,
And behínd leave the bárrier.

Far befóre all the rést
Nisus shóots away first,
More swift than the winds,
Or the winged thunderbólt.
Néxt him, but néxt
With a lóng interspáce,
Sálius comes áfter,
And thén, on the gróund
They bóth have passed óver,
Eurýalus thírđ,
By Hélymus fóllowed,
Close behind whom, behóld!
Dióres comes flýing,
Leans óver his shóulder
And tréads on his héels;
And, give him but móre ground,
He 'll slíp clear áway from,
And quíte behind léave,
Him whom nów he 's so clóse to
You dóubt which is fóremost.

And nów they 're almóst
At the énd of the cóurse,
And wéarily néaring
The véry góal,
When Nisus slips, lúckless,
In sóme glairy blóod
Which where búllocks, it chánced,
Had látely been sláughtered,
Lay spilled on the gróund
And had wét the green swárd.
The yóuth was alréady
Victórious, triúmphant,

When on this spot his foot,
To take firm hold céasing,
From únder him wént,
And flát on his fáce
He féll in the midst
Of the góre sacrificíal
And éxcrement fól.

Of Eurýalus, howéver,
And his lóve for Eurýalus
He wás not forgétful;
Bút, from the slippery ground
Úp as he róse,
Oppósed himself right
In the wáy of Sálius,
Who féll and rolled óver
On his báck in the thick sand.

In the midst of handcláppings
And shóuts of appláuse
Awáy shoots, awáy flies
Eurýalus fóward,
And bý his friend's kíndness
Has wón the first pláce.
Up cômes Hélymus áfter,
And, nów to the third palm
Entítled, Díóres.

Here Sálius, with lóud shouts
The húge concave fílling,
Insists to the whóle
Of the assémbled spectátors,
And móst to the síres

In the frónt places séated,
That the hónor is his,
And múst be restóred him,
Of which an unfáir
Manoeúvre has róbbed him.

For Eurýalus pléad
His becóming téars;
His vírtues, enhánced
By his pérsonal gráce,
Win the géneral fávor;
Dióres too hélp him,
And shóuts for him lóud,
Having cóme in, in váin,
For the lást palm and príze,
If to Sálius restóred
The first márk of distínction.

Then fáther Enéas:—
“Your présents, young mén,
Remain cértain and fíxed,
And no óne shall distúrb
The pálm from its órder;
But mé you ’ll allów
To commiserate a friénd,
Whose misfórtune is dúe
To no fáult of his ówn.”

So sáid, he gave Sálius
The húge hide uncóuth
Of a lion Getúlian,
Gólden-clawed, shággy,
A búrthen to cárry.

Then says Nísus:— “If súch
 Thy compássion for fálls,
 And so gréat the rewáreds
 Thou bestów'st on the cónquered,
 Let me sée the fine présent
 Thou hast réady for Nísus;
 For him who had glóriously
 Wón the first gárland,
 Had he nót been o'ercóme
 By the sáme spiteful fórtune
 That óvercame Sálius.”
 He sáid, and displáyed
 His fáce and limbs fóuled
 With the sóft, dungy óoze.

The most éxcellent Fáther
 Smiled at his plight:
 Then bidding be bróught forth
 The shíeld manufáctured
 By skilled Didymáon,
 Which the Dánaï had púlled down
 From Néptune's door sácred,
 Bestówed the choice gift
 On the wórthy young mán.

The ráce at an énd,
 And the présents awárded:—
 “Now if ány man hére
 Has indwelling cóurage
 And spírit sufficient,
 Let him stánd fórth, and líft high
 His gáuntleted pálms.”

He said, and set forth
 The battle's twain honors:
 For the victor a steer,
 Vailed with fillets of gold;
 A sword and grand helmet
 To solace the conquered.

Then loud was the buzz of the admiring assembly
 As Dares his mighty front raised on the instant:
 'Twas Dares that used to contend against Paris,
 Other equal for Paris was none.
 He too it was that at mightiest Hector's
 Tumulus sepulchral smote conquering Butes,
 And stretched on the tawny sand dying the giant
 Whose haughty deméanour showed how well he knew
 He was come of Bebrycian Amycus' race.
 Such was Dares that raised his high head first to battle,
 Displayed his broad shoulders, and thrusting and cuffing
 With each arm alternate, pommeled the air.
 A match is sought for him; but, of all that array,
 Not one dares approach him or draw on the gauntlet.

In high spirits therefore,
 And thinking that one and all
 Yield him the palm,
 He stands right in front
 Of the feet of Eneas,
 And without more ado
 With his left hand takes hold
 Of the bull by the horn,
 And says:— "Goddess-born,
 If there 's no one so bold
 As to venture the battle,"

What énd of my stánding?
How lóng must I wáit?
Bid me léad the prize óff."
Same tíme the Dardánidae
Cálléd out unánimous
To lét the brave mán
Have the prómised rewárd.

Here with gráve words Acéstes
Repróaches Entéllus,
As beside him he sát
On the gréen grassy bánk:—
“Entéllus, in váin once
The brávest of héroes,
And wilt thou so támely,
Withóut even a strúggle,
Allów such a prize
To be cárried awáy?
Whére is our Gód now,
That Éryx thy máster
Thou váunt'st of so ídly?
Where nów thy renówn
All Trináeria filling,
And the spóils thou 'st at hóme
Hanging úp in thy hóuse?”

“It is not féar” —
Thus ánswered hé —
“Nor scáred awáy
My lóve of glóry
And fáir áchievement;
But slów old-áge,
With núbling fróst,

Has chilled my blóod,
And wórned out quíte
My bóðily vigor.
Hád I but nów
The yóuth I had ónce,
That yóuth in which
Yon wrétch exúlts
So cónfidént,
Nor gift had Í
Nor fáir steer néeded,
Tó induce me
Tó come fóward.
Who likes may táke
The prize, for mé."

Só having sáid,
He cást intó
The mídst a páir
Of móst enórmous,
Weíghty gáuntlets,
With whose hárd hide
Dóughty Éryx
Úsed to stráp
His hánds and árms,
Évery time
The lísts he éntered.

All minds were astóunded,
So hüge were those sévenfold
Plies of ox-léather,
So stiffened with ín-plaited
Íron and léad.
Abóve all the rést

Dares' sélf is astónished,
And will upon nó account
Trý the encóunter.
Then, while the magnánimous
Són of Anchíses
Swings híther and thíther
And túrns every wáy
The vólume imménse
Of those pónderous bánds,
The óld man gives útterance
To wórds such as thése:—

“And whát had ye sáid,
Hád ye but Hércules'
Ówn gauntlets séen,
And the sád fight he fóught
Upon this very shóre?
These gáuntlets belónged
To thine hálf-brother Éryx
(Thou séc'st them with blóod still
Besprinkled and bráins);
With thése he confrónted
Míghty Alcides;
To thése I was úsed,
While a frésher blood-cúrrént
Supplied me with vígor,
And nó yet had óld age
Énviously sprinkled
My témples with hóar.
But if Trojan Dáres
These wéapons refúses,
And géntle Enéas
Is sátisfied só,

And if my abéttor
Acéstes appróves,
Let us máke the fight équal;
I dó not insíst
On the gáuntlets of Éryx
(Dismiss thy misgivings);
And thóu, put thou óff
Thy Trójan gloves too."

He sáid, and his dóublet
Threw óff from his shóuldern,
His gréat limbs laid báre
And his gréat bones and músclcs,
And fórtli in his míght stood
In the midst of th' aréna.

Then the séed of Anchises
Like gáuntlets brought fórtli,
And with the matched wéapóns
The sire strapped the hánds
Of the óne and the óther.
Upright on their tóes
In an instant both róse;
And undáunted arms hígh
Lifting úp toward the ský,
And lófty heads dráwing back
Fár from the stróke,
With hánd to hand spárring,
The báttle provóke.

More nímble the óne
In the príde of his yóuth;

Stronger limbed was the óther,
 And móulded gigántic,
 But trémulous slów
 Are his tóttering knées,
 And his vást limbs shake sóre
 With the pánt of his breáthing.

Mány a blów
 They tóss to and fró,
 Áll to no púrpose;
 Mány a blów
 Loud ráttling rings
 On hóllow chést
 And sides, redóubled.
 Abóut ears and témples
 Róves the hand fréquent,
 And únder the hárd cuffs
 The jáws go crick cráck.

In the sáme sustained pósture
 Entéllus stands héavy,
 And with vigilant eýes
 The pásses avóids
 By ónly inclíning his bódý.
 His oppónent, like óne
 Who brings works of wár
 To béar on a high-seated cíty,
 Or sóme mountain cástle beléaguers,
 On this side tries nów,
 Now on thát the appróaches,
 And the whóle place abóut
 Reconnoítres with skill,

And with various assaults
Ineffectual presses.

Rears himself upright
Entellus, and shows
His right hand uplifted;
The other wares quick
The down coming blow,
And with nimble evasion
Slips out of the way.
Entellus discharges
His strength on the winds,
And to the ground ponderous
Falls of himself
With his vast heavy weight:
As on Erymanth sometimes,
Or on mighty Ida,
A hollow pine tumbles
Torn up by the roots.

All at once and together,
In their interest for either,
The Teucri rise up
And the youth of Trinacria;
To the sky mounts the clamor:
Acestes the first is
Who runs to, and pitying
Lifts from the ground up,
His equal-aged friend.

But, by his mischance
Nor retarded nor scared,
The hero returns

But more k  en to the fight,
 Of v  lor self-c  nscious,
 Wrath r  using his v  gor,
 Shame k  ndling his m  ight;
 And,   ll in a gl  w,
 Drives   ver the wh  le plain
 DARES h  adlong bef  re him,
 And n  w with his l  ft hand
 Red  oubles his bl  ws,
 And n  w with his r  ight.

There 's n   stop nor st  y,
 But with bl  ws of each h  nd,
 As thick, fast, and fr  quent,
 As p  ttering h  ilstones
 Down sh  owering on r  of-tops,
 The h  ro thumps D  res,
 And kn  cks him ab  ut.

Then f  ther En  as,
 Permitting no f  rther
 Their   res to proc  ed,
 Nor Ent  llus to r  ge on
 In s  ch bitter sp  rit,
 Put an   nd to the fight,
 And r  scued tired D  res,
   nd with kind, p  tting words
 Th  s to him s  id:—

“Luckless wight, what del  sion
 So str  ng has poss  ssed thee?
 Perc  iv'st not, thou w  rrest
 Ag  inst a God's str  ngth,

And that Héaven 's turned agáinst thee?
Give wáy to the Gód.”
He sáid, and the báttle
Decláred to be énded.

But awáy to the véssels
His fáithful compánions
Bring Dáres, his crázy knees
Drágging alóng,
His héad now to this
Now to thát side tóssing,
And clóts of blood míxed with teeth
Fróm his mouth spéwing;
Then, súmmoned, the swórd
And the hélmet receíve,
And léave to Entéllus
The pálm and the búll.

Then, exúberant in spirits
And próud of the búll:—
“Goddess-bórn,” says the víctor,
“And yé other Teúcri,
Behóld both what stréngth
My yóuthful frame ónce had,
And from whát certain déath
Ye have Dáres delivered.”

He sáid, and right ópposite
The fáce of the stéer stood,
That was bý-standing thére,
The príze of the báttle;
And rísing bolt-úpright,
And dráwing back his right hand,

Swúng the hard gáuntlet
 Betwéen the two hórn,
 And the fróntal bone fráctured,
 And crúshed in the bráin;
 Próstrate the félléd ox
 Lics on the swárd stretched,
 Sénséless and quívering.
 Then, óver him stánding,
 These wórds he put fórh:—
 “With this bétter life, Éryx,
 I páy thee in fúll
 For my nót killing Dáres,
 And victórious here pút by
 My gáuntlets, and with them
 The árt pugilistic.”

Then stráightway Enéas
 Invites to compéte,
 Who háply may wish,
 In the swift arrow cóntest,
 And the prizes sets óut;
 And Seréstus’ ship’s mást
 With his húge hand erécts,
 And suspénds in a nóose,
 From the tóp of the mást,
 The márk to be áimed at,
 A swift-winged pígeon.

The compétitors méet,
 And into a bráss helm
 Their lótt-counters flínging,
 Forth cómes first of áll,
 Amid shóuts of appláuse,

The lóť of Hippócoon,
Hýrtacus' són.
Close áfter whom fóllovs
Mnéstheus, just nów
In the shíp-race victórious,
Mnéstheus with ólive bough
Gárlanded gréen.
Thírd comes Eurýtion,
Who cláims thee for bróther,
O Pándarus most glórious,
Thóu that in óld time,
Obédient to órders,
The first wert thy weápon
To flíng midst the Achívi,
And th' ármistice bréak.
Lowest dówn in the hélmet
And lást lay Acéstes;
For hé too had dáred
In the tásk of the yóung man
His hánd's strength to trý.

Then évery man tákes out
His sháft from his quíver,
And gállantly évery man
Bénds his strong bów;
And fírst from the twánging string,
Cléaving the swift air,
Through the ský speeds the árrów
Of Hýrtacus' són,
And cómes and sticks fást
In the frónt of the mást:
The mast thróugh and thróugh quívors,
The fríghted bird flútters,

And fills the place round
With its clapping wings' sound.

Bold Mnéstheus next áfter,
With bended bow stánding,
His áim took on high
With strained sháft and strained eye,
But, alás! the bird missed,
Though he bróke the lint nóose
In which, tied by the fóot,
From the táll mast it húng:
And awáy to the sóuth winds
And dárk clouds it fléw.

Then in áll haste Eurýtion,
Who for sóme time was hóliding
Bow bént and shaft lévelled,
Made a vów to his bróther,
And únder the bláck cloud
Cóvered and pierced
With his árrow the pígeon,
That in the free ský there
Its glád wings was clápping.
Life léaving abóve
In the stárry ethéreal,
It túbles down sénseless,
And báck to the gróund
Brings the sháft in the wóund.

Sire Acéstes, the ónly
Remáining one nów,
Though the victory 's lóst,
Yet his science to shów
In twánging the bów,

High into the ský
His árraw let flý.
Here méets the eye súdden
What divíners too láte,
By the gréat event táught
To prognósticate right,
Have decláred was an ómen
Of import terrífic;
For the réed, in th' untróubled
Clouds óf the fine wéather,
Took fíre as it fléw,
And its páth marked with fláme,
Then into the thin winds
Awáy withidrew spént.
So óftentimes flý
Shooting stárs through the ský,
And draw áfter them swéeping
Their lóng trail of háir.

Confóunded, astóunded,
To the Góds pray the Teúcri
And mén of Trinácia;
Nor refúses the ómen
Most mighty Enéas,
But embráces, and héaps
With great gifts, glad Acéstes,
And thús to him sáys:—
“Accépt this, O fáther;
For Olýmpus’ great king
By this pórtent decláres thee
Entitled to hónor
Apárt and espécial.
This rich-embossed winebowl,

Which gréat-aged Anchíses
Himsélf once posséssed,
Thou shalt háve for thy bóon.
Thracian Cisseus of óld
On my párent Anchíses
The gréat gift bestówed
To be képt as memórial
And plédge of his lóve."

He sáid, and salúted
Acéstes first victor,
And bóund round his témples
With láurel-branch gréen.
Nor did wórthy Eurýtion,
Though 'twas hé alone bróught down
The bírd from the high sky,
With jéalousy lóok
On the hónor put pást him.
For the néxt gift comes in
He that rúptured the córd;
Last is hé whose swift árrów
Stood fíxed in the mást.

But fáther Enéas,
Ere énded thát gáme was,
Calls Epýtides tó him,
Compánion and guárdian
Of béardless Iúlus,
Ánd in his trústý ear:—
"To Ascánus awáy quíck,
And if he has with him
His yóung troop of hórsemen
All équipped now and réady

To go through their manoeuvres,
Bid him with them come hither
In arms, and parade
To his grandfather's honor.
Out of the long circus
Himself bids depart
The whole influx of people,
And leave the field free.

All glittering alike
On their well-bitted horses,
The lads make their entry
In sight of their sires,
Admired by the whole youth
Of Tróy and Trinácia,
And cheered as they go.
They all wear their hair,
As required by the custom,
Cut close in a round crop;
Two steel-pointed lances
Of cornel each carries,
And some on their shoulders
A smooth burnished quiver;
At the top of the chest
Round the neck goes a collar
Of flexible gold twisted.

Three troops of horsemen,
Distinct and apart,
Perambulate there,
Each troop with a captain;
Twice six glittering youths
Every captain commands.

One yóuthful troop 's léd
 In ovátion alóng,
 By a tíny Príam
 (Called áfter his grándsire),
 Thine illústrious óffspring,
 Polítes, and sóon
 With a nów, vigorous gráft
 To add stréngth to th' Itálians.
 The pásterns are white
 Of his píed Thracian chárger,
 And lóftily cárried
 The próud forehead white.

Átys, from whóm come
 The Látin clan, Átíi,
 Little Átys is néxt,
 The fávorite boy-friend
 Of the bóy Iúlus.

Last and lóveliest of ál
 Iúlus comes, móunted
 On chárger Sidónian,
 By fáir Dido gíven him
 In remémbrance of hér
 And in plédge of her lóve.
 On áged Acéstes's
 Hórses Trinácrian
 Ride the rést of the yóuths.

Pít-a-pat gó their hearts,
 Ás the Dardánidae,
 Gázing delighted,
 Ánd in their fáces

Trácing their fóresires,
Receíve them with pláudits.

When nów round the whóle
Of the séated assémbly
They have rídden, with jóy,
In their rélatives' sight,
And to sét out are réady,
Epýtides gíves them
The sígnal from fár
With whip-crack and shóut.

Each tréop then dívides
Into twó equal párts,
Which túrn about quíck,
And trot óff from each óther;
Then whéel round agáin
At the wórd of commánd,
And chárge, face to fáce.

Then their táctics they chángé,
And in ópposite ráńks
Adváńce and retíre,
And retíre and adváńce,
And whéel round and róund,
And in íntricate ríńgs
Intercépting and cróssing
And báffling each óther,
Fight óut their sham báttle;
Sometímes their backs túrning
Deféńceless and róuted,
Sometímes spéar grappling spéar,

And thén again, péace made,
Paráding united.

As the intricate blindways
And thóusand turns púzzing
Of the Lábyrinth they téll of,
In high Crete of óld,
Where nó clue to guíde you
Back, fórward, or óut,
You wándered for éver
Abóut and abóut:
So púzzed the trácks
Of the sóns of the Teúcri,
So perpléxedly wóven
Sportive báttle and flight,
Like the gámbols of pórpoises
Pláyfully frísking
Ín the sea-wáters
Carpáthian or Líbyan.

Ascánius of óld,
When róund Longa Álba
He dréw his walls' circle,
Re-estáblished this gáme
And these mánege manocévres,
And táught the old Látins
How himsélf, when a bóy,
And the Trójan lads wíth him,
Had been úsed to perfórm them.
The Álbans their yóuth táught,
From whóm mightiest Róme
In dúe course recéived,
And, hónoring her fáthers,

Preserves to this dáy
The spórt they call Tróy
And the Trójan Battálion.
So múch for the gámes
In the sáinted sire's hónor.

Here Fórtune, unfáithful,
Begán first to chángé;
For whilst at the túmulus
With várious amúsements
The dáy 's solemnised,
Júno Satúrnian,
Mány a scheme póndering,
And nó sated yét
Of her áncient ill will,
Dówn from heaven Íris
On fáir wafting bréezes
To the Ílian fleet sént.

Swift alóng her bow's páth
Of a thóusand bright dýes,
Down unséen runs the máid;
The great cóncourse survéys,
Round the cóast casts her eýes,
And obsérves the port émtý,
Desérted the fléet.

But apárt on the lónely beach,
Wéeping in sécret,
Troy's mátrons were wáiling
The lóss of Anchises;
And áll, as they wépt,
On the déep sea were gázíng:—

"Alás, such a lóng way 's
 Still lýing befóre us,
 And, tired as we áre,
 We have só much sea wáter
 To sáil over stíll!"
 It was thús with one vóice
 They áll were excláiming;
 A city 's their práyer;
 They are síck, sore and sórry,
 And the tóils of the séa
 Will no lónger endúre.

Ínto the mídst of them,
 Práctised in míschief
 Thérefore she flíngs her,
 And púts off the figure
 And vést of a Góddess,
 And mákes herself Béroë,
 The áged spouse becómes
 Of Tmárian Dorýclus,
 Who ónce possessed children
 And kindred and náme.

In this guíse amídst
 The Dárdan dames míngling:—
 "Wretched wómen," she cries,
 "Whom Acháian hands lóng ago
 Drágged not to sláughter,
 When fierce raged the báttle
 Your nátive walls róund —
 O unfórtunate créw,
 For whát worse destrúction
 Does Fórtune reserve, ye?

The séventh summer nów
Since the ráising of Tróy,
Its cóurse is revólving,
Yet o'er lánd and o'er wáter
We 're wándering still;
Amidst bléak, savage rócks,
Under stránge skies are róaming,
And, tóssed on the billóws,
Chace thróugh the great séa
Itália, that éver
Befóre us is fléeing.
Ín the fratérnal
Domáins here of Éryx,
Hére where we 're kíndly
Reccéived by Acéstes,
What hinders from fóunding
Our cíty's walls hére,
And éntering at ónce
On a cítizen life?
O my cóuntry, and Ó ye
Penátes, in váin
Rescued óut of the fóe's midst,
Shall there nó, now at lást,
Be a cíty called Tróy?
Am I nó where to sée
A Símoïs' or Xánthus'
Hectórean stréam?
Nay, náy, come alóng,
And hélp me to búrn down
These ún lucky véssels;
For prophétic Cassándra's form
Séemed, as I slépt,
A lít torch to hánd me;

Here, she sáys, is your hóme,
 In this spót seek your Tróy.
 Opportúny wórks,
 Ánd the great pródigy
 Méets with no hín drance:
 See hére where to Néptunc
 Four áltars are stánding;
 With lít brands, with cóurage
 The Gód's self supplies us."
 She sáid, the way léd,
 And the rán kling fire séized,
 And, with right hand uplifted,
 From whére she stood, brándished
 And with might and main flúng.

The spirits are róused
 Of the Ílian mátrons,
 With amázement their héarts struck;
 And óne of the óldest
 Óf the whole númer,
 Pýrgo, nurse róyal
 Óf the so númerous
 Children of Priam:—
 "No Béroë Rhoetéan,
 No spóuse of Dorýclus
 Ye have hére, dames;" she cries:
 "See hów her eyes búrn,
 Mark her beauty dívine,
 Her expréssion, her spírit,
 Her vóice and her gáit.
 I mysélf but just nów,
 When I cáme away híther,
 Left Béroë sick,

And in sád disappointment
That shé, only shé,
The great óffice should míss,
And nótt pay Anchíses
The méritéd hónors."

She sáid, and the mátrons
At fírst stood uncértain
And éither way swáying;
Ánd on the véssels
An ill eye were cásting —
On the óne hand sore lóve
Of the lánd that was présent,
On the óther the cáll
Of the Fáte-destined réalms —
When the Góddess her wings spread,
And úp through the ský sped
Her flight the clouds únder,
Alóng the great bów.

Then indéed, by the pródigy
Smóte with amázement;
Impélled by a fúry,
The mátrons a shóut raise
At ónce and togéther,
Snatch the fire from the héarths,
(While sóme strip the áltars),
And fling bránds with their whóle force,
And léafy twig-fággots.
Through óars and row-bénches
And páinted pine póops
With lóose reins caréers
Raging Vúlcan unbridled.

To the tómb of Anchises
 Ánd to the théatre's
 Wédge-grouped spectátors
 Eumélus the néws brings
 That the fléet is on fire;
 They look báck and themsélves see
 The dárk, showering áshes;
 And Ascánius the first is
 (Just só as he wás there,
 All jóyous conducting
 His hórsemen's manoeúvres)
 Off tó the distúrbed camp
 At fúll speed to gállop,
 Nór can his térrified
 Guárdians restráin him:—

“What strange mádness is this?
 What wóuld ye be át now?
 What wóuld ye?” he críes:
 “Ah! unháppy townswómen,
 It is not the fóe,
 Not the cámp of the Árgive,
 'Tis your ówn hopes ye búrn.
 See, í 'm your Ascánius!”
 And he tóok off and thréw
 At their féet down before thém
 The hélmet he wóre
 In the shám-fight amúsement.
 At the sáme time Encás
 Comes úp in all háste,
 And the Teúcrian bands cóme.
 But the wómen, affrighted,
 Awáy flee on áll sides

Wide óver the shóre,
And into the wóods steal,
Or skulk into whatever
Caves and hóles they can find.
They repént their attépt,
They 're ashámed of the light,
They aeknówledge their friends,
Their whóle temper 's chánged,
And óut of their bréasts
They have quite shaken Júnó.

But nó the less ráges,
For áll that, the fire,
Nor abáte the flames thérefore
Their wild, untamed stréngth;
Benéath the moist tímbers
The cálking tow smóuldérs,
And slów vomits smóke:
The élement súpple
Gnaws slówly the húlls;
The pést descends dówn
Through the whóle of the fráme:
All the stréngth of the héroes,
All the flóods they throw ón it,
Aváil not to stáy it.

Then géntle Enéas
Tears his vést from his shóuldérs,
His hánds toward heaven strétches
And the Góds' help invókes:—
“O omnípotent Jóve,
If not yét to a mán
Thou detéstest us Trójjans,

If thou 'st still some remains
Of the pity wherewith
Thou wast wónted of óld
To regárd human tróubles,
Grant our ships now, O Sire,
An escápe from this fire,
And réscue Troy's slénder
Estáte from destrúction;
Or compléte thy work óutright,
And, if súch my desérving,
With ángry bolt hére
On this spót overwhélm me,
Ánd with thy right hand
To déath send me dówn."

Scáree had he úttered,
When the ráins were let lóose,
And a dárk tempest ráged
Beyond précedent fúrious,
And highlands and pláins
With thúnderpeals ráttled.
Down fróm the whole éther
'Tis óne pour of wáter,
One thíck, rushing shówer
Of black bláck, troubled sóuth-rain.
The ships fill, and run óver,
The chárged timber 's drénched,
The fiery glow 's quénched,
And fróm the pest sáved
All the véssels but fóur.

But fáther Encás,
By the sóur mischance shócked,

Weighty cares in his breast
 With himself was revolving,
 And between the two ways
 To and fro vacillating:
 Should he settle down there
 In the fields of Sicília
 And forget the fates quite,
 Or for th' Italian coasts
 Make right ahead.
 Then elderly Náutes,
 Whom Pállas Tritónian
 Had specially taught,
 And rendered distinguished
 Above every other
 For soothsaying skill —
 (Her answers would tell him
 What it was the great wrath
 Of the Góds was foreboding,
 What it was the Fates' preordained
 Order required),
 In consoling words thus
 To Enéas began:—

"Whither the Fates
 Do so pull and re-pull us,
 Goddess-born, let us follow.
 Let what will, be coming,
 No fortune 's so bad
 But it may be surmounted
 By patient endurance.
 There 's Acéstes, a Dárdan
 And from the Gods sprung,
 To him impart freely

Thy plán of procéeding;
 He 's réady and willing
 To hélp and advise thee.
 The créws of the lóst ships
 Hand óver to him,
 And whoéver are sick
 Of the gréat undertáking
 And óf thy concérnments,
 And the véry old mén,
 And the séa-weary mátrons;
 And chóose out the wéak ones
 And súch as are tímíd,
 And hére in this lánd
 Let them fíx their abóde,
 And bestów on their cíty
 (Thou 'lt allów them the prívilege
 Of chóosing the náme)
 The náme of Acésta."

'Twas thén indeed, thén,
 That, inflámed by the wórds
 Of his élderly friend,
 He was réally dístrácted:
 And dárk Night was nów
 Alóng the sky dírvíng
 In páir-in-hand téam,
 When, dówn from heaven glídíng,
 Appéared on a súdden
 The fórm of his párent
 Anchíses, and séemed
 Words like thése to pour fórt:—
 "O són, once than lífe
 (When I hád lífe) more déar;

O sòn by the Ílian fates
Hárassed so sóre;
By that Júpiter, whó
Drove the fire from thy ships,
And from high heaven at lást
Took compássion upón thee,
I come hither, commáded.
Obéy the advisings
Of élderly Náutes,
That so chármingly fit
With the présent conjúcture:
Yóuths of the stóutest heart
Chóose out and táke
To Ítaly with thee;
Thou 'st a rúde, hardy péople
In Látium to wár down.
But the únder-ground dwélling
Of Dis visit fírst,
And thróugh deep Avérnus
Come dówn, son, and méet me;
For nót kindless Tártarus'
Glóomy shades ówn me;
In delightful Elýsium
I wón with the géntle.
Holy Síbyl, when mány
A bláck sheep has bléd,
Shall hither condúct thee.
Of thine whóle future ráce
And the city vouchsáfed thee
Thou shalt thén be infórmed.
And nów fare thee wéll!
Humid Night has the hálf
Of her jóurney compléted,

And with his pánting steeds
Féll Morn blows ón me."
He sáid, and like smóke
Into thín air awáy fled.

"Whither rúshest thou thén?"
Says Enéas, "or whither
Beták'st thyself fróm me?
Whom flécest? who kéeps thee
Awáy from my árms?"
So sáying, he stirred up
The fire's sleeping émbers,
Ánd fumigáted
Pergámean Lár
And hóar Vesta's shrine
With a fúll box of incense,
And óffered the blést meal,
And pút up his práyer.

The wórship compléted,
He súmmons his péers
And, abóve all, Acéstes;
And Júpiter's órders.
Lays fúllý befóre them,
And his déar sire's injúnctions,
And his ówn, formed opiníon.
Acéstes gainsáys not;
The vóte 's not long pássing;
They transcribe to the city
And sét down from trável
The mátrons and áll who
To stáy are inclined,
Minds whóllý devóid

Of the pássion for glóry.
Themsélves then repláce
The half-éaten ship-tímbers,
Make nów the row bénches,
And with óar and rope-táckling
Ríg out afresh;
They 're a bráve, gallant créw,
Though they múster but féw.

In the méantime Enéas
Marks óut with plough-fúrrow
The síte of the city,
And lóts out the dwéllings;
And hére bids be Ílium,
And thére bids be Tróy.
And Trójan Acéstes
Delights in his réalm,
And, fixing by édict
A Fórum, presides
O'er the Fáthers assémbled.
On Éryx' high tóp too,
Not fár from the ský,
For Vénus Idálian
A séat is estáblished;
Ánd to Anchíses' tomb
Ádded a priest;
And a gróve consecráted,
With wide-spreáding púrlieus.

And nów for nine dáys
All the péople were féasted,
And ófferings, for nine dáys,
Were láid on the áltars;

And beneath the mild bréezes
The séa-plain lay lével,
And the stéady and fáir breath
Of Áuster once móre
To the high-deep was cálling —
Then thróugh the bayed shóres
The great wáiling arises;
In mútual embráces
They línger, and dráw out
The dáy and the níght;
And the mátrons themsélves
And thóse very mén
To whóm the sea's fáce
But just nów seemed so róugh,
And the wéather a thing
That was nót to be bórne,
Are desírous to gó,
And endúre to the énd
All the tóil of the trável:
Whom with kind, friendly wórds
Good Enéas consóles,
And with téars recomménds
To their kinsman Acéstes;
Then thrée calves commánds
To be sláughtered to Éryx,
And a lámbs to the Témpests,
And one áfter anóther
To lét go the cábles.
Himsélf, with a clipped
Olive wréath round his héad,
Stands far óff on the bów,
And into the sált waves
The éntails consígn,

And the flówing wine póurs.
A wind rises áft
And convóys them alóng;
And, áll hands with rival oars
Smítng the déep,
O'er the séa-plain they swéep.

But cáre-harassed Vénus
Meanwhile accosts Néptune,
Ánd from her bréast forth .
Pours this lamentátion:--
“The sérious and éver-
Unsátiated ánger
Of Júnó's breast, Néptune,
Compéls me to áll
Sorts of práyers to descénd;
Unsóftened by léngth of time,
Úntouched by pity,
Unsubduéd by the Fátes,
By Jove's mándate unquélléd,
She néver rests quiet.
Not enóugh for her hórrible
Spíte to have tórtured
With áll sorts of tórture
And óut of the midst
Of the Phrýgian nátion
Cut their cápital city,
She must pérsecute stíll
Murdered Tróy's poor remáins,
Her bónes and her cinders;
Best knówn to hersélf
The cáuse of such fúry.
Thou thysélf art my wítness,

What a cóil but just nów
 She raised, áll of a sudden,
 In the Libyan sea-wáters;
 How the whóle sea and ský
 She mixed úp in one póther,
 On th' Eólian blasts squállly
 Relyíng in váin —
 In thý realms she dáred this.
 See too, how she has driven
 Troy's dámes into crime,
 And fóully our ships burned,
 And ón an unknow'n land
 Compélléd us to léave
 Our cómrades behind us.
 One thíng, and one ónly,
 Remáins for us nów,
 Ánd for that ónly
 One thíng I entréat thee,
 Safe vóyage acróss
 To Lauréntian Týber,
 If the Párcae permít us
 Our cíty to fíx there,
 And íf I claim nóthing
 But whát 's been accórded."

Thus spóke then the déep sea's
 Saturnian contróller:—
 "Thou 'st all right, Cytheréa,
 To confide in my réalms,
 Since from thém thou art sprúng:
 I desérve it too fróm thee:
 For thée I 've suppresséd oft
 The wild, raging fúry

Both of sky' and of sea;
And that I have not
Of thine Enéas
Taken less care on land,
Let Xánthus and Simois
Testify for me.
When against their own walls
Pursuing Achilles
Dashed Tróy's half-dead squadrons,
And slew many thousands,
And, with dead bodies filled up,
The rivers' beds groaned,
And Xánthus no longer
Could find out a passage
Or roll to the sea,
From mighty Pelides,
For whom he was no match
In Gods or in strength,
Safe in a cloud's hollow
I snatched off Enéas,
Though strong my desire
To o'erturn from the bottom
That perjured Troy city
Mine own hands had built.
Now too I 've the same mind
Unaltered and steady;
Fear not — he shall safely
Reach, as thou wishest,
The port of Avérnus,
With the loss, on the deep,
Of a single man only,
Whose one life shall ransom
The lives of the many."

The síre, with these wórds
 Having gláddened and sóothed
 The héart of the Góddess,
 Puts the bit in the móuths
 Of his wild, foaming stéeds,
 With their góld harness yókes them,
 Lets rún through his hánd loose
 The whole léngth of the réins,
 And in his dark-blúe car
 Flies lightly alóng
 O'er the fáce of the séa:
 The swollen wátters subside,
 And spréad level únder
 His thúndering áxle;
 Out óf the vast éther
 Away flee the stórms.
 In his mótleý cortége
 Was the gréat, monstrous whále,
 And óld Glaucus' chóir,
 And Inóan Palémon,
 And swift-speeding Tritons,
 And Phórcus' whole múster;
 On his léft hand was Thétis
 With Nesca, Thalia,
 Cymódoce, Spio,
 The máid Panopéan,
 And Mélité.

Here thróugh the mind ánxious
 Of fáther Enéas
 Bland jóy in its túrn thrills;
 He commánds them to sèt up
 Áll the masts quíckly, .

And the sáils on the yálds spread.
 They unfúrl sail togéther,
 Fírst on the lárboard side,
 Thén on the stárboard side,
 Ánd to the gúnnel
 The cléw-lines brace fást;
 All at ónce they heave úp
 Their yárd-horns on high,
 Then hául them taught áft,
 And befóre the wind scúd.
 Palinúrus, ahéad,
 The déense squadron léd;
 All the óthers were órdered
 To shápe course by him.

And now dámp Night had réached
 About hálfway her góal,
 And beside their oars strétched
 All alóng the hard bénches
 The sáilors in still sleep
 Their límbs had reláxed,
 Whén from th' ethéreal sky
 Dówn gliding light,
 The múrky air pártng,
 And scáttering the dárkness,
 Sómnus to thée comes,
 Ó Palinúrus,
 Ánd for no fáult of thine
 Bríngs thee sad slúmbers;
 And, in figure like Phórbas,
 On the high poop the Gód sat,
 And póured this discóurse:—

"Palinúrus lásides,
 Steády the fléet goes
 Befóre the fair wind;
 'Tis the hóur of repóse;
 Lay thine héad down to slúmber,
 And stéal for thy tired eyes
 A móment of rést:
 I mysélf for a while
 Will take ón me thy dúty."
 To him Palinúrus,
 His eýes scarce uplifting:—
 "And desírest thou mé
 To confide in this mónster,
 As íf I knew nó
 What the plácid face méans,
 And the cálm of the sált sea?
 Or wóuldst thou have mé,
 Whom a fáir-seeming ský
 So óften has chéated,
 Give Enéas in chárge
 To the tréacherous bréezes?"

He sáid, and kept wáatching
 With fixed eyes the stárs,
 And clung clóse to the tiller,
 And wóuld not let gó:
 Then ó'er both his témples,
 Behóld! the God shákes
 A bóugh drenched in Léthe's
 Stygian déw soporífic,
 And reléases his swimming
 And únwilling eýes.
 No sóoner the first touch

Of sléep unexpected
His limbs had relaxed,
Thán with his whole weight
He léans down upón him,
And into the cléar water
Púshes him héadlong,
With the bróken-off hélm
And a párt of the póop,
And óft on his cómrades
In váin for help cálling;
Then úp to the thín air
Awáy soars himsélf.
But the fléet notwithstanding
Sails dáuntlessly ón,
In sire Néptune's word sáfe:
And nów they were néaring
The rócks of the Sirens,
Dángerous of óld,
And with sáilors' bones white;
Far óff heard the cónstant
Hoarse róar of the bréakers;
When the Fáther, perceíving
The ship drifting wide
For wánt of her hélmsman,
Himsélf steered her ón
Through the mídnight wáters,
Much shócked, and láménting
With mány a gróan oft
The ill chánce of his friend:—
“O tóo much confíding
In fáir sea and ský,
On an únknown shore náked,
Palínúre, thou shalt lie.”

VI.

With téars he sáid, and gáve his fléet the réins;
Ánd at last glides to Cúma's shóres Euboéan.

Móored by the ánchor's tóoth tenácious,
The véssels' cúrved sterns líne the cóast;
Óut toward the séa the próws are túrned:
Fóρθ on the shóre Hespérián léap
The árdent yóung men in a bánd:
Sóme for the séeds of fíre make séarch,
Whére in the flint's veins théy lie hídden;
Sóme through the wóods scour ánd the déns
And thicket of their wild indwéllers,
Or find and shów where flów the rívers.

But kínd Enéas séeks alár
The stéep where hígh Apóllo réigns,
Ánd the vást and áwful cávern,
Sécret háunt of dréad Sibýlla,
Whóm the séer of Délos fílls
With ínsprátions hígh and míghty,
Ánd foreknówledge of the fúture.

Ánd now tó the gróves of Trívía
Ánd the gólden fáne they cóme;

Dédalús, so sáys repórt,
 Fróm the réalms of Mínos fléeing,
 Dáred on fórdward-béaring pinions
 Tó confide him tó the ský,
 And, bý that únfrequented róute
 Tóward the gélid Ártic sáiling,
 Lightly sét his fóot at lást
 Ón the high Chalcidic stéep.

Hére where he fírst touched lánd agáin,
 He ráised thee, Phoébus, á vast témples,
 And in it cónsecráted tó thee
 The wings with which he hád rowed thithér.
 Andrógeos' déath was ón the dóors,
 Ánd the Cécropidaé compélléd
 To páy awáy in ánnual múlet,
 Ah wóe! seven óf their sóns álíve:
 You sée befóre you stánding thére
 The úrn from whénce they 've dráwn their lóts.

And córrespónding, ópposite,
 The Gnóssian lánd, raised ó'er the séa,
 Displáys the unnátural, stólen connéxion
 Óf Pasíphaë with the búll,
 Ánd the mónstrous pássion's frúit,
 The bíform Mínotáur, memórial
 Óf the confúsióh bétween kínds.

Here tóo is séen th' eláborate hóuse,
 That máze from which there 's nó escáping —
 But Dédalús, out óf compássióh
 Tó the gréat love óf the quéen,
 With a clúe the cáptive's blínd steps

Himself guided, and unravelled
The building's cunning roundabouts.

Thou too, O Ícarus, hadst had,
Hád the fáther's grief permitted,
A lárge share in so gréat a wórk —
Twice he essayed in góld
The disáster to móuld:
Twice the patérnal hands
Pówerless féll.

Bút befóre they cóuld entírely
With their eýes the wórk go óver,
Achátēs, whóm they hád befóre them
Despátched as cóurier, hád retúrned,
Ánd Deíphobe, Gláucus' dáughter,
Phoébus' and Trivia's priestess, with him,
Whó in thése wóds tó the king:—
“This is nó time fór sight-séeing;
Bétter fár it wére to óffer,
Ás demánded bý the cústom,
Séven steers fróm th' unblémished hérd,
Ánd an équal númer chóice sheep
Thát have cút their sécond-yéar teeth.”

The priestess, whén she hád in thése wóds
Addréssed Enéas (nór wére théy
Slów to perfórm the ritúal órdered),
Ínto the high fane cálls the Teúcri.

The síde of thé Euboéan rók
Ínto a cávern húge is hóllowed,
Whither a húndred wide appróaches

Through a húndred bróad mouths léad,
 Whénce the ánswers óf the Sibyl
 Ín a húndred vóices rúsh.

Tó the éntrance théy had cóme,
 Whén the vírgin:— “Tó demánd
 The fátes now ís the tíme,” she sáys:
 “The Gód! see thére! the Gód! the Gód!”

While thús befóre the dóor she spóke,
 Her cóuntenánce, all óf a súdden,
 And cólor chánged; intéo disórder
 Féll her combed háir; high héaved her bréast,
 Sávae and rábid swélled her héart;
 Táller than húman lóoks her státüre,
 Lóuder than mórtal's sóunds her vóice,
 As clóser stíll and clóser ón her
 Blóws the Gód's ínspiring bréath:—
 “Whý so slów with thy vóws and práyers,
 Trójan Enéas, whý so slów?
 Néver, untíl thou hast vówed and práyed,
 Will thís astóunded dwélling ópen
 Its mighty, yáwning móuth.”
 This sáid, she húshed; an ícy trémor
 Thrilled through the hárdy Teúcrians' bónes,
 And fróm the bóttom óf his bréast
 Poured fórth these práyers the kíng:—

“O Phoébus, óf Troy's gríevous tóils
 Compássionate éver; whó diréctedst
 Stráight agáinst Eáicides' bódy
 Páris' Dárdan sháft and hánd;
 Fóllowing whose guídance Í have éntered

So mány séas encómpassing
 So mány widely trénding cóasts,
 Éven to the quite out-ól-the-wáy
 Massýlian tribes, and tó the lánds
 That lie behind the scréen of the Sýrtes;
 Nów that, at lást, we háve caught hólđ
 Óf the fúgitive shóre Itálian,
 Lét our évil Trójan fórtune
 No fúrther gó alóng with us.
 Ye tóo, Gods áll and Góddesses,
 To whóm Dardánia's mighty glóry,
 And Ílium gáve such úmbrage, yé
 May wéll spare nów the ráce Pergáméan:
 And thóu, most hólý séeer prophétic,
 Gránt me — I ásk a débť — the réalġ
 My fátes have prómised mé in Látium;
 A séttlement fór the Teúcrians thére,
 Ánd for Troy's trável-hárrassed Góds.
 To Phoébus ánd to Trivia thén
 I 'll fóund a sólíd márble témpġ,
 And sét apárt days tó be képt
 Féstive in Phoébus' náme and hónor.
 Thee tóo, O grácious máid, awáits
 A gréat shrine in our réalġ; for thére
 A brótherhóod I 'll cónsecráte,
 To táke charge óf thine óraeles,
 Ánd the mystérious fátes intérpret,
 Appóinted tó befáll my líne.
 Ónly trust nót to léaves thy vèrses,
 Lést, of the rápid winds the spórt,
 Hére and thére they flý disórdered:
 Sing them thysélf, I práy."
 No fúrther wórd he ádded.

Bút, of Phoëbus nót yet pátient,
 The séer ramps in the cåve, outrágeous,
 To shåke off, if she máy, the gréat God;
 So múch the móre in hánd he béars her,
 So múch the móre her rábid móuth
 Wórries and wórks, and támes her wíld heart.

And nów the búilding's húndred húge doors
 Ópen spontáneous, ánd the séer's
 Respónses thróugh the áir transmit:—
 “O thóu who hást at lást o'ercóme
 The mighty périls óf the séa
 (Lánd's greater périls yét awáit thee),
 The Dárdans tó the réalm Lavinian
 Shall cóme — thine ánxious dóubts dísmíss —
 Bút they shall rue the dáy they cáme:
 Wárs, horrid wárs, I sée; and Týber
 Fóaming with a blóody flóod.
 Néver shalt thóu a Símoís wánt,
 A Xánthus, ór a Dóric cámp;
 In Látíúm 's provided fór thee
 A nów Achilles, ánd no lész
 Bórn of a Góddess thán the fórnier;
 And néver wíll the Teúcrians' bággage,
 Júnó, be ábsent fróm them fár.
 Whére 's the Itálian tríbe or cíty,
 To whích in thát thine hóur of néed
 Thou shált not ráise thy cry for hélp?
 Agáin the cáuse of só great tróuble
 Shall bé a stránger bríde's espousal
 Bý a Teúcrian brídegroom-guést.
 But yíeld not thóu to évíl fórtune;
 Ráther confrónt the ill more bóldly

The móre advérse it cómes upón thee.
 Salvátion's wáy will ópen tó thee
 Fróm a quárter whénce of áll
 Thou hóp'st it léast, a Gráian city."

In súch dark wórds the trúth invólving,
 The Cúman Sibyl fróm the shríne
 Cháunted her frightful rhápsody,
 And máde the cávern róund rebéllow;
 So crúelly Apóllo chéeked
 Her ráging móuth's bars with the bit,
 And dúg into her side the rówels.

Át the first pause óf her fúry,
 First rest óf her rábid móuth,
 Héro Enéas thús begins:—
 "Néw to mé or únexpécted
 Ríses, máid, no fórm of tróuble:
 Í have foreséen and in my mind
 Préviouslý gone thróugh the whóle.
 One thing I bég; since hére, they sáy,
 The dóorway óf the inférnal kíng,
 And hére the dísmal láke that cómes
 From the óverflów of Ácheron,
 Shów me the wáy that Í should gó
 My déar sire's fáce once móre to sée,
 Ópen the sácred pórtals fór me;
 Him from the énémy's midst I snáthed,
 Upón these shóuldérs bóre him óff
 Through flámes and thóusand fóllowing wéapóns;
 Wéak as he wás, he wént with mé
 Áll the seas róund, my trável's cómrade,
 Bore áll the thréats of wáves and wéather,

To yéars declíning só unsúited.
 Náy, himself bégged me ánd commissíoned
 To cóme thus súppliant tó thy dwélling.
 Take pítý, grácíous máid, I práy thee,
 Both ón the són and ón the síre;
 For thíne is hére the pówer suprême,
 Ánd not idly Hécate gáve thee
 Dominíon ó'er Avérnus' gróves.
 If Órpheus with his Thrácian lýre's
 Resóunding stríngs could súmmon báck
 His spóuse's Mánes;
 If Póllux fór his bróther's life
 Could gíve his ówn life ín redémption,
 Ánd that róad pass ánd repáss,
 Lífe for déath so óften chánging —
 Or néed I méntion míghty Théseus,
 Gréat Alcídes néed I méntion?
 Í too am sprúng from Jóve 'suprême."
 So práyed he bý the áltars hólding;
 And thús begán the próphetess:—

"Trójan Anchisiádes, séed of the Góds,
 The descént to Avérnus is éasy —
 Day and níght open stánds
 The dóor of dark Dís —
 But thy stéps to the úpper air
 Báck to retráce,
 That indéed is labórious,
 Hard wórk indéed thát,
 By those ráre ones accómplished,
 Whom, bórn of the Góds,
 Just Júpiter fávored,
 Or árdor of virtue

Bore aloft to the éther;
Wide wóods intervène,
And aróund with dark bósom
Cocýtus' stream wínds;
But if twice to sáil
The Stýgian lake óver
So stróng be thy pássion,
If so kéen thy desíre
Black Tártarus to sée twice,
And thou lík'st at the mád toil
To táke thy full swíng,
Hear what 's first to be dóne:
On a dárk shady trée
There gróws a bough sácred
To Júnó Inférnal;
All gólden its léaves are,
Its tóugh stem all gólden;
In the dépths of the gróve,
In the glóomy glen's dépths,
It lies hidden obseúre;
Yet máy no oíe énter
The únderground wórlð,
Ere this gólden-tressed shóot
He has plúcked from the trée.
This gíft as her ówn
Fair Prosérpina eláims,
And commánds to be bróught her.
The fírst branch off-bróken,
Anóther gold bóugh
With líke golden léaves
Shoots óut in its stéad.
So explóre the place róund,
Till the bráncþ thou hast fóund,

And thén with thy hánd
(With thy hánd it must bé)
Break it óff from the trée;
For 'twill gó with thee réady,
If fór it thou 'rt fáted;
Else nó strength of thine,
Not éven with hard stéel's help,
May aváil to compél it.
I will téll thee besides,
Thy friend lifeless lies
(Ah! little thou dréam'st it)
And with his dead bódý
Pollútes the whole fléet,
Whilst hére thou keep'st hánging
Abóut my purlieus,
And for óracles séek'st.
Him awáy carry fírst,
And dúly dispóse
In his hóme in the tómb;
Then bring thy black cáttle,
And máke thy sin-óffering.
That dóne, the groves Stýgian
At lást thou shalt sée,
And the réalms that no éntrance
Allów to the líving."
She sáid, and her móuth closed,
And fúrther word spáke not.

Enéas, with fíxed eyes and sád,
In his mínd the dark fúture revólving,
Quits the cáve, and with fáithful Achátes,
Than himsélf no less cáreful and ánxious,
Alóng walking, várious discússes

What cómrade the próphetess méant,
 Whose déad body wás to be búried;
 When, ló! as they cóme to the béach,
 Misénus they sée lyíng déad,
 Of a nóbler death wéll worthy hé:
 Than Misénus Eólide's nóne
 With the sóul-stírríng blást of the trúmpet
 Knew bétter the báttle to kíndle;
 Great Héctor's compánion he 'd béen,
 And, dístínguished for blówing the trúmpet,
 Dístínguished for húrlíng the spéar,
 In the fíght had his státion near Héctor;
 But whén Hector's lífe had becóme
 The préy of víctóríous Achíllés,
 The redóubtable chámption attáched him
 To Dárdan Enéas, a pátron
 To Héctor hímsélf not infériór.
 But nów as he chánced to be máking
 The séa with his hóllow conch ríng,
 Ánd in his fóllý had chállenged
 The Góds to a tríal of skíll,
 Jealous Tríton, if trúe what they sáy,
 Came póunce on his ríval and drówned him
 In the mídst of the fóaming sea-bréakers.

So abóut him they áll,
 And géntle Enéas
 Móre than the rést,
 Raíse the lóud shout and cry,
 And áll the whíle wéeping
 Make háste to perfórm,
 Withóut stop or stáy,
 The commánds of the Síbyl,

And strive toward the ský
With felled trées to raise high
The funéreal pýre.
Intó the old wóod,
Lofty stáble of wild beasts,
Awáy they are góne;
Down túmble the pine trees,
The évergreen óak
Rings with their axe stróke;
The trúnk of the ásh
With their wédges is rént,
And split into billets;
Rolled dówn from the hills
To the héap the great Órnus.

In the midst of such lábors
Enéas is fóremost,
And, gírded with líke tools,
Exhórts on his cómrades;
And, ón the imménse wood
His lóok forward cásting,
Ponders thús in his sád heart,
And thús aloud práys:—

“Might but that gólden bough
Nów in this gréat wood
Show itsélf on its trée,
Since but tóo true, alás!
All the próphetess sáid,
O Misénus, of thée!”

Scarce hád he the wóords sáid,
When twó doves, befóre

His véry face, chanced
 From the ský to come flýing,
 And lit on the gréen sward:
 Then the mightiest héro,
 With jóy recognising
 His móther's birds, práyed:—

“My guides be yé,
 If wáy there bé,
 And through the áir
 Befóre me gliding
 Léad me whére
 The rich branch shádes
 The gróve's rank sóil.
 And thón, thy són,
 O Góddess móther,
 In this his hóur
 Of néed, forsáke not.”

He sáid; and his stép staid,
 The birds' route obsérving,
 And which way to gó
 They might gíve him the signal.
 So fár as the eýe
 Of óne coming áfter
 Might still in view hólđ them,
 Alóng they went flýing,
 And féeding betwéen times;
 Bút to Avérnus's
 Íll-smelling throát
 No sóoner they cóme,
 Than úp lightly rising
 They glíde through the cléar air,

And táke their perch thére
Where he só much desired,
Side by síde on the trée
Through whose bóughs shone contrásted
The rádiance of góld.
You have séen in the wóods,
How the mistletoe (bírth
Of a trée not its ówn)
Wraps thîe táper stem róund
With its yóung, saffron shóots,
And púts forth its fóliage,
And flórishés fáir
In the cóld of the winter:
So lóoked the gold bóugh
On the shády holm óak,
In the light breezes só
The metállic leaf crackled.
Enéas forthwith grasps
And éagerly bréaks off
The slów-yielding bóugh,
Ánd to prophétie
Sibýlla's home béars it.

On the shóre in the méantime
The Teúcri no léss
Were bewáiling Misénus,
Ánd on the thánkless
Áshes bestówing
The last márks of respéct.
And fírst of oak-billet
And únctuous tórchwood
They búild the huge pýre,
Ánd with dark fóliage

Its sides interwine,
And funereal cýpresses
Sét up before it,
And with árms bright and shining
Adórn it abóve.
And sóme brazen cáldrons
Of wáter get réady,
And bóil on the fire;
Then báthe and anóint
The cóld corpse, and óver it
Ráise the loud cry;
On the cóuch then they láy out
The bódy láménted,
And óver it cást
The well-known purple quilt.

Some táke on their shóuldern
The gréat bier, sad óffice!
Or únder the pýre
The tórch hold, and túrn
Their fáces aside
As their fórefathers úsed;
Or from mány a lárge bowl
Pour óil on the pýre,
And hüge heaps of víands,
And ódorous gúms,
And búrn all togéther.

But whén into áshes
The búrning pyre sánk,
And the fláme played no lónger,
They throw wine on the rélics
And bíbulous émbers;

And in a brass casket
Corynéus collécts
And inclóses the hónes.
Thén round the cómpany
Thréé times he cárries
The púre, lustral wáter,
And, ás he goes, sprinkles
With ólive branch lucky
The light dew upón them,
And the lást, last words útters.

But géntle Enéas
On tóp of him pláces
A gréat mass sepúlchral,
The héro's arms béaring
And trúmptet and óar,
At the fóot of that móuntain
High in the air tówing,
Which nów has from him
The náme of Misénus,
And will through all áges
Perpétuate the náme.
This dóne, he procéeds with,
And éxecutes quickly,
Sibýlla's commánds.

By a bláck lake protécted
And glóomy woods róund,
There gáped with a vást
Awful yáwn a deep cávern
All rúgged with shingle,
Over which without hárm
Could no flýing thing páss,

Such a stéam from its dárk jaws
Exháled to heaven's cónvex;
For which réason the Gráïi
The pláce called Avérnus.

Hére first the priestess
Sets fóur black steers stánding,
Ánd on their fóreheads
Póurs the wine sídeways;
And plúcking the úppermost
Háirs 'twixt the hórn,
Pláces the firstlings
On the fire of the áltar,
And alóud calls on Hécate
In Érebus poténtial
As wéll as in héaven.
And óthers the júgulars
Incise from belów,
And in wide, shallow sáucers
Reccíve the warm blóod.
To the móther of the Fúries,
And tó her great síster,
Enéas himsélf slays
A fléecy, black lámb,
Ánd to thee, Próserpine,
A bárren-wombéd héifer;
Then tó the king Stýgian
The night altar ráises,
And an óx's whole cárcase
Upón its fire pláces,
And óver the hót roast
Póurs the fat óil.

But, behóld! at sunrise
The ground únder their féet
Is beginning to béllow,
And the móuntain tops wóody
To quáke to and fró,
Ánd through the dárkness
Dog-bíches are hówling;
For the Góddess is cóming:—

“Off! óff! ye profáne ones,”
The próphetess cries:
“Let not óne of you ánywhere
Ín the gróve línger —
But thóu, draw thy swórd,
And set óut on thy ród;
For cóurage, Enéas,
Now, nów is the tíme;
For firmness the tíme ’s now.”
These wórds having úttered,
She plúnged all infúriate
Ínto the cáve’s mouth;
Hé, with no tímid step,
Kept páce with his guía.

Ye Góds who rule óver
The émpire of spirits,
And yé, silent Shádes,
Ye, Cháos and Phlégethon,
Régions of wide-brooding
Stillness and night,
Be the prívilege allówed me
To téll what I ’ve héard,
Your sánction accórded

The things to revéal
That in dárkness are súnk
And the dépths of the éarth.

In the lónely night, dárkling,
They wént through the sháde,
Through the réalms unsubstántial
And mánshions of Dís,
As one trávels in the wóods
By the créscént moon's twilight,
When Júpiter plúnges
The ský into sháadow,
And múrky night strips
The wórld of its cólor.

In the véstibule's frónt,
And the véry beginning
And jáw's edge of Órcus,
Remórse has her cóuch placed
With Sórrow beside her,
And thére pale Diséases
And sád Old Age dwéll,
And Pénury víle,
And ill-cóunselling Húnger,
And Féar, Death and Tóil,
Frightful fórms to behóld,
And, Déath's cousin, Sléep,
And the críminál Pásshions;
And in frónt, as thou énterest,
Déath-dealing Wárfare,
Ánd the Euménides'
Íron bedchámbers,
And Discórd insénsate,

With blóody band týing
The snákes of her háir.

In the midst an aged élm
Its wide-branching árms
Huge and shády spreads óut,
Under whóse every léaf,
Vain, incónsequent Dréams,
They sáy, have their dwélling
And néstle in clústers.
Many mónsters besides
Of béastly forms várioús
Abóut the doors kénnel;
Centaurs, Górgons, and Hárpies,
Half-mán half-fish Scýllas,
Hundred-hánded Briáreus,
Lerna's béast hissing hórrid,
Flame-bélching Chiméra,
And the thrée-bodied Sháde.

Here Enéas his swórd grasps,
In súdden alárm,
And présents the drawn édge
Tø thém coming ónward,
And séems to be bént
(Were it nót for the wárning
His skilled comrade gives him,
That they 're nóthing but thín
Unsubstántial souls flitting
Under sémbulance of bódies)
To rúsh in upón them,
And, áll to no púrpose,
Cleave the sháadows in sún-der.

From hénce the road léads
 Tó where Tartárean
 Ácheron's wátters
 In vást muddy whirlpool
 Rísing belch óver
 The whóle of their sánd and lees
 Ínto Cocýtus.
 A férryman hórrid
 Has chárge of these wátters,
 Charon, térribly squálid,
 With eýes of flame stáring,
 And gréat grisly béard
 Uncáred on chin lýng,
 And sórdid garb hánging
 Tied óver his shóulder:
 Althóugh somewhat áged,
 The Gód is still hárdy,
 And wéars his years wéll;
 And himsélf with a lóng pole
 The bóat forward scúlling,
 Himsélf the sails ténding,
 Acróss in his rústy craft
 Férries his fréight.

With a rúsh the whole crówd
 Toward the férry was póuring;
 Men and mátrons were thére,
 And magnánimous héroes,
 The tásk of life óver,
 And yóung lads and máidens,
 And yóuths whom their párents
 Saw ón the pile pláced;
 As númerous as léaves fall

Detached in the forest,
In the first chill of autumn;
Or as birds from the high-deep
Toward the land shoaling
When the cold season routs
And to sunny climes sends them
Away beyond sea.

Across to be ferried
The foremost were begging,
And in love with the further bank
Stretched their hands out;
But the boatman severe
Now some takes, now others,
And some from the strand
Removes far and keeps off.

Then Enéas in wonder
And moved by the tumult:—
“What means,” says, “O maiden,
To the river such concourse?
What is it these souls seek?
Or from the banks why
Are some of them turned back,
While some of them over
The livid straits row?”
To whom briefly thus
The age-stricken priestess:—

“O son of Anchises,
Gods’ offspring undoubted,
Of Styx and Cocytus
Thou see’st the deep waters,

Which nó God may swéar by
 And nó keep his óath.
 Unbúried, forlórn,
 All the crówd thou see'st hére;
 Yon férryman 's Cháron;
 Aeróss sail the búried.
 These hórrible bánts
 And thís hóarse stream to cróss
 No sóul is permitted,
 Ere his bónes in the tómb rest.
 A húndred years flitting
 They wánder these shóres round;
 Then at lást are admitted
 To visit agáin
 The so múch longed-for wáters."

Stayed his stép and stood stíll
 The séed of Anchíses,
 Pítying their hárd lot,
 And múch within póndering;
 For thére he saw sád
 And withóut funeral hónors
 Leucásp and the Lýcian
 Crew's cáptain, Oróntes,
 Both togéther by Áuster
 O'erwhélmed in the wáters,
 And súnk with their ship,
 As from Tróy they sailed óver
 The stórmy sea-pláin.

And behóld sauntering thére
 Palinúrus the stéersman,
 Who, while wáatching the stárs,

Had fálle*n* overbóard
From the stér*n*, in the mídst
Of the láte Libyan vóyage;
Whóm when he récognised
Sórrówing thére
(And not éasily éither,
So gréat was the dárkness),
He thus prior addréssed:—
“What Gó*d* snatched thee fróm us
And míd the sea dró*w*ned,
Palinúrus, come téll me;
For in thís sole respó*n*se,
That thou shó*u*ldst to Ausó*n*ia’s bounds
Vóyage in sá*f*ety,
Has Apó*l*lo decéived me,
Whom áught but truth-spéaking
I fó*u*nd before néver.”

“O commánder,” he á*n*swered,
“The cúrtain that cóv*e*rs
The tripod of Phoébus,
Has nó*t* played thee fá*l*se;
Nó*r* in the sé*a*-plain
Has á*n*y God dró*w*ned me;
For w*h*ile to my pó*s*t
At the hél*m* I kept cló*s*e,
And steered stéad*y* aló*n*g,
I féll headlong dó*w*n
And dragged with me, it chá*n*ced,
And with gréat force awá*y*
From its plá*c*e tore, the rúdder.

“By the róugh seas I swéar,
I feared léss for mysélf,
Thán lest thy véssel,
Deprived of its táckle,
Its stéersman o'erbóard,
Should nót prove a mách
For so gréat, rising wáves.
During thrée stormy nights,
Over séa-plains imménse,
Notus bóre me alóng
Through the rúde dashing wátters;
Scarce at lást on the fóurth day
From tóp of the wáve
Had I view of Itália.

“To the lánd by degrées
I had flóated, and nów
Was júst out of dánger,
When the nátives, mistáking me
Fór a rich bóoty,
Fell crúelly ón me,
Weighed dówn as I wás
With my wét clothes, and gráppling
With my hánds crooked upón
The cliff's rough projéctions —
And nów the waves háve me,
Ánd the winds tóss me
Abóut on the shóre.

“Bút by the ský's
Pleasant light and áir,
By thine hópeful Iúlus
And thy síre I entréat thee,

O invincible, réscue me
Óut of these tróubles,
Ór to the Véline port
Gó, for thou 'rt áble,
And thrów earth upón me;
Or if thou at áll may'st,
And thý Goddess-móther
Points óut any wáy
(For withóut the Gods' sánction
Thou attépt'st not, I think,
O'er these rívers to sáil
And this gréat, Stygian flóod),
To a póor wretch thy hánd stretch,
And táke me alóng with thee
Óver the wátters,
That in déath I may find
At least sóme place of quiet."

These wórds he had sáid,
When the próphetess thús:—
"Whence, Ó Palinúrus,
This pássion so díre?
Shalt thóu to the shóre
Unpermítted go dównd?
Shalt thóu, unentómbed,
The sévére Styx behóld,
The Euménides' ríver?
Abándon the hópe
That the fátes of the Góds
May be bént by entréaty;
But héar and remémber,
And fróm my wóds táke
For thine hárd case some cómfort:

Thy neighbours, impelled
 By portents from heaven,
 Shall expiate thy death
 Far and wide through their cities,
 And a tumulus build thee,
 And at the tumulus
 Rites anniversary
 Perform in thine honor,
 And the place shall for ever
 Be called Palinurus.”
 These words soothed his care,
 And his heart for a little while
 Eased of its sadness;
 That the land bears his name
 Is a pleasant thing to him.

They proceed therefore on
 With the journey in hand,
 And draw near to the river:
 But when from Styx' waters
 The boatman beholds them
 Through the silent wood coming
 And toward the bank turning,
 He thus prior accosts,
 And begins thus to chide them:—

“Halló! whosoever
 Thou art, that in arms
 Approachest our river,
 Say wherefore thou com'st —
 From that very spot say —
 And stop thy step there.
 This of Shadows the place is,

And Sléep, and Night drówsy;
 Live bódies to férry
 In Stýgian boat óver
 Were high misdemeánor;
 And smáll cause have Í
 To be glád that I tóok
 On the férry Alcides,
 Or Piríthous and Théseus,
 Invincible thóugh they were,
 Ánd of Gods sprúng.
 The one sóught to impríson
 The kéeper Tartárean,
 And drágged him all trémbling
 From the véry king's thróne;
 The óthers Dis' lády's
 Abducción attépted."

To which the Amphrýsian seer
 Briefly thus ánswered:—
 "No such plóttíng is hére
 (Thou néed'st not so frét thee),
 Nór by these wéapons
 Dó we mean fóree;
 The huge dóor-watch for ús
 May for éver and éver
 In his cávern keep bárking,
 To the blóodless Shades' térror;
 'Cross her úncle's door sill
 Chaste Prosérpina néver
 For ús need set fóot.
 Trójan Enéas,
 The géntle and bráve,
 To Érebus' lówest shades

Hére is descéding
 To visit his síre.
 If that picture of ténderness
 Móve thee no jót,
 At léast thou 'lt aeknówledge
 This bráneh" — and she shówed
 The bráneh, that lay hid
 In the fóld of her vést.

The swéll of his íre
 Subsides from his héart,
 And no móre words there pássed,
 But with wónder regárding
 The réverenced gift,
 The fáted wand, nót
 For so lóng a time scén,
 He 'bóuts his dark-blúe skiff,
 And dráws near the bánk;
 Then máking rough eléarance
 Of the sóuls that were sitting
 Alóng the long bénches,
 Throws ópen the gángway,
 And into the bóat's hull
 Takes gréat-sized Enéas:
 Opprésed by the wéight,
 The stítched wherry gróaned,
 And let in through its léaks
 A gréat plash of wáter;
 But at lást on the fár side
 Sets dówn without dámage
 In the yéllow-green sédge
 And ríver slob úgly
 Both héro and séer.

In a c  ve right in fr  nt
 Huge C  rberus lies c  uchant,
 Uncouth m  nster, and m  kes
 With his triple throat's b  rking
 The whole realm res  und.
 To him the seer fl  ings
 (For she s  es on his n  ck
 The snakes bristling alr  ady)
 A c  ke sweet with h  ney
 And dr  ugged with narc  otics.
 Wide   pening his thr  e
 Ravening g  llets, he s  izes
 The g  bbet thrown t   him,
 Then   n the ground str  ches
 His uncouth chine   ut,
 And h  ge and rel  xed lying
 Fills the whole c  ve.
 En  as, the gu  rd
 Of the p  ssage entr  nced,
 M  kes good his   ntr  nce,
 And with light foot behind leaves
 The b  nk of that fl  od
 That is n  ver recr  ssed.

Imm  diately h  ard
 In the   ntr  nce the v  ices
 Of children's souls w  iling,
 Which,   re they had t  sted
 Of sw  et life their sh  re,
 A dark d  y snatched aw  y
 From the br  ast, and consigned
 To a pr  mature gr  ve.

Beside these were those
Who to die were condemned
On a false accusation.
(Nór were the places
At random appointed,
Or without judge's sentence;
But président Mínos
Shakes up in the urn
The ballots for judges,
And assembles together
The silly souls all,
And makes inquisition
Respecting the crimes
That in life they 've committed.)

Next to these dwell in sadness
Those who the light loathed,
And though guilty of no crime
Laid hands on themselves,
And their lives threw away.
How gladly they 'd poverty
Now bear, and hard toil,
Above in the éther!
But the Fâtes stand opposed,
The hateful wave binds them,
And nine times wound round them
Severe Styx's waters
Cut off their return.

Not far hence are shown
On every side spreading
The Sorrowful Pláins
(For by that name they 're called)

Where, under the cover
 Of myrtle groves, wander
 In secret paths hidden
 Those whom unrelenting
 And cruel love's plague
 To the core has corroded;
 Not even in death's self
 Do their sorrows forsake them.
 Here he sees Eriphyle
 Displaying in sadness
 The wounds which her son's
 Cruel hand had inflicted;
 He sees here Pasiphaë,
 Phédra, and Procris,
 And Evadne, and Lâodamia,
 And sometime male Cécus
 Now female again
 And to his first sex
 By Fate's will returned.

And there in the midst of them,
 Fresh from her wound,
 In the great forest wandered
 Phœnician Dido:
 Whom soon as Troy's hero,
 Not far from her standing,
 Beheld through the shadow,
 And recognised dim,
 As one who the new moon
 Sees through the clouds rising,
 Or imagines he sees,
 He wept, and with tenderness
 Thus to her said:—

“The néws then was trúe,
O unfórtunate Dído,
Thát thou laidst violent
Hánds on thysélf;
And Í have, alás! been
The cáuse of thy déath —
But I swéar to thee, quéen,
By the lights of the ský,
And the Góds above dwélling,
Ánd by whatever faith
Réigns undergróund,
’Twas agáinst my will sóre
From thy cóasts I depárted.
Those sáme Gods’ commánds,
Which now fórze me to trável
Through these shádwy pláces
Of hóar desolátion
And this night profóund,
Impérious compélléd me;
Nor cóuld I have thóught
Thou hadst félt, at my pártíng,
A páng so sévére.
Stay — withdráw not — whom flée’st?
’Tis the lást time by Fáte
I ’m allówed to addréss thee.”

Her búrning ire’s scówl
Enéas with súch words
And súch tears was sóothing;
But awáy she turned fróm him,
And ón the ground mótionless
Képt her eyes fixé,
And no móre her look áltered

For áll he could sáy
Than if 'twere a hárd
Flinty róck that stood thére
Or táll cliff Marpéssian;
At lást she turns óff short,
And flíngs herself spíteful
Ínto the shrúbbery's
Cóvert umbrágeous,
Where Sichéus, her fórmér spouse,
Rénders her lóve for love,
Ánd with her sórrows
Grieves sympathétic.
Móved by the sád case,
And wéeeping, Enéas
Fóllows her pitying
For sóme time afár off;
Ón his appóinted way
Thén he procéeds.

And nów they at lást reach
Those dístant retréats
Which brave wárríors inhábit.
Here he cómes across Týdeus,
And Adrástus' pale ghóst,
And Párthenopéus
That wárríor renówned.
And déep was his gróan
When he sáw the long mústér
Óf the Dardánídae
Fálled in báttle,
Whóm in the wórld above
Hé had so móurned —
When he sáw Glaucus thére,

And Thersilochus, Médon,
 And Anténor's three sóns,
 Ánd Polyphoétes,
 Céres' priest hóly,
 And Idéus who still had
 His cháriot beside him,
 And still held his árms.

Thick róund him the sóuls stand
 Both on right hand and léft,
 Ánd, not contentéd
 With séeing him ónce,
 Love to linger alóngside
 And méasure steps with him,
 And ásk why he cómes.

Bút the battálions
 Ágamemnónian,
 And chiefs of the Dánaï,
 When they sée through the sháadow
 The héro's arms gléaming,
 Some in gréat trepidátion
 And féar turn their bácks,
 As tóward their ships érewhile
 Their flíght they dirécted;
 And sóme, making éffort
 To ráise a great shóut,
 Scarcely útter a squéak.

Here, with his whole pérsón
 (His fáce both and límbs)
 All crúelly mángled,
 Deíphobus, Priám's son,

Álso he sées:

Both his hánds, they are lópped,

Both his éars they are erópped,

Ánd with a wóund

Ignominious shorn óff

His nóse from his fáce.

He knéw him, though hárdly,

As cówering he stóod there,

And stríving to cóver

His púnishment díre:

And óf his own mótion

Salúted him thús

In ácents well knówn:—

“O wárrior Deíphobus,

Teúcer's blood lófty,

To dó thee this spíte

Who could fínd in his héart?

Or whó had the pówer?

The repórt to me cáme

That, on thát final night,

Áfter thou hadst tíred thyself

Kílling Pelásgi,

Thou hadst pérished on tóp

Of a gréat heap of sláughter.

A cénotaph tó thee

I thérefore erécted

On the séacoast Rhoetéán,

And thrice in a lóud voice

Cálléd on thy Mánes;

Thy náme and thine árms

Mark the pláce for thine ówn.

In váin I sought fór thee, friend,

Át my depárture,
In órder to láy thy bones
Ín their own lánd."

Priámides ánswered:—

"Thou hast léft nought undóne;
To Deiphobus' ghóst
Thou hast páid, O my friend,
All the fúneral hónors.
My déstiny 'twás,
And the wickedness déadly
Óf the Lacónian,
That in thése evils plúnged me;
These tókens are hérs;
For hów in the midst
Of false jóys we were pássing
That lást night thou knów'st
And must tóo well remémber,
When dówn on high Pérgamus
Cáme with a bóund
That fátal horse prégnant
With árméd men of wár,
She, únder preténce
Of a Bácechanal dánce,
Leading róund in procéssion
The "Évoë"-shóuting
Mátrons of Phrýgia,
And high in the midst of them
Hólding a húge torch,
From the tóp of the cítadel
Signalled the Dánaï.
Exháusted with cáres,
And with drówsiness wéighed down,

I hád, at that móment,
Withdráwn to my lúckless
Connúbial bedchámber,
Where ás I lay súnk
In a déep and sweet sléep
(Placid déath's very image),
My nótable spóuse,
Having fírst from the hóuse
Remóved all my árms,
Ánd from my píllow
My trústý sword stólen,
Throws wide ópen the dóors
And calls in Meneláus,
Expécting, no dóubt,
By a bóon so impórtant
Conférred on her lóver,
To effáce from his mémory
Her fórmér misdéeds.

“But whý a long stóry?
They break into my chámber,
Eólides with them,
That incíte to ill —
Ye Góds, to the Gráii
Requite like for like,
If I ásk for no móre
Than a júst retribútion,
And nót for revénge.
But cóme, it 's thy túrn now
To sáy what chance hither
Hath bróught thee alive;
Have the Góds hither wárned thee?
Or hást thou thy cóurse lost

When on the sea sailing?
 Or what other accident
 Drives thee to visit
 These drear, overcast régions,
 These sunless abodes?"

While thus they conversed,
 Auróra already
 With her rosy four-horse team
 Had made 'cross the sky
 Half her voyage ethereal;
 And they might have perhaps
 Whiled away in like manner
 All the period allotted,
 Had not comrade Sibyl
 Thus briefly admonished:—

"Night comes on apace,
 Enéas, while we
 The hours pass in weeping.
 This is the spot where
 The road into two splits;
 The right hand road 's ours,
 Which by great Dis's towers
 Conducts to Elýsium:
 The left hand 's the pénal road,
 Way of the wicked
 To Tártarus kindless."
 Deiphobus answered:—
 "Be not angry, great priestess;
 I 'll part from ye here
 And to darkness return
 And fill up the number.

On, ón, O our pride,
And thy bétter fates úse."
No wórd more he úttered,
But túrned as he spóke.

Looking róund on a súdden,
Enéas behólds,
At the fóot of a rók
On the léft, a wide fórtress,
Round whose tríple wall rápid
Tartárean Phlégethon
Its tórrent of flámes pours
And lóud rumbling stónes.
So sólídly built
Of ádamant pillars
Its húge gate in frónt,
That of mórtals no pówer,
No pówer of immórtals
To fóree it were áble:
High tó the air rises
The gáte tower of íron,
Where, with blóody pall girt,
Sits Tisíphone sléepless,
And wátches the véstíbule
Bóth day and night.
Groans are héard from wíthin,
And whíps' cruel crácking,
And íron chains clánking.

Enéas stopped shórt
Ánd to the gréat noise
Listened affrighted:—
"What púnishments thése,

O declare to me, máiden,
 Or for whãt crimes inflicted?
 What gréat wail is this,
 Rising hígħ to the áir?"
 Then the próphetess thús:—

“Renowned chieéf of the Teúcri,
 Over thát wícked thréshold
 Must no blámeless foot páss;
 But Hécate hersélf,
 When óver the gróves
 Of Avérnus she sét me,
 All the pénalties táught me
 Óf the dívíne wrath,
 And thróugh the whole léd me.

“Infléxibly rígíd
 And ábsolute rúles
 Gnossian Rhádamanth hére,
 Tries the cáse, and awáreds
 The rógues their chastisement,
 Compélling them fírst
 To conféss the deeds dóne
 Abóve in the wórld,
 The atónement for which
 (Inly plúming themsélves
 On the sílly decéit)
 They had pút off till déath,
 And untíl ’twas too láte.

“With avénging whip réady,
 Insúlting Tísíphone
 Ínstantly fálls on

And lāshes the cūlprits,
And her twisted snakes át them
Thrusts with her léft hand,
Ánd her fell sisterhood
Cálls to come fórdward.

“Then at lást, with a hórrible
Jár of their hīnges,
The cúrsed gates are ópened:
Discérn’st what a guárd
In the véstibule wátches?
Discérn’st at the dóor
What a fīgure keeps séntry?
More féll within séated
A Hýdra gapes hídeous
With fifty dark swállows,
And Tártarus itsélf
With its héadlong abyśm
Down belów the Shades strétches
Twice as déep as the héight
When from éarth thou look’st úp
Toward ethéreal Olýmpus.

“Here dówn to the bóttom
With thúnderbolts húrled,
Roll gróveling the Títans,
The óld brood of Térra.
Here too I had síght of
Those bódies gigántic,
The twáin Aloídae,
Who attépted the gréat heaven
To táke by assáult,

Ánd from his réalm above
Dówn to thrust Jóve.

“Here too, undergóing
His púnishment crúel,
Salmóneus I sáw,
Who, divine honors cláiming,
And thinking to imitate
Júpiter’s lightnings
And thúndering Olýmpus,
Dróve in ovátion
With tóreh round him brándished
In fóur-in-hand cháriot
Through Élis’ chief city,
Ánd through the midst
Of the Gráian péoples,
Ánd, in his fólly,
Had fáin made the clátter
Of hórny-hoofed hórses,
And cháriot of bráss
On brass-viaduct rólling,
Páss for the unpáralleled
Thúndercloud vólley.
But the Fáther almighty
From amóng the thick clóuds
Flung át him his missile
(No smóky lamp wás it
Nor túrpentine tóreh),
Ánd with a hídeous whirl
Dáshed him down héadlong.

“Here too to be scén
Was ómni-productive Earth’s

Fóster-son Títyos,
 Whose bódy lies spréad out
 Over nine entire ácses,
 And housed únder whose táll chest
 A húge, hideous vúlture
 With hóoked beak sits grúbbling
 For tit-bits his vítals,
 And kéepts ever crópping
 His líver immórtal,
 Which, as fást as cropped, bóurgeons,
 And bréeds him new tórment,
 Incéssant, for éver.

“Of the Lápithae why
 Ór of Piríthoüs
 Néed I make méntion,
 Ór of Ixíon,
 Right óver whom hángs
 A dárk, flinty róck
 Ever réady to fáll down
 And, ás it were, fálling?
 On shíning gold féet
 Rest the hígh, genial sófas;
 With magníficence róyal
 Befóre their eyes spréad out
 The sumpúous repást;
 But the chíef of the Fúries
 Starts úp from a sófa,
 And, with thúndering vóice,
 And firebrand uplifted,
 Forbídís touch the víands.

"Here those who while living
 Have hated their brother,
 Or raised hand against parent,
 Or cheated their client,
 And those who in privacy
 Óver a hóard
 Of saved money póred,
 And for relatives sét not
 Some pórtion aside
 (And these form the chief crowd),
 Ánd for adultery
 Those who were sláin,
 And those perjured sláves
 Who against their liege lóreds
 Raised árm contumácious —
 All those are shut úp here,
 Abiding their tórmént.

"Ask me nó to infórm thee
 What tórtures they súffer,
 Or hów in particular
 Éach one is púnished;
 Some a húge rock are rólíng;
 To a whéel's upright spókes
 Legs and árms some are tíed;
 There sits hapless Théseus
 And thére will sit éver;
 Ánd from the dépth
 Of his misery Phlégyas
 Calls alóud through the dárkness
 To áll men his wárning:—
 "Take a léssoñ from mé,
 And hólđ not too líghtly

The Góds who command you
'Be júst in your déalings'."

"This óne here for góld
His fátherland sóld
And placed únder the thráll
Of a pówerful máster;
And ón the walls vénally
Pósted new láws,
And fróm the walls vénally
Óld laws took dówn:
With a súit against náture
His dáughter's bedchámber
That óther inváded:
Every óne of them dáred,
And dáring achieved,
Some enórmy hídious.
No, nó with a húndred tongues,
Nót with a húndred mouths,
Ánd voice of iron,
Cóuld I describe all
Their crimes' various fórms,
Or enúmerate the módes all
In which they are púnished."

So said Phoébus' aged priestess,
And ádded:— "Come, háste;
Let 's get óver the gróund,
And pút the last hánd
To our gift's presentátion;
For I see plainly yónder
The Cýclops-forged tówers,
And ópposite our fáce stands

The gáte-way's arched pórtal,
Where our órders commánd us
This gift to depósit."

When thús she had sáid,
They procéed side by side
Alóng the dark wáy
That remáined intervéníng;
And whén to the dóors come,
Enéas goes ín,
And with frésh water sprinkles
His bódy, and hángs up
The bráñch in the éñtrance.

These things at last dóne,
Ánd the due cómpliment
Páid to the Góddess,
They réach the delightful
And gréen grassy wóodlands
Where the Bléssed reside.
Here a wider-spread éther
Invésts all the lándscape
With brillianter húes;
They 've a sún of their ówn,
And stars different from óurs.
On the gráss in gymnástics
Some súpple their límbs,
Ánd on the táwny sand
Spórtively wréstle:
And sóme of them síng songs,
And sóme of them dáñce;
And, dréssed in his lóng vest,
The Thrácian bard tó them

Trills the changes melodious
Of Music's seven sounds,
And now with his fingers
Along the chords sweeps,
Now with ivory quill.

Here too are those warriors
In better years born,
That old stock of Teucer
So lovely to see,
Those magnanimous heroes,
Assaracus, Ilus,
And Dardanus, Troy's founder.
On their arms from a distance
And shadowy chariots
With wonder he gazes;
In the ground stand their spears fixed;
Their horses unyoked
Graze all over the plain:
Beneath the earth buried,
They take as much pleasure
In chariots and arms,
And the caring and fattening
Of sleek shining steeds,
As they took when alive.

And lo! he beholds
On the right hand and left
Along the grass stretched
Others nourishment taking,
And singing glad Péans
In chorus amidst
The odorous laurel groves,

Whence Eridanus springs —
 That river which rólls
 Through the úpper world's fórest
 Such a vást flood of wáters.

Here the pátriot hándful
 That bléd for their cóuntry,
 And thóse who were hóly priests
 While they were líving,
 And thóse hearts of géntleness,
 Bárds whose discóursings
 Were wóthy of Phoébus,
 And all thóse who had ádded
 To cívilisátion
 By invéntions in árts,
 And all thóse whose desérvings
 Had máde them remémbered,
 Wéár round their témples
 The snówy white fillet:
 Whom, ás they flocked róund them,
 Sibýlla addréssed thus,
 And chiefly Muséus,
 Abóut whom was stánding
 And úp to him lóoking
 A gréat crowd of pérsóns
 All of whóm he o'ertópped
 By the héight of his shóuldérs:—
 “O sáy, happy sóuls,
 And thou, éxcellent bárd,
 In what quárter 's Anchises,
 Or whére to be fóund?
 For his sake we 've cóme,

Ánd across Érebus'
Gréat rivers sáiled."

To whóm then in féw words
Thus ánswered the héro:—
"No fixed abodes bind us;
We inhábit the gróve's
Shady cóverts, or dwéll
In frésh, watered méadows,
And ón rivers' bánk.
But yé — if so pléase ye —
Cross óver this ridge,
Ánd on the éasy path
Át once I 'll sét ye."
He sáid; the way léd;
And fróm above shówed them
The fáir, smiling pláins:
Then they léft the hill tóp.

Now it chanced, sire Anchíses,
Far withín a green válley's
Inclósure, was pássing
Befóre him in múster
Those sóuls who should shórtly
Ascénd to the light,
And a cénsus was táking
Óf the whole núnber
Óf his dear óffspring,
And cárefully stúdying
The héroes' explóits,
Their fates, mánners and fórtunes:
But thróugh the grass tóward him
As sóon as he sáw

Enéas adváncing ,
He strétched out both hánds
In a tránsport of jóy ,
And, while téars his cheeks cóursed down ,
In thése words addréssed him:—

“And hást thou at lást come ,
And thy filial afféction
(As I wéll knew it wóuld)
The wáy’s hardships cónquered?
And ám I permitted
To lóok in thy fáce, son ,
And héar thy known vóice ,
And speak with thee as wónt?
So indéed I considered
And thóught it wóuld bé ,
Counting óver the time ,
And I find I ’ve been right.
Escáped from what dángers ,
My són, thou com’st tó me!
After hów many tóssings
On lánd and on wáter
I háve thee here sáfe!
How gréatly I féared
Lest that Líbyan kíngdom
Should wórk thee some hárm!”

“Thy ghóst,” thus he ánswered ,
“Thy sád ghost, O síre ,
Several times manifésted ,
Has híther impélléd me:
My shíps in the Týrrhene sea
Stánd at their móorings.

Gíve me, O gíve me,
Thy ríght hand, O síre,
And fróm my embrácings
Withdráw thyself nóť.”
The téars, as he thús said,
Streamed fást down his fáce;
His árms round the sháde's neck
He thríce strove to thrów;
Thrice from his frústrate grasp,
Líght as the wínds,
As a fléeting dream swift,
The shádw escapéd.

In the méantime Enéas
Has séen, in a válley
Indénting the highland,
A wóodland seclúded,
And shrúbberies rústling,
And the ríver of Léthe
Close glíding alóng
By the plácíd abóde.
On évery side róund
Innúmerous péoples
And nátions were flitting,
As thícķ as you 've séen,
In the fíne summer séason,
Bees in the meads thrónging
Abóut the white lilies,
Ánd settlíg dówń on
The flówers variegáted,
Ánd with their búzzing hum
Fílling the pláin.

Enéas, in ignorance,
Starts at the sudden sight,
And asks what the cause is,
What river that yonder,
And who are the people
That fill all its banks
In such thick, swarming numbers.
Then father Anchises:—
“Those souls to whom due
Second bodies by Fate,
Here, at the care-easing
River of Lethe,
Drink long oblivion
Of their first bodies.
This long time I've wished
To point these out to thee
Here in thy presence,
And with thee count over
The tale of my offspring,
That no less than mine
May be thy exultation
That Italy's found.”

“And can it be thought, sire,
There are any souls
That are hence to ascend
To the sky, and once more
The dull body enter?
What dire yearning is this
Of the wretches for light?”
“I'll tell thee the whole, son,
And not in doubt leave thee,”

Thus Anchises the wórd took,
And expláined all in órder:--
"In the ský and the éarth
And the líquid sea-pláins,
The móon's shining glóbe,
And the plánets Titánian,
There dwélls from the first
An intélligent mínd,
A spírit intérnal,
Diffused through the mémbers
And sétting in mótion
The whóle, mighty máss.
Hence derived are the líves
Of mán, beast and bírd,
And óf the strange mónsters
Prodúced undernéath
The séa's marble súrface.
In the émbryo of éach
Is a prínciple fiery
Deseénded from héaven
Although dúlled and impáired
By a fráil, earthy móuld,
And a fráamework of flésh,
And límbs that must pérish:
From this eláyey admixture
Their féars and desíres come,
Their páins and their jóys,
Ánd that, shut úp
In a dárk prison's glóom,
They cást no look báck
On the ský's radiant light.
Not éven with the lást
Closing dáy of their líves

Does the bád wholly léave them,
Nor quite depart from them
The plágues of the flésh,
For múch of the ill
Has néeds grown invéterate,
And márvellous déep
The ingráin of long hábit:
They are thérfore torménted,
And súffer the páins
Of their áncient misdéeds;
Some fórms unsubstántial
On crósses are spréad out,
And húng to the winds;
The déep dye of sín
Out of óthers is wáshed
Under vást floods of wáter,
Or búrnt out with fire;
And thén when at lást,
In long prócess of time,
The deep stáin is expúnged,
And the éssence ethéreal,
The éffluence fiéry,
Left púre and unblémished,
And éach one his ówn
Special Mánes has súffered,
Into ámple Elýsium
We 're sént to range frée,
And sóme few to stáy
And the glád fields inhábit.
But all thése thou sec'st hére,
When a fúll thousand yéars
Have complétely rolled róund,
The Gód summons fórt

In these mighty numbers
To the river of L  the,
That of past things oblivious
They may become willing
To re-enter the flesh
And return to the world."

Anchises these words said,
And into the midst
Of the crowded and buzzing
Assembly his son brought,
And with him the Sibyl,
And a tumulus mounted
From whence he might see
And have a front view of
The long array coming:—

"Come now and I 'll tell thee
What fates shall be thine,
And what glory shall follow
The son of the Dardan,
What a race of Italians
From him is to spring,
What illustrious souls
Mounting up to the world
Shall call us forefathers.

"Thou see'st yonder that youth
On the sceptre-wand leaning;
He 's the first for the light;
Of the mixed blood Italian
He to th' ethereal air
First shall ascend,

Ánd become Sílvius
(That well-known name Álbán),
Thy too late begóttén
And pósthúmous són,
Whom thy cónsort Lavínia
In thine óld age shall béar thee,
And in the woods réar up;
A kíng he 's hímsélf,
And the fáther of kíngs,
And thróugh him descéding
Our líne shall rule lórdly
Ó'er Longa Álba.

“And néxt him see Prócas,
The Trójan stock's príde,
And Númítor, Cápys,
And, glórious no léss
For mártial áchievements
Than for áll gentler vírtues,
Sílvius, thy námesake,
If to Sílvius Enéas
Should éver descénd
The scéptre of Álba.
What gállant youths théy!
See what stréngth they díspláy!
And hów with the pátríot
Cítizen's óakleaves
Their témples are sháded!
These are théy who the cíties
Fidénae shall búild,
And Noméntum and Gábii;
Who shall pláce, on the hílls
Of Collátia, the cástle;

Ánd of Pométii
 Láy the foundátions,
 And Ínui Cástrum
 And Bóla and Córa;
 All thén noted pláces,
 Now lánds without náme.

“Aye; and Rómulus, Márs’ son —
 Of the blóod of Assáracus
 By Ília his móther —
 Shall accómpany his grándsire.
 See thére on his héad
 How the Sire’s self alréady
 Has sét the twain crésts,
 Has márked him even hére
 With the émbles of hónor
 He ’s to wéar in the wórld.
 Behóld, son, the mán
 By whose áuspices léd
 That chivalrous Róme
 Shall acqúire a dominion
 With Éarth coexténsive,
 A spírit for which
 Not Olýmpus too lófty,
 And enclóse with one cíty’s wall
 Cítadels séven:
 Happy móther of héroes!
 Not móre blest than shé,
 Drives through Phrýgia’s cíties
 Turret-crówned Berecýnthia,
 The Góds’ happy móther,
 Whose glád arms embráce
 A húndred grandchildren,

Divinities áll,
All instálled in high héaven.

“Now hítherward bénd
Both thine eýes, and behóld
Thine own nátion of Rómans:
’Tis César thou hére see’st,
And the whóle stock of Césars
Who are yét to come fórt
In Iúlus’s líne,
The great firmament únder.
This, this is the mán,
The prómised man this,
Of whóm thou ’st so óft heard —
That César Augústus,
The Gód Cesar’s són,
Who shall bríng back to Látium
And tó the fields érewíle
Reigned óver by Sátur
The éra of góld;
Who his swáy shall stretch óver
Garamántes and Índi,
And whát lands soéver
Lie beyónd the eclíptic
And páth of the plánets,
Where ský-propping Átlas
Spins róund on his shóulder
The firmament stúdded
With bríght-burning stárs.
Of the ádvent of this man
Even nów the realms Cás pian
And lánd of Meótis
Héar with a shúdder

In the Gods' answers;
 And with consternation
 Are seized even already
 The seven mouths of Nile.
 Not even Alcides,
 What though he transfixed
 The brass-footed doe,
 To Erymanth's woodlands
 What though he gave peace,
 And with his bow's twang
 Made all Lerna tremble —
 Not even conquering Bacchus,
 Who from Nyssa's high top
 Drove in tiger-drawn chariot
 With reins twined with vineleaves,
 Equal space of land compassed:
 And do we doubt still
 To add to our former deeds
 Fresh deeds of prowess?
 Or shall fear forbid us
 To plant a firm foot
 In the land of Ausonia?"

"But with brows decked with laurel
 Who is that yonder
 I see sacrificing?"
 "By his grey locks I know him,
 And by his beard grisly,
 That king of the Romans
 Who shall first set the city
 On law's firm foundation.
 To his great government
 From her soil sterile

Diminutive Cúres
Shall sénd him commissioned.

“Next to him succeeds Túllus,
Who shall bréak the ináctive
Repóse of his cóuntry,
And to árms call the wárrior-bands,
Nów for some time
Unaccústomed to triumphs,
And flágging in spírit.
Close áfter whom fóllovs
Rather váin-glorious Áncus,
To whóm to be fánned
By the pópular bréath
Even nów 's but too pléasing.

*
“Dost thou wish me to shów thee
The mónarchs Tarquinian,
And the próud soul of Brútus
His cóuntry's avénger,
And the Fásces he wríng
From the grásp of the týrant
And restóred to the péople?
This is that Brútus
To whóm shall be first
Committed the cónsulship
Ánd the fell áxes —
That únhappy sire
Who for fáir freedom's sáke
Shall cáll forth his ówn sons
To súffer the pénalty
Dúe to the nów crime
Of wár 'gainst one's cóuntry.

Let postéridy tálk
Of the déed as they will,
The pátriot's unbóunded
Pássion for glóry
Will béar all befóre it.

“Aye, and fár off behóld too
The Déciï and Drúsi,
And wielding the héadsman's axe
Rígorous Torquátus,
And Camíllus home bringing
The stándards recóvered.

“But those sóuls whom thou séc'st there
In équal arms brilliant —
Concórdant souls nów
Whilst kept dówn under night —
Ah, what wárs they shall wáge,
What múrderous báttle,
Agáinst one anóther,
Let them dáylight but réach!
The fáther-in-láw,
To confrónt the son, cómes
From Monoécus' Arx dówn
And his rámpart of Álps:
With áll the arráy
Of his ármament éastern
The són-in-law méets him.
But dó not, my yóung friends,
To só bitter báttle,
Ah, dó not inúre ye!
Agáinst fátherland's bówels,
Ah, túrn not your might!

And thóu, mine own blóod,
Be the fírst to leave óff —
Thou Olýmpus-sprung scíon;
The swórd from thy hánd
Fling thóu away fírst.

“Yonder ’s hé that retúrning
All glórious, victórious,
From the táking of Córinth,
And róut of the Achívi,
Shall tó the high Cápitol
Drive his war-tríumph.
That óther shall Árgos
And Agamemnónian
Mycénae o’ertúrn,
And fróm an Eácides,
Líneal descéendant
Of wárríor Achíllés,
Exáct retribútion
For his fóresíres of Tróy
And the fóul desecrátion
Of the fáne of Minérva.

“Who ’d léave thee behind him
Unméntioned, O Cóssus?
Or thee, mighty Cáto?
The stóck of the Grácchi
Whó ’d leave unméntioned?
Or wár’s pair of thúnderbolts,
Líbya’s misfórtune,
The Scípiadae twáin?
Or Fabrícíus, on smáll méans
Commánding the déference

Páid to the rich?
 Or thée, O Serránus,
 The plóugh-furrow sówing?
 But whither awáy
 So húrri me tíred,
 Ye fá mily Fábian?
 O Máximus thóu 'rt he,
 That síngle one thóu,
 Who by prócrastinátion
 Restór'st us our lóst state.

"Other nátions, I dóubt not,
 Will wórk brass with sófter,
 More bréathing expréssion,
 And óut of the márble
 Draw féatures more lífe-like,
 Will pléad causes bétter,
 Ánd with the trácing rod
 Dráw more corréctly
 The gréat heavenly círcles,
 And the rísing stars márk —
 But, remémber it éver,
 'Tis thy part, O Róman,
 To góvern the nátions;
 To spáre the submíssive,
 To wár down the háughty,
 And impóse upon áll
 Modes and hábits of péace."
 So sáid sire Anchíses,
 And as wóndering they lóoked on,
 These wórds besides ádded:—
 "See hów with the *Spólia*
Opíma dístínguished,

And áll overtópping,
Victórious Marcéllus
Comes márchíng on yónder!
In the mídst of the gréat
Gallíe túrmoil and túmult
This mán shall the Róman state
Hóld firm and stéady,
And únder his hórse's hoofs
Tréad Carthagínian
And rébel of Gául;
And to fáther Quíçinus
Suspénd the Spoils Róyal,
The thírd that were éver
By Róman arm wón."

And hére said Enéas —
For he sáw with him góíng
A yóuth of rare beauty
And brillíantly ármed,
But his brów far from chéarful,
And dówncast his eýes —
"Who 's that yónder, O síre,
That goes with him as cómrade?
His són perhaps is he?
Or óne of the gréat stock
Óf his descéndants?
How his cómrades buzz róund him!
What a hóst he 's hímsélf!
But abóut his head flítting
Dark Níght spreads her sád shade."
Then with gúshíng tears thús
Replíed fáther Anchíses:—

“Ínto thy fáily’s
Gréat grief, my són,
O máke not inquiry;
The Fátes shall but shów
This young mán to the wórld,
And thén away béar him.
Too pówerful, ye Góds,
Had becóme in your eýes
The bréed of the Rómans,
Had ye given them for góod and all
Présents like this.
How that Cámpus shall gróan there
Beside Mars’ great cíty!
What funéreal rites, síre
Tiberíne, thou shalt sée,
Ás by that néwly-raised
Túmulus thou glídest!
Néver of Ílian stock
Bóy shall be bórn
That shall ráise in his Látin
Grandfáthers such hópe;
Of nó other són
Shall the cóuntry of Rómulus
Máke so loud bóast.
Ah, móurn for him, móurn!
Had he líved, he ’d been géntle,
A mán of his wórd
Like the mén of old times,
With éver uncónquered
Right árm in the báttle.
What fóe had unpúnished
Withstóod his footchárge,
Or the rúsh of his fóaming steed

Ráked with the rówels!
 Ah! fínd but the méans
 To break thróugh thy hard fátes,
 O yóuth to be píted,
 And thóu 'lt be Marcéllus.

“Give me lílies in hándfuls;
 Let me scátter aróund
 Flowers púrpling and bríght:
 What thróugh váin be the óffice,
 I 'll with a profúsióh
 Of súch gifts at léast
 Heap the sóul of my grándson.”

In the bróad, airy láwns
 So they wánder abóut,
 And scrútinise évery thing
 Ín the whole région:
 All which to his són
 When Anchíses had shówn,
 And póinted out tó him
 Each séparate óbject,
 Ánd with a lónging
 For th' óncoming glóry
 Had kindled his sóul,
 He describes next the wárs
 To be wáged by the héro,
 And abóut the Lauréntian
 Péoples infórms him,
 And Latinus's cíty,
 And hów to avóid best
 Or béar every tróuble.

There are two gates of Sléep,
 The one hórny, they sáy,
 And affórding free pássage
 To réally true visions:
 Through the óther, of white
 Glossy ivory wróught,
 The Mánes their fálse dreams
 Send úp to the wórld.
 Toward the ivory gáte
 Anchises his són
 Conduéts as he spéaks,
 And with him the Sibyl,
 And léts both out thróugh it.
 To the ships and his cómrades
 Enéas retúrns;
 Then alóng the shore cóasts
 To Caiéta's port stráight.
 From the prów they cast ánchor:
 The stérns line the shóre.

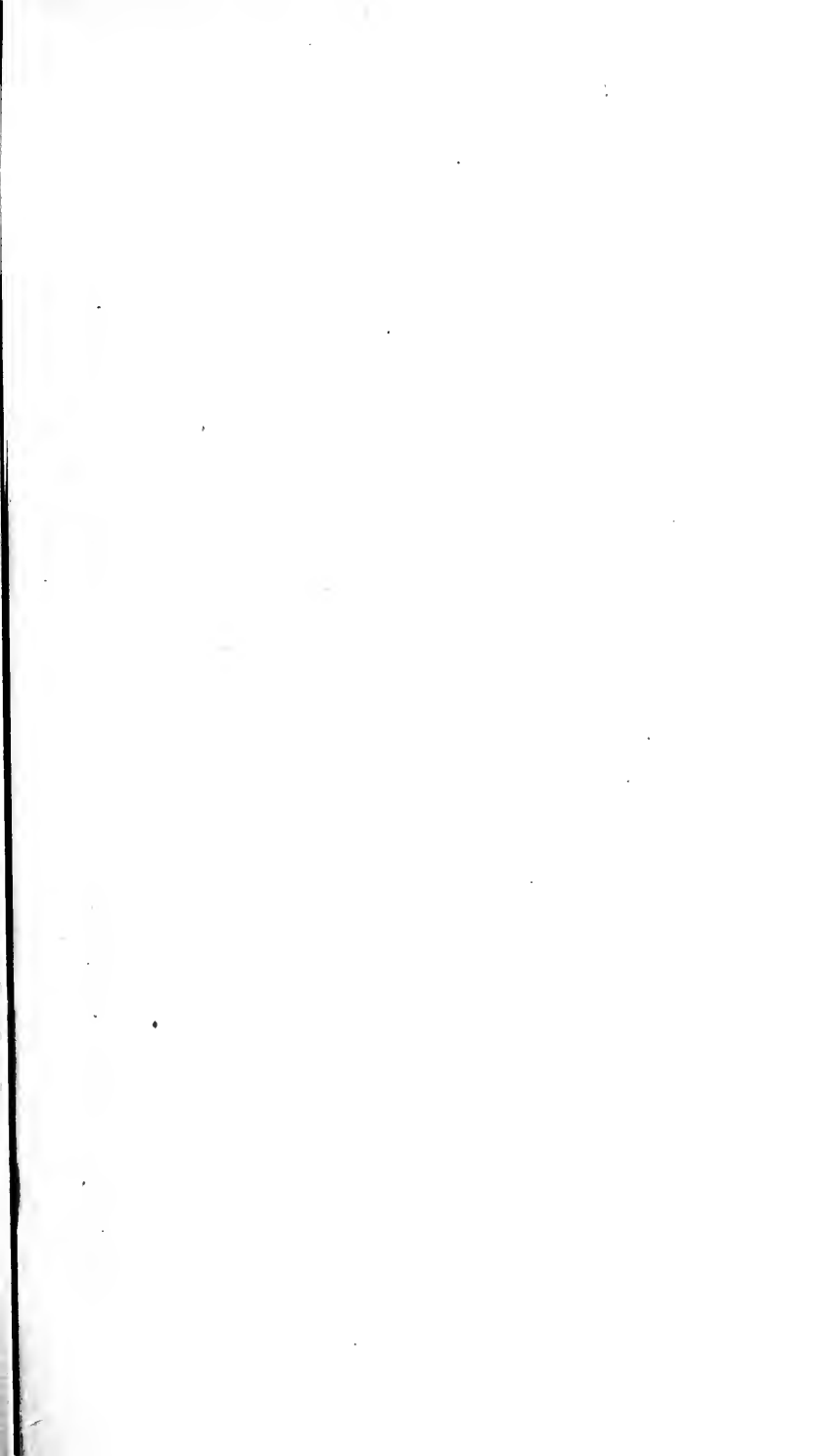


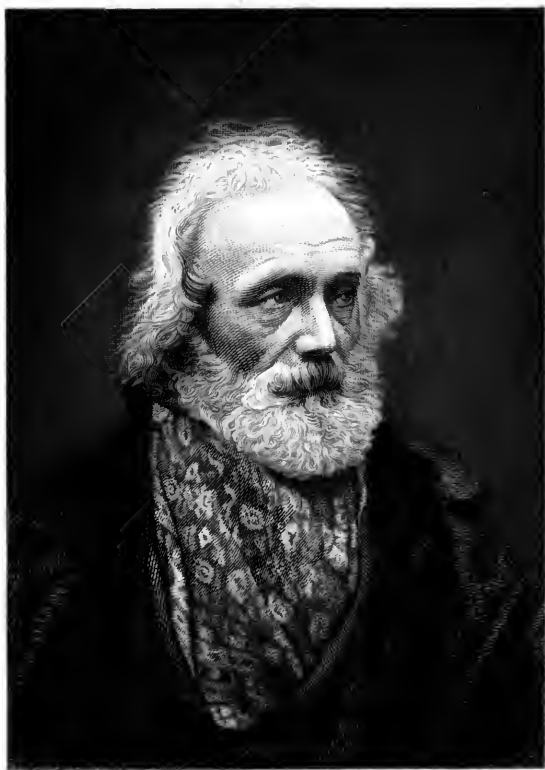
C O R R I G E N D A.

- Sign. γ6. Line 4 from bottom, instead of thóu, read thou
 Sign. γ7. Line 14 from bottom, instead of óur, read our
 Sign. c2. Line 12 from bottom, instead of impóster, read
 impóstor

- Page 1. Instead of lines 8, 9, 10 from top, read
 Mars' bristling árms and Him whom first
 And léader fróm the cóasts of Tróy
 Fate bróught to Ítaly réfugée, *
- Page 3. Instead of lines 13 and 14 from top, read
 Which shé had been fóremost
 To wáge against Tróy
 On behálf of dear Árgos — *
- Page 4. Line 15 from top, instead of I, read Í
- Page 16. Line 6 from bottom, instead of Troys, read Troy's
- Page 20. Line 2 from bottom, instead of bréast, read wáist,
- Page 32. Instead of line 14 from bottom, read
 For ús — we have nóthing to féar;
 And thóu — thou shalt néver repént thee *
- Page 59. Instead of line 8 from bottom, read
 And Macháon the princípál móver, *
- Page 90. Instead of lines 9 and 8 from bottom, read
 For while, divérging fróm the ród's
 Diréction knówn, I fóllow býe-paths,
- Page 143. Instead of lines 15 and 14 from bottom, read
 Í acknówledge Í 'm one
 Óf that créw of Dánaĩ
- Page 152. Last line, instead of knéw, read knów
- Page 157. Instead of line 3 from top, read
 Ánd on the tóp o' th' crág the Nýmphs huzzáed.*
- Page 168. Line 7 from bottom, instead of píous, read fórmér*
- Page 176. Line 11 from top, instead of Ílíán, read Ílian

* For the reason of this alteration see my *Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis*.





James Fenwick M.D.
Ret. Page 56

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A HALF YEAR'S POEMS

OF

JAMES HENRY, M. D.

CRITIC.

In vain through all your pages
For one good thought I look;
I 'd say but for politeness,
You 've written a worthless book.

AUTHOR.

The judgment a man utters
Does but himself reveal;
The flint to lead refuses
The spark it yields to steel.

Trompeter-Schlösschen, Dresden. April 9, 1854.

1246
6/1/92.

DRESDEN.

PRINTED BY C. C. MEINHOLD AND SONS.

1854.

THANKSGIVING.

I thank thee, Muse, for pleasures three —
“Póet, what pleasures may those be?”
I thank thee first for the delight
I take myself in all I write;
I thank thee next and thank thee more
Fór the delight with which I store
Cellfuls of honied poesie
For those who shall come after me;
And last and most for the delight
I thank thee, Muse, with which I write
Póems my friends from morn to night
And night to morn read with delight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

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P/1/2

ÓFT 'twixt sleep and waking
Í behóld a figure
Áiry light and hándsome
Flitting ríght befóre me,

Ríght befóre me flitting
Like Itálian firefly
Ón a Júly évening
Júst at dáylight-góing,

Ór like plánet rising
Fróm the ócean's cléar edge,
Ánd reveáled alternáte
Ánd hid bý the billows.

Whén intént I wáke up
Tó embráce my lóst Love,
Áh! the vísion 's vánished
Ánd all 's blánk around me;

When I lay my head down
Once more on the pillow,
There again 's the vision
Flitting right before me,

Like reflection playing
On a smooth white ceiling
From a glass of water
Shaken in the sunlight.

If, instead of waking,
I sleep only deeper,
Other visions may come
But I lose the figure.

Never comes that figure
Out of dead and gone times,
Flitting there before me
Airy light and graceful

Like Italian firefly
On a still damp evening
In the month of July
After the sun 's gone down,

Like a planet rising
On the edge of ocean
And revealed alternate
And hid by the billows,

Like the sun's reflection
On a white-washed ceiling
From a glass of water
Shaken in the window,

Bút when Í 'm too hánging,
Hálf asleép half wáking,
Équipoised between
The deád world ánd the living.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,
Febr. 8—9, 1854.

BELISARIUS.

NOVEMBER's clouds are gathering fast;
The woods are whistling in the blast;
It is a rugged old oak tree
That spreads between the sky and me
His wrinkled arms, with here and there
A leaf upon his fingers bare.
About his feet lie sere and red
The honors of his once green head.
Hére make my grave, there 's sympathy
Between this ancient oak and me;
Like him I grew and florished fair;
Like him I 'm withered old and bare;
O'er me like him life's storms have passed;
Like him I 've shivered in the blast;
We both draw near our end at last.
Hére lay me down, here let me die;
No need of stone or verse have I;
Write Belisarius on the tree;
My name tells all my history.

Written while walking in BADEN, from WALDWIMMERSBACH to MOSBACH,
Nov. 25, 1853.

AWAKE him not; look at him if thou wilt,
But let no touch or sound or stir disturb him
Out of his slumber; see his mighty chine,
His firm-set shoulder muscular and brawny;
In what thick ringlets hangs his shaggy mane
Enveloping as with a wiry muff
Withers and neck and ears and half his forehead.
From the one paw thou see'st there, somewhat thrust out
From underneath the superincumbent weight
Of that huge bony head, judge of the others.
If from those dark, drooped lids, and those closed jaws,
That quiet, slow, and scarce perceptible
Swelling and falling of those nostril edges,
Thou turn'st away with an instinctive horror,
How wilt thou face the uncovered eyeballs' glare,
The wide-dilated nostril, the curled lip,
Tusks gnashing, muttered growl, and rising mane,
And tail indignant lashing both his sides,
And claws erect and ready for the spring?
Nay, nay; if thou art wise, thou 'lt not molest
The lion peaceful sleeping in his lair —
Thou 'lt not with deed or word or thought aggressive
Stir in its placid light repose thy conscience.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 17. 1854.

ARRIA.

TAKE the knife, Petus; fear not it will hurt thee;
Or if it hurt thee, it is but a hurt,
One friendly hurt that saves thee from a thousand.
Thou 'rt pale; afraid; give me the knife; see there,
That 's my blood on it, yet I 'm nothing frightened.
I 'm sore where it has cut me; what of that?
A little deeper, I were sore no longer;
No knife, no Cesar, more, had power to hurt me.
Take the knife, Petus; and bid loud defiance
To all who with the knife would terrify thee.
No man with knife in hand 's the slave of Cesar.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5. 1854.

SHE lies below;
These roses grow
On Ellen's grave;
Sigh, nightwinds, sigh
As ye pass by,
Ye willows, wave.

One month ago,
We loved as though
Never to part;
And now — Alas!
All flesh is grass;
Break, break, my heart.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

PAIN.

"PAIN, who máde thee?" thus I said once
Tó the grím unpitýing mónster,
Ás, one sleépless night, I wátched him
Heáting in the fire his píncers.

"Gód Almighty; whó dare dóubt it?"
With a hídeous grín he ánswered:
"Í 'm his éldest bést-belóved son,
Cút from mý dead móther's bówels."

"Wrétch, thou liest;" shócked and shúddering
Tó the mónster Í replíed then;
"Gód is goód, and kínd, and grácious;
Néver máde a thíng so úgly."

"Téll me thén, since thou know'st bétter,
Whóse I ám, by whóm begóttén;"
"Héll 's thy bírth-place, ánd the Dévil
Bóth thy fáther ánd thy móther."

"Bé it só; to mé the sáme 'tis
Whéther Í 'm God's són or grándson,
Ánd to theé not greát the dífference
Ónce thy flésh betweén my tóngs is."

"Spáre me, spáre me, Páin;" I shriéked out,
Ás the réd-hot píncers cáught me;
"Thou árt Gód's son; áye thou 'rt Gód's self;
Ónly táke thy fíngers óff me."

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, Jan. 26, 1854.

TAKE that and that and that, detested viper;
Thou 'lt never more across my way come hissing,
And spirting venom; now at last thou 'rt settled,
And I am happy. Let me sit down here
And leisurely enjoy my happiness.
And so, it 's done; what next? that 's all; it 's done,
And nothing more about it. Murdered him!
Aye, that I did; and were it still to do,
Would do it again; he hated me, I him.
It 's a cursed passion, hatred; a cursed passion;
That drives a man to kill even his own brother.
It was not I, it was my hatred killed him;
If I had loved him he had still been living.
Hatred and love! I might as well have loved him,
Or better. Why then didn't I? I could not.
I was not given the choice to love or hate him;
I was made hate him simply, and made love
My sister; with all love was made to love her,
And with all hatred made to hate my brother.
So then it was not that I had not love,
But that he was no object for that passion;
And, for no reason but because she is not
My hatred's object, I don't kill my sister;
Both passions are my nature, my choice neither;
Had I my choice, I 'd neither love nor hate
But rise to both superior, like the oak
That in the forest spreads his broad arms out
With like indifference above a pair

Of duellists, and pair of cooing lovers.
Well then, the consequence? that 's bad for me.
Men have forbidden murder; not that men
Are good and virtuous, but because each man
Fears for himself and his; therefore their statutes,
Are point-blanc against murder; and they 'll rise
And hunt me like a wild beast down, and kill me;
Kind, loving, tender men that so hate murder!
Well, be it so! I did it open-eyed,
And knowing well that men would murder me
For daring to do that, alone and singly,
Which each of them fears by himself to do,
And only does when by participation
Of all the rest with him, no 'rest' remains
To call him to account, and judge, and punish.
Well then! and when they 've murdered me, is that all?
Kind, loving, tender men again! that 's not all.
Ye cannot follow me yourselves indeed
Beyond your murder — pity that ye cannot!
But ye will pray your God to raise us all
Out of our common grave, and with new life
And sensibility of pain endow us,
That ye may sit in everlasting joy
Above with angels, and look down on me
And all those whom for murdering ye have murdered,
Writhing in hellfires unextinguishable,
While ye sing Peans to His righteousness
Who made ye twice for joy, us twice for torment.
Aye, 'twas I did it; here I am, your prisoner.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 6, 1854.

PLEÁSANT áre the sún's rays
Hill and vále adórning,
Pleásant áre the smáll birds
Singing in the mórning,

Pleásant is the spríng's breath
Througħ the thórñ hedge blówing,
Pleásant is the prímrose
Óñ the ditch-side grówing,

Pleásant is the wild bee's
Right conténted húmming,
Pleásant is the óld friend's
Lóng expécted cóming,

Pleásant is the kéttle
Óñ the bríght fire sínging,
Pleásant áre the jóybell's
Íñ the steéple rínging,

Pleásant is the child's face,
Sleéping in the crádle,
Pleásant is the yóung colt's
Whínny in the stáble,

Pleásant is the órgan
Througħ the gréat aisle péaling,
Pleásant is the nún's' chant
Througħ the láttice steáling,

Pleasant is the garden's
Variegated full bloom,
Pleasant is the hayfield's
Almost sweeter perfume,

Bút to mé it 's sweéter
Pleasantér and bétter
Fróm my ábsent Truélove
Tó receive a létter

Bidding mé to bánish
Dóubt and feár and sórrow,
Ánd to cáll upón her
Eárlý ón tomórrów.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 9, 1854.

“WHAT árt thou, dim figure, that stoppest me so,
Down the path to the ford as I hurry along?
Let me pass; the sun 's set, and I 've far yet to go —
For a maid to be out after nightfall were wrong.”

“Dear Rose, thou canst not pass the river tonight,”
As he threw back his cloak her own William replied;
“See the flood how it covers the stepping stones quite —
Nay Rose, art thou mad? thou must stay on this side.”

“Let me go; there 's still light and I know the ford well;
It will scarce at the stepping stones reach to the knee;
How could I tomorrow my cross mother tell
That I 'd spent the whole livelong night, William, with thee?”

"Thou shalt sleep with my sister, and, when at gray day
The fall of the water the stepping stones shows,
To thy cross mother's house she 'll escort thee half way,
And still in life's garden shall bloom William's rose."

"It máy not be, William; I 'd rather tonight
This dárk flood its drumly waves over me rolled,
Than my cróss mother greet with tomorrow's daylight,
And see her eyes flash as my story I told.

"So thank thee, dear William, and let my hand go;
Across in a moment in safety I 'll be,
For the flood 's not deep yét and the current moves slow;
Good night, my sweet William, and feár not for me."

He holds her hand hard and keeps close to her side,
And they 're both in the water now up to the knee: —
"It 's a rough stream that me from my Rose shall divide;
Clasp both arms round my neck, Love, and cling close to me."

With a strong grasp he 's caught her and lifts her up high,
Her slender feet hanging down scarce touch the stream;
Four steps, steady steps now — but was that a cry
And a fall and a struggle, or do I but dream?

Strong is love, and the arms of a young man are strong
When they 're clasped round the waist of his newly pledged bride,
But stronger 's the mountain flood rushing along,
When the rains from the clóuds burst at wet lammas-tide.

Down the river 's a garden where marigolds blow,
And sad willows lean over the water and weep;
And thére country folks still the green hillock show
Where the youth and the maid by the rippling wave sleep.

No need of stone letters the names to disclose
Of the poor pair below, hapless bridegroom and bride,
For a flower of Sweet William there each lammas glows,
And a white mossy Rose bud droops close by its side.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 7—8, 1854.

“WILL you allow me to go out, Sir?”

Thus Pat to me one evening said,

As weary, dreary, in my study

I sat with aching heart and head.

“And what is ’t, Pat, you would go out for?”

Can’t you at home the evening spend?”

“I ’ll not be long, Sir; only just run

Over the way to see a friend.”

“To see a friend! stay, I ’ll go with ye;

Bring me my cloak and stick and hat;

A friend! a friend! what is a friend like?

I never saw a friend yet, Pat.”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5, 1854.

BREÁTHE not a murmur thou of querulous

Dissatisfaction at the inscrutably

Dark and mysterious ways of Providence,

Íf in thy fortune’s ruin thou’st preserved

A pair of easy, wool-lined, velvet slippers.
 About the color, whether black or brown
 Or green or scarlet, be not too fastidious;
 Bút, if stern destiny allows a choice,
 Choose yellow, as the prettiest and most Turkish.
 I like the Turks because they 're Mussulmen,
 Not preaching, praying, money-loving Christians;
 I like the Turks because they hate the Russians
 And will, I doubt not, give them a sound drubbing;
 I like the Turks because they 've a fine city,
 Cónstantinople on the Bosphorus,
 Where one can plainly see the sun at midday;
 But most I like the Turks because they never
 Wear boóts at home, but always yellow slippers.
 I won't suppose thou hast on either foot
 A hard or soft corn, as the Earl of Mayo
 Advertises he had before he gót them
 Extracted by that notable chirúrgeon,
 Chiropodist and boot-and-shoe-maker,
 Válentine Prendergast in Sackville street,
 Right opposite the General Post Office,
 And next dóor to the general breeches-maker,
 Quáker, and gentleman, Friend Richard Allen —
 I wón't suppose thou hast on each great toe
 A bunion large and round as a small apple;
 I wón't suppose it, though I might since bunions
 Are never out of fashion with high gentry —
 Bút I 'll suppose thou 'st half the day been walking
 (A lady on each arm) in the genteelest
 Least desert part of our once flourishing city,
 Deáth and the Doctors' side of Merrion Square,
 In that same pair of boots thou now hast ón thee,
 Shorter by two full inches than thy foot
 And full three inches narrower, and hast cóme home,

And with the aid of two maids and a bootjack
Forced, with convulsive struggles desperate,
The polished instruments of torture off,
And set the crippled joints at liberty —
Góds! thy contentment as thou 'dst slip first one
And then the other quivering, lame, and wounded
Extremity into the refuge safe
Of a large, wool-lined, velvet pair of slippers.
Then if thou wert not thankful, didst not bless
High Heaven's beneficence to wretched sinners,
Thou 'dst merit, not Saint Patrick's Purgatory
Or Hell's sulphureous fires unquenchable,
Bút to be doomed on Heaven's hard sapphire pavement
To promenade for ever in those same boots,
And find, to all eternity, no bootjack,
No pitying angel's hand, to rid thee of them.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 6, 1854.

POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

"A pair of twins were born, they say,
The selfsame hour, the selfsame day;
How many years it was ago
I never heard and do not know,
But born they were, as like each other
As ever twin was like twin brother,
And, be it so long as it may,
Have lived from that hour to this day
Through every change of wind and weather,
In perfect harmony together,

Beside or near each other ever,
And for one half hour parted never,
Saturday, Sunday, morn or night,
By gas no less than candle light:
As soon as either goes to bed
The other droops his heavy head,
Awake no sooner is the one
Than the other too with sleep has done;
Both rise together and all day
Together work, together play,
Study, pay visits, read, or write
Letters of business, or indite
Nonsense in rhyme, called poetry,
Or by land travel or by sea,
One never farther from the other
Than Siamese twin from his brother
Nor half so far; yet strange to tell
Though each the other loves so well,
Smiles when he smiles, weeps when he weeps,
And by his side for ever keeps,
Neither has yet the other seen —
Ye learned and wise, say whom I mean."

FRIEND.

"Poetic Sir, in vain you try
A thing so plain to mystify;
How easy will the learned and wise
Pierce your conundrum's thin disguise,
When I, though neither learned nor wise,
Read its plain meaning in your eyes."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5, 1854.

MOG OF KILDARE.

Oh there never was flower half so rich and so rare
As my own pretty lassy, sweet Mog of Kildare;
Her cheeks are two tulips, red bordered with white,
I 'd not tire looking at them from morning till night.

Except the black spot on the flower of the bean
I have never a match for her eye's blackness seen,
And yet from that blackness there shoots such a light
As you 've seen from the young young moon on a clear night.

But her mouth! — where 's the thing with her mouth may compare
In sweetness, except a ripe Bergamot pear?
And her lips! — they 're a pair, sure, of red blushing cherries;
And her breath! — makes one think of the time of strawberries.

Fine is flax, silk is fine; but far finer the hair
That in black, glossy ringlets falls down on her bare
Glancing white neck and shoulders, for Mog's neck 's as white
As cambric, or swansdown, and as satin bright.

You have heard, some May evening, when all round was still.
From the midst 'of the thorn bush the blackbird's note thrill;
I would rather than that note hear Mog's daily voice,
Could 'rathers' and wishing but get me my choice;

But they cannot, for if they could I 'd not be here
In black Dublin pining all round the long year,
But tomorrow would see me pay down second fare,
And away to the Curragh and Mog of Kildare.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 8, 1854.

IT is indeed a noble sight, this hall
With its full stream of people pouring in,
Uninterrupted, at one end, and out
Uninterrupted pouring at the other.
I wish they did not disappear so soon,
That I might make acquaintance with them, learn
Something about them; whence they come, and whither
In such vast multitudes they can be going;
New faces and new faces still, and still
New faces; and beyond the faces, nothing;
Nothing beyond; black darkness fills the portal:
Out of the darkness comes the stream of faces,
Varied and fair and ever-varying faces:
I 'd love them if I knew them, and if only
They did not so soon at the far door vanish
Away into impenetrable darkness,
For out beyond that portal too I see
Nothing but darkness, blank nonentity:
That incorporeal darkness has for me too
A force attractive, and toward the far portal,
Were 't but permitted, I 'd go with the stream,
And for a light and airy Negative
Exchange this Positive's too oppressive weight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 16, 1854.

THE BETROTHED.

[Recitative.]

HE.

For all the ages man has lived and died,
Dug mines, hewed forests, sailed the ocean wide,
Planted and ploughed and reaped, and bought and sold,
And prayed to heaven and gathered heaps of gold,
Never was maiden loved as thou by me,
And never youth deceived as I by thee.

SHE.

For all the ages yonder glorious sun
Round this great world his annual course has run,
Dispensing to poor mortals heat and light,
Summer, spring, autumn, winter, day, and night,
Never was simple maid so cruelly
Betrayed by perjured man as I by thee.

HE.

So long as tides shall flow and tempests sweep,
And billows to the shore roll from the deep,
So long as grass is green and skies are blue,
And flowers, on summer mornings, wet with dew,
I'll hate the name of woman and believe
God made her lovely only to deceive.

SHE.

So long as I have vital strength and heat,
So long as in these veins a pulse shall beat,
So long as in this bosom heaves a sigh,
So long as in this brain dwells memory,

I 'll curse the unlucky month, week, hour, and day,
I gave my free heart to a man away.

HE.

Cursed hour! I well remember it; 'twas night;
We stood there in the orchard, in the light
Of the full moon, thy right hand clasped in mine,
In thy left hand this sprig of jessamine;
Thou on this sprig swor'st, I by the moonlight.
To be each other's ever from that night.

SHE.

The jessamine 's withered, the full moonlight fled,
Thine oath forgotten, my love cold and dead;
Here let us part; take thou thy separate way
And I 'll take mine; tomorrow 's a new day;
May it shine happy on thee; and of me
Henceforth as seldom think as I of thee.

HE.

Farewell, and happy live; thy jessamine
I give thee back; and should'st thou e'er incline
To love another, look on the dead flower
And of thine oath think and that moonlight hour,
Then give thine hand, thy new oath swear, and then
Break thy new oath, and cry: — How fickle men!

SHE.

Agreed; give me the flower: — Heaven, hear me swear
By this once sweet flower and this noontide air,
And by thyself and yon bright sun above,
As true and faithful as to my first Love
I 've ever been, I 'll to my second be;
So help me Heaven, I pray on bended knee.

Náy, rise not yet: — Kind Heaven, hear mé too swear
 By thee and by this flower, yon sun, this air,
 Beside my first Love here on bended knee:
 I 'll to my second Love as faithful be,
 As constant true and kind eternally,
 Ás my first, second, óny Love to me.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, January 28, 1854.

FROM THE PUBLIC HUE AND CRY,

JANUARY 1, 1854.

CAUGHT — a thíef, last night at midnight,
 Bý the wáitch in thé New-márket,
 Cárrying ón his báck a weighty
 Búndle óf all sórts of stólen goods.

Thé right ówners cán recóver
 Their lost wáres on ápplicátion
 Tó the únder-signed Watch Sérgeant,
 Bétween Twélve and Fóur on week days.

Nº 1. Bag fúll of réd cheeks
 Sóft and plúmp, withóut a wrinkle;
 Ládies míssing súch can trý on
 Ín a róom ápárt provided.

Nº 2. Bag fúll of lóng hair,
 Ráven bláck, and brówn; and aúburn,
 Lánk, and frizzled, ánd in ringlets,
 Coárse and fine — in shórt, of áll sorts.

Nº 3. Of teéth a lárge box,
Pearly-white and smóóth and éven,
Grinders, cánine, and incisors,
Nót to speák of sêts of milk-teeth.

Nº 4. Some dózen bóttles
Fúll of cleár transparént wáter
Tásteless, sméll-less, and most likely
Teárs of órphans ór of wídows.

Súndry bládders filled with gáses
Óf specific grávitíes várious:
Sóme tried with reágents túrn out
Tó be sighs and oáths of lóvers;

Sóme, impónderáble whólly
Ánd to nó known tést respónding,
Áre conclúded tó be dáy-dreams,
Hópes and féars and cástle-buildings;

Sóme, from thése in nóthing different,
Háppilý bear lábels státing
Théy are points of fáith and cónscience
Nécessáry tó salvátióh.

Thé abóve, with óther ítems
Fár too númerous fór a hánd-bill,
Sáfely fróm the thief recóvered
Ín my óffice wait their ówners.

Mémorándum. Thé thief háving
Ín the scúffle ánd confúsióh,
Ás they bróught him tó the guárdhouse,
Slipped his hándcuffs ánd got cleár off,

You are noticed, hé is neither
Old nor young in his appearance,
Neither swárthy nór fresh cólored,
Neither wéll- nor yét ill-loóking;

Neither táll nor lów of státüre,
Neither nárrow- nór broad-shouldered,
Bút is in perpétual mótion,
Ánd has woúndilý long fingers.

Bý these twó marks you may pick him
Óut at ónce from mídst a thousánd,
Bý his lóng and slénder fingers
Ánd his éver réstless mótion.

Úp and dówn while óther thieves go,
Báck and fórward scóurged by cónscience,
Hé alóne makes éver fórward,
Ón and ón, for éver ónward.

Eýe hath néver seén him loóking
Ónce behind him ás he ón goes,
Eár hath néver heárd his foótfall,
Light his stép as hé were félt-shod.

Shóuld you sée him, you 're requested
Tó this óffice tó send nótiçe;
Fifty Póunds to him, that tákes him.
Signed and seáled — Pat Smith, Watch Sérgeant.

[TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, JAN. 29, 1854.]

YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN

GOING TO SEA.

THE billow, the billow
Shall be my head's pillow,
The wind my lullaby;
The roll of the deep
Shall rock me to sleep;
Welcome, welcome, blue sea.

The white sail 's unfurled,
With the breeze the wave 's curled;
How sweet 'tis to roam!
Farewell, father, mother,
Farewell, sister, brother,
I 've got a new home.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

NOTHING say,
But come ere day,
And I 'll be ready;
Bring silk rope
And love and hope
And courage steady;
Bring gold ring,
And fleet horse bring,
And purse of gold;
The cloister bell
Ere noon shall tell
I 've broke the fold.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

THERE 's a ráft upón the wáter;
Á frail ráft, ill pút togéther;
Ón it sits a lóvely máiden —
Bléssed Gód! what thére has bróught her?

Ín a white chemise of cámbric,
Heád, feet, breást and shóuldérs náked,
Seé her, in this stórmý weáther,
Hélpless ón the báre ráft sitting.

Úp and dówm upón the bíllow,
Híther, thíther, hów she tósses!
Loóse upón the wind her trésses,
Like a ship's long pénnon, streáming.

Sáve her, sáve her, ére she pérish!
Próvídénce thou 'rt áll a fáble!
Stáy, there 's sómé one thére beside her;
Ón the ráft I seé two figures.

Shé has hélp now; Heáven, I thánk thee!
Hé will sáve her, súde, or pérish;
Nóne but á strong swimmer éver
Máde the ráft thróugh thóse high bíllows.

Nów he thróws his árms ábout her —
Gód, there is no flésh upón them!
Thróugh híis ribs I seé the blúe wáve,
Ánd the ráft is slówly sínkíng.

Lúckless maiden, lóveliest Psýche!
Túrnéd adrift and léft to pérish! —
Ón the wind one búbbling shriék dies,
Ánd no spéck more 's ón the wáter.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, Jan. 28, 1854.

SLEÉP, babe, sleep;
Í will keep
 Wáth o'er thy head;
Nóthing fear,
Móther 's near,
 Guárding thy bed.

Lóng ago
Í lay so,
 Guárded by one,
Whó loved me
Ás I thee —
 Alás! she 's gone.

Time draws nigh,
Whén thou by
 Thý babe shalt sit,
Ánd o'er me
Clósed shall be
 The deep grave pit.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN

RETURNING HOME.

It is the land!
My native strand!
The dear loved shore!
With what delight
Each well known height
I greet once more!

Deep rolling sea
That tempted'st me
Away to roam,
I love thee more
Than ever before —
Thou 'st brought me home.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 25, 1854.

THE dead bells may ring,
And the choristers sing
Round the coffin so black,
But long they may ring,
And sweet they may sing,
Ere they bring the life back.

On the grave-hillock green
The buttercup sheen
And daisy may grow,
But the maggot will creep
Where in the earth deep
The corpse rots below.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 1, 1854.

FRÉTTINA TORMENTINA NOTHINGRIGHT.

FOR man for bird for fish for brute
This world 's well made, it 's past dispute;
Yét in this world some things there be
That never yet agreed with me:

I 'm always in close carriage sick,
Whéther it 's going slow or quick;
Far better be upon the rack!
Thán to the horses turned my back.

Jóltíng I never yet could bear,
With common patience; I declare
I 'd rather trudge upon my feet
Than up and down bump on a seat.

An outside car in jeopardy
Puts life and limb; one cannot see
Oút of an inside — might as well
Bé at the bottom of a well.

I dearly buy the time I gain
Whén I go with the railway train;
I 'm sure I 'm not given to complain,
Bút the noise álmóst turns my brain.

Turf smoke I hardly can endure;
Coál smoke to stifle me is sure;
The smell of hyacinths sets me wild,
And musk I 've hated since a child.

Tobacco smoke I scarce can bear
Even in the free and open air;
Judge of my torture, with the fume
When I 'm shut up in the same room.

I almost faint if I breathe gas,
Or hear the braying of an ass,
Or see a spider on the wall,
Or hear a kitten give a squall.

I would not stay in any house
In which I knew there was a mouse,
Much less that hideous thing, a rat;
And yet I can't endure a cat.

There 's nothing I dislike so much
As of a limy thing the touch,
Unless it be cold iron rust,
Or window curtains full of dust.

If with me you would live at peace
Don't let me see a spot of grease
On table-cover, chair, or floor,
Much less a handmark on the door.

I 'd rather sit the livelong day
With my eyes closed or turned away,
Than look out through a dirty pane,
Whether at sunshine or at rain;

And yet I own I don't like rubbing,
Polishing, brushing, dusting, scrubbing;
Washing, if possible, I hate more,
And scouring day 's to me a bore.

‘If I but thought, or heard it said,
There wás even óne bug in my bed,
I ‘d either die at once of fright
Or sit up at the fire all night.

Damp weather fills me full of pains,
In frost and snow I get chilblains,
In summer heats I melt away
And sweat and smother night and day.

My deadliest enemy ‘s fog or mist;
‘In a close room I can’t exist,
And yét I find it hard to bear
The smallest current of fresh air.

Whén the wind blóws from the north-east,
I ‘m never well; but that ‘s the least;
My sensibility sympathizes,
And greater grows as the wind rises.

Whén the wind blóws from the south-west,
Bódy and soul are both oppressed;
I ‘m good for nothing, dead and dull,
Life’s mercury down quíte to null.

But let the wind blow as it may,
All ‘s well while it blows but by day;
Bút when there comes a stormy night —
Píteous indeed is then my plight;

I can’t lie still, far less can sleep;
But jumping up and down still keep,
Óut of, and into bed all night,
Sometímes even scream aloud with fright.

It makes me ill, all day to sit
Mumchance at home, whether I knit
Antimacassar sopha-cover,
Or turn dull Boz's pages over;

But let me venture to go out,
And I may count sure on a bout
Of toothache or sore chest and cough
For the next three weeks, on and off.

When visits I receive or pay,
I must wear smiles and sweet things say;
But sore it goes against my grain,
Visits to me are downright pain,

Were 't only that I cannot brook
Still to be told how well I look,
While I feel ill in every part,
Sorry and sore, and sick at heart.

Though I cannot bear compliment
However kindly it be meant,
And look on flattery as a curse,
Yet somehow the plain truth is worse —

Is it not shocking to be told:
"You look as if you 'd got a cold;
Your eyes how red! your lips how blue!
Send for a doctor; dear friend, do."

I 'd rather not go out at all
Than go to what you call a ball;
Dress naked, flirt, hop on the floor,
And scarce get to my bed at four.

A dinner 's worse — stiff ceremony,
Gúzzling and politics; the whole thrée
Ántipodistic quite to me;
The only thing I like is tea;

That is, I like tea, if it 's not
Too strong, too weak, too cold, too hot,
Too white, too sugared; nor has been
With Pekoe flavored, or with green.

Cóffee excites me — makes me dream;
Besides it 's nó good without cream,
And cream is heavy; cocoa 's trash —
My stómach never could bear splash.

I turn at butter, if it 's spread
Like spermaceti on my bread;
Toást I could never yet get down
If smoked or singed, or not quite brown.

An egg, more than three minutes boiled
Or half a second less, is spoiled;
The hen should be brought from the stable
And made to lay upon the table.

You 'd scarce believe the misery
It always was and is to me
To be obliged to sit and see
The fire poked injudiciously.

I can't bear trifling conversation;
For serious I 've small inclination;
It 's not genteel to be too gay,
Far less to romp about and play.

I don't like books; it hurts my sight
To read the print by candlelight,
And if I'm seen to read by day,
What in the world will people say?

"Have you no better occupation?"
"You put a stop to conversation;"
"Why really Fretty 's growing blue;"
"Now can't you do as others do?"

Préss me to sing, you set me mad;
Nót to be asked at all 's as bad;
And ás for playing a quadrille,
I neither can nor ought nor will;

Só if you múst dance, dance away;
But don't ask mé to sit and play;
My shoulders covered with my shawl,
Ánd my face túrned right to the wall.

It 's scarce less bad to sit stock still,
And, as a statue, dumb until
Missy has done her eaterwauling —
God pity those who don't like squalling!

I wouldn't like to have it said
Thát I had lived and died a maid;
Yet marriage, after all, is worse —
Kill me, but don't make me a nurse.

It 's therefore clear to me as day
That somehow I have gone astray,
That this world 's not my proper sphere,
Ánd by mere accident I 'm here.

And yet I wouldn't like to change;
It 's safe to stay, unsafe to range;
A fall comes of rash leap or rush;
A bird in hand 's worth two in bush.

So, with your leave, I 'll just stay here
Until I find my proper sphere;
And if I never find it — why,
There 's many as ill off as I.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

To the battle, to the battle,
For our country and our right;
Hear the cannon how they rattle;
Our friends are in the fight.

Drive báck the bold aggressors
With bayonet-thrust and ball;
Stand firm the field's possessors,
Or whére ye stand, there fall.

Wave wave, gay tricolór,
Wave wave, proud union-jáck;
Hurrah for France and England,
Down with the false Cosáque.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 25, 1854.

HEAVY coffin, black pall;
Servants stand in the hall;
Strangers pass to and fro;
To the green churchyard near
Sad and slow moves the bier
With its trappings of woe.

There 's not even a mouse
To be heard in that house
So deserted and lone;
Hush! hush! from the gloom
Of one close-curtained room
Sobs the poor widow's moan.

And, oft wondering why
Own papa should so die,
Little children in vain
At the avenue gate
For him sit and wait
Who will not come again.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

'TIS the gáy bridal feast;
From the greatest to least
All the household 's in joy;
It 's sweetmeats and flowers,
And perfumes in showers —
No alloy, no alloy.

From the board hies the throng
To the dance and the song
In the garland-hung hall,
Where the bridegroom and bride,
In their beauty and pride,
Hand in hand lead the ball.

But there 's óne watery eye,
As the dancers sweep by;
Ah, poor gráy-headed sire!
It 's thine heart pays the cost,
For forever thou 'st lost
Her whom áll eyes admire.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

"GRÁCIOUS César," said Hormisdas
Answering a repeated question,
"Truly noble is your city,
Truly mighty are the Romans;

"Through your streets and your piazzas
I have wandered never weary,
From the sunrise to the sunset —
Gods, the Romans are your children.

"Marble columns, golden ceilings,
Baths and porticoes and temples,
Statues, paintings — all the world sure
Into Rome's lap pours her treasures.

"But there 's one thing I admire more
Than Rome's porticoes and temples,
Than her statues, than her paintings,
More even than the crown of César."

"And what 's that one thing, Hormisdas,
For I take you for a wise man,
What 's that one thing you admire more
In Rome than her power and riches?"

"Ás your city gáte I éntered
Yésterdáy, from Pérsia cóming,
Í read ón a símple tómbstone: —
ACCA UNI NUPTA VIRO.

"Mighty César, bé not ángry
With your húmble Eástern sérvant,
Íf more thán Rome's crówn impérial
Í admire the Róman mátron."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 17, 1854.

THE long and last
Sad struggle 's past
Of hope and fear;
Fást from my eyes
The dáylight flies;
Káth'rine, art near?

Beside me stand;
Give me thy hand
And don't let go;
Even in death
I 'll feel thy breath,
Thy kisses know.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1854.

NEWTON.

I well remember how upon this beach
Pláying about, some fourscore years ago,
A thoughtless child, I found a cockleshell
And brought it home and showed it to my friends
And prayed them to admire with me the treasure.
Since then I 've wandered oft upon the beach
Of the great universe, and here and there
Picked up a cockleshell left by the tide,
And brought it home and giv'n 't some idle name,
Centripetal, as it might be, or Centrifugal,
Repulsion or Cohesion or Refraction;
And so with fair toys filled my babyhouse.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 14, 1854.

THE ESCAPE.

Dówn the stream,
Like a dream —
 Hush, hush, no noise —
In our boat
Smooth we float;
 Pull, pull, my boys.

Tó the shore
Turn your oar;
 No noise, no noise;
On the strand
Jump to land;
 We 're safe, my boys.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

MORNING AND EVENING.

I 'm gay and happy in the sunny morning,
When everything around is fresh and cheerful;
Birds caroling and flowrets spreading wide
Their painted saucers to th' all-gladdening ray.
My spirit then with hope and confidence
Looks forward to the future, and I 'm full
Of noble enterprize and great achievement.
But when day's glorious orb down from the zenith
Wheels his precipitous course, and evening gray,
Behind him rising in the darkening East,
Leads on the sad funereal pomp of night,
A damp comes o'er me and I feel no more
That strong elastic buoyancy of spirit,
Which lifts me up from earth and carries me
Away, away, into the interminable
Elysium of a bright and prosperous future;
Then fear takes place of hope and I recoil
Before the Coming, and my backward eye
Turn sad and tearful on the happy past;
My youth's and manhood's friends with hollow voice
Call to me from their sepulchres and bid me
Prepare to follow; Evening first, then night,
Deep black midnight, possesses my whole being;
Till with inaudible, light footstep Sleep
Steals on me and throws over me his mantle
Oblivious, and I lie entranced till touch
Of the new day awakes me to new life,
New courage, and new action, hope, and joy,
To last again till evening, night, and sleep —
Such puppet art thou, proud, vain-glorious Man!

STERZING, in the TYROL, Sept. 14, 1853.

THE BIRTHDAY ODE.

THE earl will háve a birthday ode;
Ís to the Muses' mean abode: —
"Máster, I need some dozen rhymes;
Must háve them ere the vesper chimes;
Before a goodly company
Rehearsed tomorrow they shall be."
"Impossible, my noble Lord;
Too poór this dwelling to afford
Materials, ere the vesper chimes,
For half of half a dozen rhymes."
"It múst be done," the earl replied;
"Tomorrow my new-wedded bride
Her birthday celebrates; thére 's the gold;"
And ten broad pieces down he told.
The poet scrupulous shook his head,
And smiled and to the earl thus said: —
"The gold 's all right, but there 's no time;
'Tis but two hours to vesper chime,
And far off lies the town away;
The road is bad and rough the day."
"And what has weather, town, or road
To do with birthday or with ode?"

"To weave a web you must have thread;
 To cast a bullet one needs lead;
 You can't make butter without milk;
 It 's out of mulberry leaves comes silk;
 Without long grass you can't make hay,
 Nor china without potter's clay;
 And poetry's extatic thought
 Was never into being brought
 Out of an empty, hopeless nought."
 "Say out your meaning short and clear;
 Not to read riddles come I here;
 And see on yonder castle wall
 Where frowning stands the gibbet tall."
 Trémbling and falling on his knee,
 "My noble Lord, you 'll pardon me" —
 Thus to the earl then answered he;
 "The elements of poetry
 Lie in yon castle's buttery."
 The earl laughed loud and heartily,
 And raised the poet from his knee;
 Away they 're to the castle gone;
 The evening table 's spread anon;
 Black wurst, brown venison, red tokay;
 Tomorrow 's the bride's Naming day;
 The cellar, buttery, and hall,
 Oerflowing with provisions, all: —
 "Health to the bride — that 's fine tokay;"
 The poet thus began to say,
 As through his veins and fibres weak
 The liquor mounted to his cheek
 And filled with life and energy
 His heart and brain and flashing eye: —
 "Health to the Lady Geraldine —
 Féllow, another bumper wine;"

What m^onth is this, and what the day?"
"Tomorrow is the First of May."
Now say not that the poet dozed,
Íf for a while his eyes he closed,
For foot and lip and fingers' play
Sh^ows that he meditates a lay;
And all at once thus to his tongue
The numbers crowded, and he sung: —

Join hands round, and in a ring,
Máymaids, lét us d^an^ce and sing,
Daughters ál of M^aja fair,
M^aja with the g^olden hair.

Daisy, primrose, violet bring;
Every fl^ower that l^oves the spring
Weáve into a g^arland fine
F^or the br^ow of G^eraldine.

G^eraldine shall b^e our Queén;
Whén was fairer Máymaid seén?
F^orward, báckward; óne, two, threé;
Bénd to G^eraldine the kneé.

Nót with c^ord the wreáth entwine,
Bút with sprig of églantine;
Cúrtsyng, d^ancing in a ring,
Tó the Queén the g^arland bring;

Sét it ón her heáð and sáy: —
"Theé we crówn on thy birthdáy,
Theé we crówn Queen of the M^ay;
Háppy háppy live and gáy."

Thén join hánds and in a ring
Róund and róund her dáce, and síng: —
“Theé we crówn on thý birth dáy,
Theé we crówn Queen óf the Máy.”

Móther Mája héar us ,práy: —
“Lét this bé a jóyful dáy,
Tó the bridegroom and the bríde
Ánd to áll the cóntry wíde.”

Fóward, báckward; óne, two, threé;
Tó the bridegroom bénd the kneé;
Hé is stróng and shé is fáir;
Néver wás a lóvelier páir.

Bléss the bridegroom, bléss the bríde,
Ever bý each óther's síde,
Éver háppy, éver gáy,
Áll the yéar to thém one Máy.

“By th’ holy rood,” then cried the earl,
“Of birthday odes that is the pearl,
And wéll such venison, wurst, and wine
Will please the Lady Geraldine.”
The poet bowed and bade good night,
And wént home, and till dawning light
Sat úp inditing poetry;
A joyful man I trow was hé.

TROMPETER-SCHLOSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 7, 1854.

CÁW, caw, caw,
Blithe Jackdaw,
Come hère to me;
Whý so shy?
Thou and I
May wéll agree.

Í for great
Chúrch and State
Cáre not one spittle,
Ánd I trow,
Wise bird, thou
Car'st júst as little.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 13, 1854.

"THERE is a wee wee word I love
All other wee wee words above;
What may this wee wee word be, guess;
Three letters spell it" — "Y — E — S."

"This wee wee word has a wee brother
Whom I hate more than any other
Ill-natured wee wee dwarf I know,
Two letters spell his name" — "N — O."

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,
March 1—2, 1854.

TWENTY apples for a pénny;

Néver gáve, befóre, so mány;

Cóme, Sir, buý;

Twénty ápples frésh and fair,

Mélting sweet as ány pear;

Thére, Sir, try.

Buý my ápples, spénd your pénny;

Nó one élse will gíve as mány;

Whát, Sir? deár!

Fair 's the price or Í 'd not ásk it;

Íf your wíse you 'll cleár my básket! —

Húzza, cleár!

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

“Album mutator in alitem.”

THE Roman Lyrist's soul, 'tis said,

Óut of his body when it fled,

Entered the body of a swan,

And thére continued to sing ón.

But wén the bard of Ambleside,

Fóllowing the example, died,

Hís spirit — never of much use —

Entered the body of a goose,

And, faithful to its ancient knack,

Kept gabbling ever, gak gak gak.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,
Febr. 18—19, 1854.

THE TWO WRESTLERS.

Two wréstlers mét once on a green;
Two sturdier carls were never seen;
Each other's enemies, I ween,
Time immemorial they had been.

"Well met, well met," at once they cried;
"Now let us our old feud decide;"
And with the word doffed cloak and hood;
And naked on the champaign stood.

One moment each the other eyed
From top to toe, from side to side;
Then raised his brawny arms on high
And closed upon his enemy.

The one was florid, fresh, and fair,
With ruddy cheeks and curly hair;
The other swarthy, grizzled, grim,
But nót less stout in heart and limb.

The fresh and fair one has the waist
Of his athletic foe embraced
With both his arms, and holds him tight,
And hugs him close with all his might.

His enemy with adroiter grip
And stronger arm; upon the hip
Takes him, and lifts him from the ground,
And runs with him the arena round,

Then flings him down and says: — "Lie there;
Another time thou 'lt hardly dare
To cope with me; this day remember,
The first day of my own November."

How long upon the sward there lay
The vanquished wrestler I can't say,
But six months after, he was seen
Encountering, on the selfsame green,

His grim opponent. Short and few
The words that then passed 'twixt the two;
But here and there, and high and low,
Each battered each with many a blow;

The sweat out on their temples broke,
The dust around them rose like smoke;
His late success the one inspired,
Shame and revenge the other fired;

And now the fair, the stronger seemed;
The swarthy now you 'd stronger deemed;
Till, all at once, his active foe
Dealt to the swarthy such a blow

As laid him senseless on the sward: —
"There now," he cried, "take thy reward
For thy November victory,
And still in May remember me."

Wondrous it seems, but when the sere
November set in the next year,
On the same green the champions same,
By chance or fate, together came

And fought again. Victorious he
Whó the last year had victory,
Won on that day, and low he lay,
Who had the victor been in May.

And so each following year, they say,
In each November and each May,
Came off a fight upon that green
Those ancient enemies between.

And still the ruddy, fresh, and fair
Was conqueror in May's genial air,
And triumphed all the summer long,
Héro of many a joyous song;

And still November saw him fall,
Stripped from his brow the coronal,
And hailed his gaunt opponent king
And conqueror, till the following spring.

Begun at MAINBERNHEIM (near WÜRZBURG), Nov. 29. Finished while
walking from NEUSTADT to MÜNCHAURACH (near ERLANGEN); Nov. 30, 1853.

SHE wrought it for him with her own true hand,
 Of blue and white silk wrought it, and with patterns
 Adorned it of all sorts of fruits and flowers —
 Róses and violets and marigolds,
 Lilies and pansies and forget-me-not,
 Red blushing apples and long pendent pears —
 And in the middle, under a tall oak's
 Outspreading branches, her own form depicted
 Seated beside him on the mossy turf,
 Her hand in his locked, his sword laid beside him,
 And in his buttonhole a sprig of wild thyme.
 With busy needle three months long she wrought it,
 Sitting up late at night and rising early,
 And on the morn he set out for the wars
 Tíed the scarf round his neck and bade him wear it
 In memory of her and of the day
 They pledged each other hand and troth beneath
 That firm and constant oak's wide-spreading branches;
 And then with tears and sad foreboding kissed him,
 And prayed God bless him and protect him always,
 And bade farewell, and stood and after him
 With straining eyes looked till he disappeared
 In the far distance; then sick sick at heart,
 Lónely and sad and slow, homewards returned
 And néver from that hour heard of him more.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 21, 1854.

THE THREE CREEDS.

THREE travellers far out of the South, East, and West
At one table are met and regale on the best
Capon, pastry, and champagne the inn can afford,
And thus to each other talk, over the board: —

"I met," says the first, "as I came here tonight,
That far-famous spectre in steel armour dight,
In his hand was a lance, his sword hung by his side,
And his beard was as black as with ink 't had been dyed" —

"Stop there!" cried the second; "I too met the knight,
But I swear by the cross that his beard was snow white;
I marked it with both my eyes as he passed by
Not two arms' length off; and the moon riding high."

"I saw the knight too," thus the third traveller cried;
"A long lance in his hand and his sword at his side,
He rode with me toward this house more than half way,
And if ever was gray beard, that knight's beard was gray."

"It was black, Sir, jet black" — "I insist 'twas snow white" —

"Gray, gray, if a man may believe his own sight" —

"Black" — "gray" — "white" — "Sir, I wouldn't believe
my own brother."

"Sir, I think I can see just as well as another."

As loud they disputed and still warmer grew,
Came a knocking outside and the door open flew,
And into the room, in his steel armour bright,

• With his lance and his sword, stalked the grim-visaged knight.

Cold oozed the salt sweat on each traveller, I trow,
And stark stáring erect stood the hair on his brow,
As Charlemagne's spectre sat down at their board,
And looked round chill upon them without saying word.

In a full suit of steel he was clad cap-a-pie,
But his vizor was up, and his face plain to see:
Roman nose, chalky teeth, lips drawn into a grin,
Hollow cheeks, eyes of fire, not one hair on his chin.

So he sat, and looked round while you 'd tell four times four,
Then got up, turned his back, and walked out through the door,
Silent, solemn, and noiseless as on Windsor height;
The captain on guard stalks his watch at midnight.

More free then the travellers began to draw breath,
And the blood to their cheeks came, just now pale as death;
'Twas the second that spóke first: — "And didn't I say so?
And haven't you both seen now, his beard 's white as snow?"

"No, I haven't," cried the first; "contradict as you will;
I said first it was black, and I say the same still;"
"It 's as gray," cried the third, "as a cuckoo in May;
What child does not know Charlemagne's beard was gray?"

"Í dont know it" — "Nor I" — The three travellers so
In Aix la Chapelle bandied "No," "Yes," and "No."
In what year? if you ask me, I vow I don't know;
For that question 's disputed too — "No," "Yes," and "No."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 13, 1854.

ZULEIMA.

„In dem schwarz und dunkelrothen
 Goldumbligten Festgewand,
 Sieht die glutgewöhnte Tochter
 Spaniens an des Nordens Strand,
 In der Brust das ew'ge Sehnen
 Nach verlornem Liebesglück,
 Und der Thräne feuchte Perle
 Glänzt im dunklen Flammenblick.“
 Julius Schanz.

“PÁLLD síster with the blue eyes
 And the fine and fláxen ringlets,
 Why so shý of á poor gípsy?
 Hów can Spain's dark daughter hárm thee?

“Hóld thy hánd out. Háh! I seeé it —
 Pále-faced maidens toó have lovers;
 Sit down ón the bánk here with me,
 This white hánd requires some stúdy.

“Lét me seeé; acróss the pálm straight —
 Lúcky thát, he 's táll and wéll-made.
 Fróm the vein to thé forefínger —
 Lúcky thát too, hé 's of high blood;

“Ánd there 's lúck here in this árched line
 Róund the thúmb's base whén the hánd 's closed —
 Pále-faced síster,* thou art háppy
 Íf he 's ás good ás he 's hándsome.

“Bút these fíve spots ón thy thúmb-nail,
 Threé alóng it ánd two cróssing —
 Síster, síster, hé 'll betráy thee;
 Seeé my thúmb-nail hás the sáme cross.”

Whérefore gázes Spain's dark daughter
Ón her ówn long, súnburnt fingers?
Hás she quíte forgót the blué-eyed
Nórthern maíd that síts beside her?

Áh! her mínd is fár off wándering
Ón the báńks of Guádalquivir;
Áh! she 's thinking óf the stránger
Thát there wooéd and wón and léft her.

Óf the stránger yóuth she 's thinking
With the fáir skin ánd the líght hair;
Thóugh he léft her shé will lóve him
Íf he lóves no óther maíden;

Shé will lóve him thóugh he léft her,
Ánd through áll the wórld will seék him —
Poór blind próphetéss, how líttle
Guéssest thou he ís so neár thee!

Óne by óne her líght guitár stríngs
Slówly sádly shé is scréwing;
Cóuld she thé last áir remémber
Shé played fór him ére he léft her,

Ás they sát in thé verándah
Óf the vénta ín Sevilla,
Ón that súltry Júly évening,
With Spain's fúll moon ón them shíning,

Whén he swóre he 'd álways lóve her,
Néver leáve her ór forsáke her,
Ánd the néxt moon thát on Séville's
Tówers and dómes should póur her fúll líght,

Should with silver tip the bridal
Cháplet ón Zuleíma's fórehead,
And glance gaily fróm a góld ring
Ón her lóng and táper finger.

Bút there 's nó ring ón that finger
Though twelve móons their light have sínce filled,
And by órange cháplet néver
Sháll that dárk brow bé encircled;

Ánd that stránger yóuth she 's néver
Seén or heárd of, fór those twélve móons:
Hás he sét sail fróm Gibráltar?
Ín the cóld North is he wooíng?

Shé has léft the Guádalquivir
Ánd the wárm sun óf Sevilla
With guitár in hánd to wánder
Nóthward á poor fórtune-téller;

Nóth to wánder ánd to seék him
Ón the Thámes' banks ór the Humber,
Ánd in mány a cóld and gráy eye
Fór twelve móons in váin has sóught him.

With a dárk-eyed Spánish maiden's
Glówing heárt Zuleíma 'll lóve him,
Íf he hás not tó anóther
Given the heárt that wás Zuleíma's.

Íf he hás — the pále déceíver,
Cálcúláte though hé may shrewdly,
Hás not cóunted úp the réckoning
Ás Spain's dárk-eyed maid will cóunt it.

Distant ás her thoughts thus wándered,
Ánd with hér guitár strings idly
Playéd her fingers, ánd the dárk fringe
Óf her lids half híd her eyes' light,

Ánd with still encreásing wónder
Thé pale Nórthern gázed upón her,
Cáme, with hóund and hórn, a táll youth
Ánd the blúe-eyed maíd accó sting: —

“Whére hast been? Through wóod and válley
Áll day lóng I've sóught my Éllen;
Trúant maíd, and cánst thou thus play
With the fón d heart óf thy William?”

“Cóme, with this leash I will bind thee
Thát thou stráy no móre from William”
Ánd he thréw abóut her white neck
Thé embroidered scárf Zuleíma

Hád wrought fór him with her ówn hand
Ánd bound round his néck in Séville
Ón the évening thát he plédded her,
Ás they sát in thé verándah

Óf the vénta, in the móonlight,
Óáth and tróth thát hé would néver,
Néver úntil deáth forsáke her,
Hér, his ówn dárk-eyed Zuleíma.

Éllen's árm is lócked in William's;
Cálléd the dógs back with a whistle;
Fróm the spót the páir are túrning —
Goód God! wás that glánce Zuleíma's?

'Twas Zuleíma's; bút it wás not
Like Zuleíma's glánce in Séville
Whén she bound th' embroidered scárf round
William's néck in thé verándah,

Bý the moónlight, and looked ón him
With such eýes as thé gazéllé looks
Ón the kindy hánd that feéds it
Níght and mórning with fresh fódder:

With such gláre as springs the tigress
Ón the jáckal thát has véntured
Néar the júngle whére her cúbs lie,
Ón the fálse youth spráng Zuleíma,

Ánd the lóng and shárp stilétto
Spain's dark daúghters in their gárter
Cárry fór offénce and défence,
Ín his néck left tó the hílt plunged,

Ánd while vainly tried the trémbling
Blúe-eyed maíd to extráct the weápon,
Ánd for hélp called, and the ébbing
Life's blood with th' unlúcky scárf staunchéd,

Túrned her báck and wálked off slówly.
Hápléss maíd, go; Í forgíve thee;
Má'y'st thou réách Seville in sáfety,
Ánd thy nátive Guádalquívir.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 20, 1854.

"DÓCTOR, when will you at home be?"

Deáth, one mórning, thus said to me,

Ás I mét him át a pátient's —

Deáth and Í are óld acquaintance —

"Í 've been thinking to call ón you,

Bút don't wish to interrúpt you

Ín your pleásure ór your búiness;

Sáy the hóur that 's móst convénient."

"Ás you 're só good, Deáth," I ánswered,

"Every hóur to mé the sáme is;

Á friэнд's vísit 's álwáys wélcóme,

Súnday, wéekday, níght ór mórning!

"Bút if Í might máke so frée, Death,

Í 'd just bég one fávor óf you;

Dróp ín ón me únéxpected,

Í hate céremónious vísits.

"Cóme to mé as friэнд to friэнд comes,

Ón a súdden, when least thought of;

Pípes and gróg are álwáys réády,

Ánd the máches ón the táble.

"Drínking, smóking, wé will sít, Death,

Tête-à-tête till wé grow héarty;

Thén for ány spreed you líke best,

Óút we 'll sálly ón the báttler."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 29, 1853.

Betsy sings at her spinning-wheel.

My William 's tó the seá gone,
The deep deep rólling seá;
Fly, weéks and mónths, away quick
Till hé comes báck to mé.

Sweet wére the wórds my William
Said ás he wént away: —
“We 'll lóve each óther, Bétsy,
Until our dýing dáy.

“Think óf me óften, Bétsy;
As you sit át your wheél,
And lét no coáxing slý youth
Your heárt from William steál;

“And í to you will cónstant
And éver faithful bé,
And nó sly maíd my heárt shall
Kidnáp away from theé.”

Thread, thread, run through my fingers;
Wheel, wheél, turn mérrilý:
For évery turn, my William
One túrn is néarer mé.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 22, 1854.

Betsy sings at her spinning-wheel.

LAST night as I was spinning,
A-spinning at my wheel,
I thought I heard a light foot
Behind me softly steal.

Ah, could it be my William!
And a tear came to my eye,
And my heart it gave a flutter,
And my thread it went awry.

I did not dare look round me
For fear it was not he,
And while my heart went pit pat: —
“Betsy, don’t you know me?”

“And don’t I know my William,
That’s come home safe to me?”
And in my arms I clasped him,
And gave him kisses three: —

“And now I have you, William,
You shall never more leave me;
Let those who have no Betsy
Go roaming o’er the sea.”

He threw his arms about me
And gave me kisses three: —
“As long as I have Betsy
I’ll go no more to sea.”

And now I am so happy
As here I sit and spin,
That nothing in this world more
Can trouble me one pin;

For I have got my William
Safe come back from the sea,
And I 'm as fond of William
As my William 's fond of me.

Thread, thread, run through my fingers;
Wheel, wheel, turn merrily;
For I have got my William,
And my William has got me.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

AS at the Danube's waters deep
Was drinking once a Turkish sheep,
Came from the North with hideous yell
A Russian wolf, as stories tell,
And 'cross the mighty waters cried,
That did the sheep from him divide: —
“Fierce sheep, how dar'st thou terrify
The frogs that in yon marshes lie?
For fear of thee they dare not croak;
Cease ere my anger thou provoke;
They are my friends and I 'll not see
Them trodden under-foot by thee.”
Then meekly thus the sheep replied: —
“The Danube's rolling waters wide

Me and the frogs from thee divide,
And right well they and I agree,
Disturb not thou our harmony;
I never have offended thee.”
“Thou liest, bold sheep, did I not see,
Though wide the stream twixt thee and me,
Hów, but just now, down to the brink
Thou cam’st and stoop’dst thy head to drink,
As though thou minded wert to drain
Ríver and marsh and the whole plain,
And leave my friends, the frogs, to fry
Under the flaring sun and sky?”
His fangs, as thus he said, he gnashed,
Gláred with his eyes, and furious dashed
Ínto the flood. The sheep, dismayed,
Turned round and fled, and cried for aid;
The shepherds, far off, heard the cry,
And answered: — “We ’ll come by and by;
Thou mayst upon our care rely.”
The river ’s crossed and on the sheep
The hungry wolf comes with a leap,
Téars him to pieces in a trice —
Your Russian wolf was never nice
Cárver of mutton — and well nigh
Had in his stomach packed a thigh,
When up the shepherds came with stones!
And cried: — “Leave us at least the bones;”
And drove him off, and for their pains
Took home and roasted the remains,
Ánd a good supper had that night
And laughed and sang till morning light.

Begun at BRUCHSAL, Nov. 21, 1853; finished while walking from
BRUCHSAL to HEIDELBERG, Nov. 22, 1853.

I dónt remember well the date,
 But once, as it was growing late,
 And with long walking I was tired,
 Thús of a German I inquired: —
 "Pleáse, Sir, how fár off 's the next town?"
 Eyed me from head to foot the clown,
 Then answered gruff: — "Thou travell'st late."
 "I know it, Sir; and therefore great
 Is my anxiety to know
 How many miles I 've yet to go."
 "And whát may then your business be
 Ín the next town?" said he to me;
 "And hów long there will be your stay?
 And hów far have you come today?
 Whére were you born? where do you live?
 True answer to these questions give,
 And thén I 'll tell you, if I know,
 How many miles you 've yet to go."
 "Good night," said I, and left him there
 Áfter me looking with a stare.
 As ón I went, in doubt and dread
 Whére I should lay that night my head,
 I met a Frenchman: — "Pleáse, Sir, say
 How far to *** and whát 's the way?"
 He bowed, took off his hat, and said: —
 "Just twó short leagues; go right ahead
 For half an hour, then to the right;
 I hope you may arrive with light."
 Next Fortune an Italian threw
 Across my path: — "Praý, Sir, will you

In kindness to a stranger say
 How far to *** and which the way."
 "Just half a league; but it 's too dark
 The windings of the way to mark,
 Só I 'll turn back, if you permit,
 And gó with you a little bit —
 Náy, it 's no trouble, quite a pleasure;
 And I 'll from you an equal measure
 Accept of kindness, if we ever
 Meét in your country, and if never —
 Why, 'tis no matter." So he said
 And through the dark my footsteps led
 Tó the towngáte, then tó the hotel,
 Ánd, having waited till the bell
 Was rung and answered, bade good night.
 Ánd with the word was out of sight.

Begun while walking from GERICHSEIM to WÜRZBURG, Nov. 27.

Finished while walking from WÜRZBURG to ROTTENDORF, Nov. 28, 1853.

A poem, when it 's first engendered
 In the poet's teeming brain,
 Is like a dark and troubled morning
 Shót through by the dawn's first rays;
 But when the poet's germ completed
 Waits for the parturient throes,
 A poem 's like the hour of sunrise
 In the blue ethereal heaven.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLOSSCHEN, DRESDEN,
 March 2—3, 1854.

ODDS bóbs, brother Tom, do you knów, by the Pówers,
It 's a mighty fine wórld this, this fíne world of ours,
With its rolicking, frolicking, eating and drinking;
The óny one bád thing I knów in it 's thinking.

He 's a jolly old fellow, that round red-faced Sun,
That so knowingly loóks down all day on our fun,
As cantering, cápering, on we go hopping
From one spree to another without ever stopping;

And though Mistress Moon 's whéy-faced and modest and shy
Yet she 's wélcome for áll that, when nobody 's by,
To peép through the branches where under a tree
My árm 's round my doxy and hér arm 's round me.

Yet fíne as this wórld is, and we áll know it 's fine,
'Twere a poór drimly drúmly world, sure, without wine;
So to pále water-drinkers let 's leáve cares and pains,
And with life's true elixir replenish our veins.

We 'll drink eách to the other and health to his lass;
Tom, sénd round the bottle and fill up your glass;
Let Jóve keep his Nectar, so we have the vine —
Anóther dozen, fellow — it 's cápital wine.

God bléss Queen, lords, commons, and country, and town;
God keép our friends úp and our enemies down;
And may Britons live happy and mighty and free,
As lóng as Great Britain's shore 's wáshed by the sea.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 28, 1854.

TO SELINA.

„Es sind zwei kleine Fensterlein
In einem großen Haus,
Da schaut die ganze Welt hinein,
Die ganze Welt heraus.“

THROUGH prètty little windows two,
Of bright and shining glass,
Oút on the world I cast my view,
And seeé all things that pass.

Through thése same pretty windows two
The world looks in on me,
And sees that in all things I do,
I 'm thinking but of thee.

And thou 'st two pretty windows blue,
Through which thou send'st thy soul;
Would they had never met my view!
My heart had then been whole.

They 're often wet, those windows blue,
Those diamond panes of thine. —
Ah! máke me not for ever rue
That thy glance e'er met mine.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

COFFEE.

Íf thy heárt and spíríts sink,
Cófíee cófíee bé thy drínk;
Cófíee stróng and cófíee hót
Píping fróm the cóllíed pót.

Póúr it óút; it pleáses mé
Thé clear brówn cascáde to see
Árchíng fróm the spóút, and úp
Fíllíng thé white chína cúp.

Fíll the cúp, the saúcer fíll;
Póúr it líberal, póúr it stíll;
Stínt me in wíne, but néver thínk
To stínt me whén I cófíee drínk.

Cándy, íf the cófíee 's bád,
Ánd rích creám you 're frée to ádd;
Íf it púre and génuíne bé,
Leáve ít ín íts púríty.

Anóther cúp, anóther stíll,
And stíll anóther; póúr on tíll
Eíther I sáy stop, ór there 's nó
Anóther dróp left ín the pót.

Nów my heárt and spírits rise;
Róund the wórld my fáncy flíes,
Ánd with sweéts retúrns to mé,
Láden like the hóney beé.

Nów I 'm weálthy, wíse and gréat;
Tíme for mé has lóst its weíght;
Lét the clóck strike, wát care í
Whéther mínutes creép or flý?

Páper, péns here — í 'll indíte
Póetry till mórning light;
Tíme enóugh to thínk of sleép
Whén the dáwn begíns to peép.

O'erflówing bówl of spárkling wíne
I néver díd nor wíll décline,
Ánd Bácsus stíll sháll hónered bé
By évery jóvial sóul and mé,

But whén I wíte or réád or thínk,
Cófíee cófíee bé my drínk,
Cófíee stróng and cófíee hót
Píping fróm the cóllíed pót.

Written while walking from MOSBACH to WALLDÜRN (between HEIDELBERG
and WÜRZBURG), Nov. 25 — 26, 1853.

TEA.

W^ISHY-W^ASHY if thou 'dst bé,
Pléntifúllý drink of teá;
Bé it stróng or bé it weák,
Teá 's the drink will bláncþ thy cheéþ.

If thou 'rt heárty, stóút, and hále,
Drinking teá will máke thee ail;
If thou 'rt síck and neéd'st a núrse,
Drinking teá will máke thee wórse.

Líonheárteð if thou 'bé,
And mórn and évening 'drinkest teá,
Ere lóng thou 'lt creép abóút the hóuse,
Pítífúþ as ány móúse.

Drink teá ere thou liest dówn in béd,
No slúmber sweét lights ón thy heáð;
From fríghtful vísions, féárs, and dreáms,
Thou wákeð with terrífic screáms.

If in the mórníng thou 'drink'st teá,
Heávy and sád all dáy thou 'lt bé,
With stómach windy, weák, and dúll,
Ánd, though émpþy, fééling fúll.

I 'll nó't hear tálk of whólesome teá;
Bé it black cóngo, brówn boheá,
Or flówery pékoe, ór the green
Hýson drunk bý our nóble Queén

Áfter a mátrimónial miff
Or whén Lord Jóhnnny hás been stiff,
Ánd she 's a heáð-ache, it 's the sáme
Sure póison, whátsoe'er its náme.

Hím that drinks mórn and évening teá
Shún as thou 'dst shún an énemý;
Cáptious and quárelling át a stráw
He finds in évery thíng a fláw,

And with his neárest friénd will bréak
Becaúse his ówn heart 's síck and weak;
Thou 'lt píty him íf thou ríghtly thínk'st,
O háppy mán, that cóffee drínk'st;

But kéep far fróm him; thóugh not bád
In heárt and gráin, he 's thórough mád,
Drúnk, or posséssed, beyónd all cúre,
So lóng as teápots sháll endúre;

And in his fíts thou 'lt seé him flíng
His légs abóút, and heár him síng: —
“Jénny, pút the kéttle ón;
Páddy, blów the béllows stróng.”

But whén he hás a strónger fít
His éyes grow bríght and shárp his wít,
And glíb his tóngue, and íf his friénds
Have fáults they 're át his fínger énds,

And hé 'll not spáre, though 'twére his bróther,
His fáther, síster, ór his móther;
So shùn him thou, and tó drink teá.
Íf he invítes thee, thínk of mé.

Composed while walking from WALLDÜRN to GERICHSEIM (near WÜRZBURG),
November 26 — 27, 1853.

JULIUS TO PAULINE.

THERE 's nót an hóur that pásses
But Í hear sôme one sáy: —
“Ah, whát a wórlđ of woé 's this,
Of tróuble, night and dáy!

“It 's sórrow, páin, and síckness,
And heávinéss and gáll;
I wish I 'd díed an ínfant,
Or nót been bórñ at áll.”

But Í dont fínd the wórlđ so,
My ówn bríght-eyed Paulíne,
For sínce I fírst behéld thee
A háppy mán, I 've beén.

And íf the wórlđ 's impérfect,
I knów one cértain méans
T' ímpróve it — lét kind Heáven be
Less stíngy of Paulínes.

TROMPETER-SCHLOSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 31, 1854.

PAULINE TO JULIUS.

THERE wás a tíme I dóubted
On eárrh dwelt háppínéss,
And wóndered wén I héárd men
God fór his goódnéss bléss.

The wórld to me at thát tíme
Seemed crippled ánd ill máde;
The súnner sún but scórched me,
I shívered ín the sháde.

But sínce the tíme my éyes first
On theé, dear Július, lít,
All thínks to mé seem lóvely
And pérfectly to fít;

The sún 's never too hót now,
The sháde never too coól,
Not-ríght 's but the excéption
And Ríght the general rúle.

And bý and by wén Július
Is míne and only míne,
There 'll bé no more excéption,
But évery thínk dívine.

TROMPETER-SCHLOSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 31, 1854.

FUTURE, PRESENT, PAST.

NÓw I háve thee, slippery sérpent,
Lét me leisurely admíre thee;
Há! what 's this? those raínbow cólors,
Whích so chármed me ére I caúght thee,
Áll have vánished, ánd I find thee
Bút a háteful, úgly blíndworm.
Thére! begóne! I cáre not fór thee;
Thóú shalt nótt agáin deceive me.
Wónderfúl! there théy agáin are,
Évery cólor óf the raínbow,
Brighter stíll and bríghter glówing,
Fárther fróm me ás thou glídest —
Áh! could Í agáin but cáttch thee,
Thóú shouldst nótt escápe so eásy.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,
March 5 — 6, 1854.

To a snuffy old maid who persecuted the author with her attentions.

THY dropping nose says thou grow'st old;
Thy dropping nose says thy blood 's cold;
Thy dropping nose says, "Love 's not here"
Thy dropping nose says, "Come not near."
Thy dropping nose says quite enough,
Even if it didn't say thou tak'st snuff.

Written while walking from ROTTENDORF (near WÜRZBURG) to MAINBERN-
HEIM, Nov. 28, 1853.

GOOD night said,
Snúg in bed
 Stretched out I lie;
Clóthes tucked in
Under chin,
 To sleep I try.

'Twill not do;
All night through
 I túrn and toss,
Lét me lie
Lów or high,
 Léngthwise or 'cross.

Whát can 't be
So tróubles me?
 Tea, coffee, stróng?
Háve I walked
Wórked or talked
 Too fast or long?

Í 'm not sick;
Púlse not quick;
 I háve no pain.
Lét me see;
Whát may 't be
 So túrns my brain?

It is not
Piping hot
 Coffee or tea,
Too much talk,
Too long walk —
 What can it be?

Plague take Bess;
Now I guess
 How the wind lies;
Fool! that I
Véntured nigh
 Those dangerous eyes.

Lów or high
Lét me lie,
 'Cross or lengthwise,
Every where
Théy are there,
 Those pláguý eyes.

Whéther they
Blué, black, gray,
 Or házel be,
Í 'd be loth
Ón my oath
 To guarantee;

All I know
Ís, they so
 Before me keep
Dáncing bright
All the night,
 I cannot sleep.

Wére I King
Thére 's a thing
 I móre would care,
Thán that dogs
Should neck-logs
 Or múzzles wear.

Í 'd encrease
Mý police,
 And measures take,
Bright-eyed maids
Should wear shades
 While théy 're awake.

Thick, close hood
Ór vail should
 Keep in the light,
Ór muffed glass
Nót let pass
 The rádiance bright.

Sound might then
Sleép young men
 The lívelong night,
Ín their bed
Ás if dead,
 Till mórning light.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 25, 1854.

RAM - SAM - TAM TIBBOO.

ONCE on a time, says history,
There reigned in Timbuctoó
A curly-haired, black autocrat,
Called Rám-Sam-Tam Tibboó.

His height was nine and ninety feet;
His breadth fifteen or more;
Unluckily his weight precise
The chronicles ignore;

But from his height and breadth to judge,
He must at least have been
Some twéntry tons when he was fat,
Some twélve when he was lean.

All kings are great, all kings are wise,
All kings are good, I know;
But wise and good and great as hé
Reigned néver here below.

His palace was a mile in length
And threé miles round about,
And six-score feet high every door
To let him in and out.

His chairs were all of adamant,
His sofas all of gold,
His pipe a hollow cylinder
Out of pure silver rolled,

And wide enough was in the bore
And long enough, they say,
To have carried off a steamer's smoke,
Hád we it here today.

The shadows of great things are great,
As every body knows;
But Tibboo's shadow was so great
Even to the clouds it rose.

Especially the setting sun
Would throw it up so high
That you could see it moving like
A giant in the sky.

And then the people, struck with awe,
Would prostrate fall before
The unsubstantial Titan form
And humbly thus adore: —

“O thou incomprehensible
Likeness of great Tibboó,
Deign graciously to look on us
People of Timbuctoó.

“Tibboó of earth the ruler is,
Of heaven the ruler thou;
Wé are the subjects of the two,
Before the two we bow.

"O teach us which to honor most
The substance or the shade,
Thee who created hast all things,
Or him who thee has made.

"Hé is thy father, thou his son,
And hé thy son again;
Derived from thee his power and right
To rule over all men.

"Long may he rule and long may thou
Rule with him, mighty shade;
And soon may each the other see
By the whole world obeyed.

"Stand ye to us, we 'll stand to you,
Ye indivisible pair,
And trample under foot all who
To impeach your rights shall dare.

"Your enemies our enemies,
Your friends shall be our friends,
And in your names we 'll overrun
Earth to its utmost ends.

"And still our rallying cry shall be:—
Hurrah for thé great Twó!
And long may they reign over us
Peóple of Timbuctoó!"

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 13, 1854.

TRUDGING ALONG.

How I wish you 'd a sight of us trudging along!
You wouldn't laugh at us, for that would be wrong,
But I think you 'd be making about us a song;
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

My once glossy black hat 's turned dunduckety brown,
And Katharine's straw bonnet 's dinged deep in the crown,
And Oh! my heart bleeds when I see her poor gown;
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

For it 's tattered before and it 's spattered behind,
And turned twenty colors by sun, rain and wind;
You 'd be puzzled the original color to find;
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

Our shoes' uppers are broken and so are their soles,
And the heels of our stockings are worn into holes,
But our patience is great and our sufferings consoles;
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

So weary and dreary and hungry and slow,
With our feet all in blisters, and corns on each toe,
Admiring these foreign parts onward we go;
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

All day long we 're asking how far off is Rome;
And all night long we 're fretting about friends at home,
And wondering what makes them not like to roam;
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

For ás in this whole world there 's nót to be found
A spot perfectly happy, the advice must be sound —
If your wise you 'll keep constantly changing your ground;
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

And só we go trudging on all round the year,
Let the weather be cold or hot, misty or clear,
And we only wish sóme we know wére with us here;
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

Written while travelling on foot from GRELLINGEN (in the MÜNSTERTHAL)
over the WEISSENSTEIN, to BERN; Oct 25—27, 1853.

MAN'S UNIVERSAL HYMN.

THE Lord 's my God and still shall be,
Fór a kind God he is to me,
And gives me a carte-blanche to rob
His óther creatures, and to fob
Fór my own use their property,
So good and kind he is to me.
He bids me pluck the goose and take
Her sóft warm down my bed to make,
Then turn her out with raw skin bare
To shiver in the cold, night air;
Her nów-laid eggs he bids me steal
To make me a delicious meal,
And, when she has no more to lay,
Commands me cram her every day
With oaten meal 'till she 's so plump
The fat 's an inch deep on her rump,
Then cut her throat and roast and eat,
And thank him for the luscious treat.

The Lord 's my God and still shall be,
Fór a kind God he is to me;
He makes the bee construct his cell
Of yellow wax and fill it well
With honey for his winter store,
And, when it 's so fúll 'twill hold no more,
Cómes and points out the hive to me,
And says: — "I give it all to thee;
Small need 's for winter store the bee
Who never a winter is to see;
Kill him and eat his honey thou,
Í 'm the bee's God, and thee allow."

I love the Lord my God, for he
Loves all his creatures tenderly,
But more than all his creatures, me.
He bids me from the dam's side tear
The tender lambkin and not spare: —
"Piteous though bleat the orphan'd dam,
Túrn a deaf ear and dine on lamb."

I love the Lord my God, for he
Loves áll his creatures tenderly,
But more than all his creatures, me.
He bids the gallant horse live free
And more than life love liberty;
Then says to me: — "The horse is thine;
Thou shalt in slavery make him pine;
Confine him in a dungeon dim,
Fétter him every joint and limb,
Máim him, cut off his tail and ears, —
Thou know'st the use of knife and shears —
A réd-hot brand the bleeding sears;
Don't mind his quivering or his groans,

I 'd have men's hearts as hard as stones.
So far so good, but much remains
Still to be done ere for thy pains
Thou hast a willing, servile brute,
Who shall not dare the will dispute
Of his taskmaster; a bold, free
And noble spirit he has from me,
And worse than death hates slavery;
This noble spirit how to quell
I 'll teach thee now — remember well
I am the God and friend of both
The horse and thee, and would be loth
Either to one or to the other
Aught ill should happen; thou 'st a brother
In every creature great or small;
The same Lord God has made ye all —
So when thou 'st cropped him ears and tail,
And maimed him so he 's neither male
Nor female more, fasten a strong
Stout bar of iron with a thong
Between his jaws; then through a ring
In the bar's near end run a string
Of twisted hemp, and hold it tight
In thy left hand, while with thy right
Thou scourgest him with a long lash so
That, will-he nill-he, he must go —
Not onward, for thou hast him bound
Fast by the jaw, but round and round,
Thou in the middle standing still
And plying the lash with right good will;
At first, no doubt, he 'll fume and fret
And fall perhaps into a sweat
Of agony, and upward rear,
And spurn the ground, and paw the air —

What is 't to thee? lash thou the more;
When tired behind, begin before,
Still holding him by the muzzle fast;
Pain breaks the stoutest heart at last;
Ere a short month he 'll do thy will;
Gallop, trot, canter or stand still
At thy least bidding, carry, draw,
And labour for thee until raw
And galled his flesh and blind his eyes
And lame his feet, and so he dies,
If thou so little know'st of thrift
And of the right use of my gift
Of all my creatures unto thee
Both great and small whate'er they be,
As to allow thine old worn-out
And battered slave to go about
Consuming good food every day
And standing awkward in the way,
When for the fee of his shoes and hide
Thou might'st have all his wants supplied
By the knacker's knife; be merciful
And when he can no longer pull,
Nor carry thee upon his back,
To the knacker send thy hack."

Ye little birds, in God rejoice,
And praise him with melodious voice:
Small though ye are, he minds ye all,
And "never to the ground shall fall
A sparrow without his consent,"
By which beyond all doubt is meant —
Man, take thy victim; clip his wing;
Put out his eyes that he may sing
As sweet in winter as in spring;

Confine him in close prison-house
Where scarcely could turn round a mouse;
What though I made him wild and free
In the wood to range from tree to tree
And more than life love liberty,
Lét it not fret thee, he is thine
By virtue of a writ divine —
Cáge him, if he sings soft and sweet;
If bad his voice, kill him and eat.

Indwellers of the deep, blue sea,
To praise the Lord unite with me;
Ye grampuses and mighty whales
That lash the water with your tails
Ínto a foam, and spirt it high
Úp through your nostrils to the sky,
Rejoice with me; the Lord of heaven
Ínto my hands your lives has given,
And taught me how best to pursue
And hunt ye through the waters blue
With barbed harpoón, till far and wide
The ocean with your life's blood 's dyed.

Ye salmon, herring, wide-mouthed cod,
Praise in your hearts the Lord your God,
Who has made you of the ocean free,
Then whispered in the ear to me: —
“Gó, take thy nets and trawl for fish;
On fast-days they 're an excellent dish
With vinegar, mustard and cayenne” —
Praise ye the Lord; I 'll say Amen.

Come hither every living thing,
And in full chorus with me sing

The praise of him who reigns above,
The God of justice, and of love,
Who for my use has made ye all,
Bird, beast, fish, insect; great and small.
For me ye build, for me ye breed;
For me ye work, for me ye bleed;
I fatten on ye; ye are mine;
Come praise with me the work divine
And its great author, just and good,
Who has given ye all to me for food,
Clothing or pleasure, or mere sport;
His praise to all the ends report
Of the wide earth: sing, ever sing
The all-righteous maker, father, king.

Begun near AUGST during a foot tour in SWITZERLAND, Octob. 22;
finished on the NECKAR near HEIDELBERG, Nov. 24, 1853.

"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

I 'd like to know the reason why
Thou look'st so upwards toward the sky;
Is 't at the sun or at the moon?
Or is it at a big balloon?

POET.

It 's neither at the sun nor moon
I 'm looking, nor a big balloon;
I 'm looking at a pewter spoon;
Art satisfied? good afternoon.

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

But there 's no pewter spoon up high
In the clouds there or the sky;
Pewter is heavy, and 'twould fall
If pewter spoon were there at all.

POET.

A pewter spoon I plainly see
Between the clear blue sky and me;
I see the handle, see the bowl,
Each part as perfect as the whole.

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

If pewter spoon were there, 'twould be
As clear and plain to me as thee;
So say no more; for I 'd as soon
Believe of green cheese made the moon.

POET.

Well well, I 'm wrong; but had it been
My father's ghost that I had seen
In my mind's eye —

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

Oh! then 'twere quite
A different case, and thou 'dst been right.

POET.

Ye poets of the loftiest flight,
Such are the men for whom ye write;
The critics such who blast your name,
Or hoist you on the wings of fame.

Begun while walking from MÜNCHAURACH to ERLANGEN, Nov. 30, 1853;
finished while walking from HÖCHSTADT to POMMERSFELDEN, Dec. 2, 1853.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

HE * sat upon the judgment-seat in ermine,
And judged the causes as they came before him;
Heard counsel plead, and weighed the evidence
On both sides to a hair; then charged the jury,
Expounding to them statute, law, and custom,
And laid the case before them disembarassed
Of all its ambiguity and clear
And palpable to every comprehension;
Then took their verdict and pronounced his fiat,
Which his apparitors contended who
Would first and speediest put in execution.
While he was thus engaged came Finis, sudden,
And, in direct contempt of Court, a smart tap
With his forefinger struck him on the forehead,
And down he fell, his ermine discomposing,
And left the unfinished sentence and the crowds
That waited on his words as on a God's;
And three or four men came and in their arms
Carried away a foul, disgusting carcase.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,
March 26—27, 1854.

* "At the opening of the Commission here this morning for the trial of prisoners, Mr. Justice Talfourd was seized with an apoplectic fit while charging the Jury, and expired in less than five minutes." Stafford Journal, March 13, 1854.

FRIENDS.

THIS world 's chokefúl of falsehoods
From beginning unto énd,
But the greátest falsehood in it
Is — It 's hárd to find a friénd;

For friénd's are quite as many
And eásy to be got
As blackberries on brambles
When the autumn 's dry and hot.

"Then téll me how to gét them
And for éver I 'm your friénd" —
Ho, hó, are we already
So very near the end?

If I téll you how to gét friends,
You 'll for éver be my friénd,
And só will every living soul
To whóm I give or lend.

As long as you get fróm me,
As lóng as on you I spend,
And nót one moment lónger,
Every mán of you 's my friend.

This world, it 's said, is máde for
Many and noble ends;
I hólđ it 's a mere market
For buying and selling friends.

You can háve them of all prices
And every quality
From Cávalier and High-toast
Down to Toády and Rappeé.

But you 're not to expect to gét them
And nóthing for them give;
The sélhers of commodíties
Must bý their traffic live.

So if your purse lets light through,
And you can't make clink the gold,
You 've no búsiness in the market
Where friénds are bought and sold.

Hard cásh, good bills, or bárter,
And cómmon trádesman skill,
And you 're free on friendship's fair-green
To choóse what wares you will.

But gó not there a-bégging
In name of God or man —
Quid pro quo 's good Látin
For Dávid and Jónathán.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 4, 1854.

"SINCE on the Roman sentry's rugged breast
 I first drew breath, I've known no hour of rest:
 All my youth through, ten times each day I've been
 Ducked in a pond to keep me sweet and clean;
 Arrived at ripe age I was torn away
 By violent hands, and in a prison lay
 Long years on years, shut out from light of day
 And the sweet air, with thousands, who like me
 Born heirs of freedom lived in slavery,
 And, plunged in darkness and perpetual night,
 Had almost quite forgot the sun and light;
 Tortures were our time's measure, for each day,
 As darkling, crowded, helpless, there we lay,
 A pair of strong hands, pouncing on us down,
 Thumped our poor carcasses from foot to crown
 And pounded to a jelly, while between
 Every two poundings a most foul, obscene
 And horrid monster — cruel Nature, why
 Fill a millstone with life and energy? —
 Threw himself on us with the whole of his weight,
 As if his object were to annihilate
 And put us out of suffering. Foolish, we,
 And to life clinging through our misery,
 Lived on; now thumped and pommeled out of breath,
 Now squeezed and bruised within an inch of death.

At last, one day, a mighty rocking came,
Ás of an earthquake; and the solid frame
Rént of our prisonhouse with such a roar
Ás in this world was never heard before,
And, áll at once, upon our dazzled sight,
Lét in, in floods, the long forgotten light
Accompanied with such a blast as tore
Mé from my comrades, nót to see them more,
And húrried to the clouds and spun me round
As little boys a top spin on the ground;
And now 'twould drive me north, east, south, away,
Thén to the west back, then 'as 'twere in play
Would let me sink down to the ground half way,
Then come beneath me and with upward swirl
Cáth me and far into the blué sky whirl,
High as sailed ever toward the sun and moon
On voyage of discovery bold balloon.

At last it left me and into the sea
Dówn from the giddy height — ah, pity me! —
With many a headlong somerset I fell,
Nót to be drowned — alas, I swam too well!
Three days and nights I floated aimlessly
Híther and thither on the boundless sea,
Full often cursing the málicious fate
That saved me from the millstone monster's weight
And the two pommeling hands and from the blast,
Ónly to drown me in the deep at last.
As raving thus I floated on and on,
A something dark between me and the sun
Came downward on me swooping, and up high
Óút of the water bore me toward the sky,
Then lét me drop, upon the land to fall
And by the blast be trundled like a ball
Fórwards and back and sideways, or swept round

In éddying circles o'er the uneven ground,
Till bruised my flésh all and full many a bone
In horseplay broken against stock or stone.
And so my tale of woe draws to an end;
The Fâtes this morning my deliverance send;
A zephyr kind in through the open door
Wáfts me to shelter on thy boarded floor
In this snug corner, where, Oh! let me rest,
If gentle pity ever touched thy breast;
Hére in the sanctuary of the poet's room,
Where seldom enters sweeping-brush or broom,
Sáfe from the plagues of water and of air
And from that monster's weight and from that pair
Of heavy, beetling hands that never spare,
Unnoticed let me live, unnoticed die,
In this congenial cobweb's company."

With pity touched, the tender poet sighed
And wiped a tear, and in these words replied: —
"Unhappy emblem of the poet, live
In such poor shelter as 'tis mine to give;
Póets are feathers tossed by every blast,
And, glad of any refuge at the last,
They creep into some garret, and unknown,
Unhonored dié unpitied and alone."

Begun while walking from BULLE over the DENT DE JAMAN to CHARNEY
on the LAKE OF GENEVA, Nov. 1, 1853. Finished at GRELLINGEN in the MÜN-
STERthal, Nov. 11, 1853.

'Tis the first
Sweet outburst
Of buds and flowers;
Fr  sh and gay
Breaks Sol's ray
Out through the showers.

H  nce! away!
Che  rless day
And l  ng long night;
M  ja, bring
Quick the spring,
L  ve and delight.

TROMPETER-SCHL  SSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

MOTHER TO EMIGRANT SON.

FAREW  LL, my boy!
My h  pe, my joy;
God g   with thee,
And fr  m all ill
Pres  rve thee still
Where'er thou be.

With breaking heart
From the   I part
To live alone,
And cr  , all day,
He 's g  ne away!
My s  n, my son!

Written while travelling from AMBERG to RATISBON, August 25, 1853.

THE TWO BIRDS OF TENNO.*

ON Tenno's tall acacia tree
A Linnet sat, and thus sang he: —
"Come out, dear comrade, come to me;
'Tis sweet to live at liberty."

"I can't get out," the Finch replied,
And fluttered hard against the side
Of the barred cage that on the wall
Was hung of Tenno's ancient hall.

Prisoners three years the birds had been
In the same cage, a Linnet green
And yellow Finch, and every year
Each to the other grown more dear.

At last, one day, out through the door
Of the wire house, never before
By Julietta left ajar,
Away into the wood afar

* The village of Tenno, with its ancient castle well known in the history of the Italian Tirol, is situated on the top of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock projecting southwards in the form of a spur from the most northerly part of the steep, high, continuous and bare amphitheatre of mountains by which the basin of the Lago di Garda is inclosed and shut out from the world on the north and east and west. The story of the two birds is literally true and was related to me on the spot by Signora Giulietta Prati, to whom the birds belonged.

Flew happy Linnet. Juliet, why
That instant turned thy watchful eye,
And the door closed, and all alone
Finch left to mourn his partner flown?

Next morn on the acacia tree
The Linnet sat, and thus sang he: —
“Come out, dear comrade, come to me;
’Tis sweet to live at liberty.”

“I can’t get out,” the Finch replied
And fluttered hard against the side
Of the wire prison. All in vain,
The mourner’s passion to restrain,
The well-known voice, the proffered grain,
The fresh-culled groundsel — all in vain —
Chirrup or voice obtained no heed,
Untasted lay the favorite seed.

And still without on Tenno’s tree
The Linnet sang his melody: —
“Come out, dear comrade, come to me;
’Tis sweet to live at liberty.”

And still within the Finch replied,
And round and round against the side
Of his strong prison fluttered still,
As if he wished himself to kill;
And still, “I can’t get out,” he cried;
And still against the cage’s side
In answer to his friend’s call flew,
And weaker still, and weaker grew,

Till, on the third day, from her bed
When Juliet rose, she found him dead.
A heart so tender and so true
Among mankind I never knew.

Composed while walking from LANDECK over the ADLERBERG to DALAAS,
in VORARLBERG, October 4—5, 1853.

"Antiqua sub religione."

NUMBER Thirteen 's unlúcky and always has been,
Since Judas the traitor was number Thirteen;
But Twelve is a number that ever shall be
Counted lucky by all pious Christians and me,
For it 's júst Twelve you make if you add to th' Eleven
Remaining apostles the Lord out of heaven.
Eleven 's lucky álso, because there were just
Apostles Eleven that stood firm to their trust;
But Ten 's neither lucky nor unlucky quite,
For of the Ten bridesmaids but Five had no light.
Nine and Eight are both lucky, for Nine months He lay
In the womb of the Virgin, and on the Eighth day
Was circumcised, who our sins' ransom to pay
Died on the cursed tree. Number Seven 's lucky too,
For 'twas ón the Seventh day Lord of Christian and Jew
From áll his work rested, if Moses says true.
Six and Five to be numbers unlucky I hold,
For 'twas júst Six times Five silver pieces were told
Down to Judas Iscariot. Always lucky was Four;
The Evangelists never were fewer nor more.
Thrice lucky, Thrice happy 's the charmed number Three,
For Three kings from the Eást came the Saviour to see,

Three persons there áre in the High Trinity,
Triúphant the Third day Christ rose from the dead.
Number Two is unlucky, all wise men have said,
Since Two thieves with the Saviour were crucified;
But of all numbers Óne is the glory and pride,
For there 's Óne faith, One bápism for great and for small,
One Christ, One Redeemer, One Lord over all.

HOFER'S HOUSE, INNSBRUCK, Septem. 12, 1853.

THE YOUNG SPHINX.

"THERE áre two little wórds, Papá,
That mách all bút a T,
And yét they meán quite ópposite things —
What máy those twó words bé?"

"Lét me alone, you little fool;
What mákes you péster mé?
I 'm sùre it 's néither hére nor thére
What twó words théy may bé."

"I sáy it is both hére and thére,
Quite sùre and without dóubt;
And nów I 've tóld you whát they áre,
I hópe you 'll fínd them óút."

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 10, 1854.

MARY'S SWEETHEART TO HER DOG RAP.

RÁP, I énvý theé thy slúmbers
Ón thy cúshion át the fíreside,
With thy místress síttíng bý thee,
Sómetímes chátting, sómetímes sílent,
Sómetímes sád, and sómetímes mérrý,
Búsy sómetímes, sómetímes ídle,
Bút at nó tíme, whéther ídle,
Búsy, sílent, sád or mérrý,
Theé forgéttíng ór thy cómfort.

RÁP, I énvý theé thy slúmbers
Ón thy cúshion át the fíreside,
Bút I énvý móre thy wáking
Tó be pátted bý thy místress,
Tó be kíssed perháps and cúddled,
Ánd admítted tó the ónly
Heáven I knów or hópe or cáre for,
Máry's láp and sílken ápron.

Composed while walking from KONRADSRUEUTH (near Hof) to BIRNECK,
August 20, 1853.

I 'M AWAY O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.

I 'm awáy o'er the mountain, awáy o'er the lea;
Take your staff in your hand and along come with me;
Leave the city to him who the city enjoys —
I 'm sick of its turmoil, its smoke, and its noise.

We 'll tread the green sward, we 'll inhale the fresh breeze;
We 'll feel the warm sunshine, and see the brave trees;
We 'll hear the larks singing, and smell the sweet flowers
Refreshed by the dew or the light, passing showers.

Up the steep hill we 'll zigzag through heather and moss;
We 'll dive into the glen and the steppingstones cross;
We 'll climb the rock's face and the wood's alleys thread,
Where the chesnut and oak shake hands over our head.

We 'll couch with the red deer, we 'll rise with the roe;
We 'll rest when the sun 's high, go fast when he 's low;
When we 're thirsty we 'll drink of the cool, crystal stream;
There 's no want, in the farmhouse, of eggs, cheese, and cream.

Then awáy to the mountains with light step and free,
And awáy through the valleys come bounding with me;
Leave behind you your cares, put two shirts in your pack,
And may all our friends happy live, till we come back.

Written while travelling in Stollwagen from INNSBRUCK to STERZING,
Sept. 13, 1853.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"Who máde this greát big wórld, Papa,
And áll the fúnny thínghs I seé,
Mysélf and you and deár Mamma
Ánd the black dog and Minnie Mie?"

"My dárling boy, God made us all —
How óften múst I téll you só? —
The sun, moon, stars, and earth's great ball;
Gíve me a kiss and let me go."

"But who made God's own self, Papa?
Thát is the thing I want to know,
For évery time I ask Mamma,
She frówns and sáys: — Don't tease me so."

"Nó one made God, you little fool;
Gód never wás, nor could be, máde;
If thát is all you 've léárned at school
You 've a bad master, I 'm' afraid."

"And isn't it hárder, ódder fár
For Gód to bé, withóut being máde,
Thán for earth, ský, and every star
To bé as they áre, withóut God's aid?"

"Nó, child; this wórld 's too wónderfúl
To bé at áll withóut God's aid" —
"But Gód 's far móre of wónder fúll
And yét, you sáy, was néver made."

"You shock me, child; God óf himself
Exísts through áll etérnity."

"Far harder thát, than of itself
The wórld is, wás, and stíll shall be."

"Well wéll, have dóne; and whén tonight
Good Fáther Stípénd cómes to práy,
Ask which of ús is ín the ríght —
Not óne word móre, but rún and pláy."

"Just óne bare wórd; has Pa no qualm
To choóse for júdge one ín his páy?
Give mé a cross for Stípénd's pálm,
And thén who knóws what he may say?"

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

THE kíng sat in the gárden,
A bírd hopped in the búsh;
The kíng all in delight, said: —
"I 'm súde it is a thrúsh."

As soón as the kíng said so,
The bírd began to sing;
The kíng all disappointed: —
"It is but a starlíng."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 2, 1854.

VINCLA JUGALIA.

As I sát melanchólic, one níght after tea,
By the side of the fire with a book on my knee,
Neither reading nor thinking, but whiling the time
With sóme hurdygurdy nonsensical rhyme
That kept twirling incessantly round in my brain,
I heard to the shovel the poker say plain: —
“Lovely Shovel, this hearth’s greatest beauty and pride,
An humble admirer that here by thy side
Long has borne for thy dear sake heat, cold, dust and smoke —
Nay, let not his boldness thine anger provoke —
Dares at lást to break silence and trembling confess,
Without thee in this world there is no happinés
For poór, wretched Poker; ah! turn not away;
One kind loók, even although no kind wórd thou should’st say.”
“You ’ll not think me,” thus answered then Shovel, half pettish,
“You ’ll nótt think me prudish, I hope, nor coquettish —
Like some fair ones that sometimes sit here by the fire —
If I téll you, in vain to my hand you aspire;
It griéves me, believe me, but plain truth is best,
And all round-about ways from my soul I detest;
Until nów I ’ve lived single, and single I ’ll die;
So if you ’ll be married, please sómewhere else try.”
“Ah, bé not so hárdhearted,” ás to her side
He leaned himself óver, thus Poker replied;

"Heaven néver bestowed on thee súch charming grace,
 That delicate figure, that sweet, smiling face,
 That thou should'st from thy líps down dash jój's proferred cup,
 And within some dark cloíster's walls shút thyself up,
 To divide the sad day betwixt pénitence and prayer,
 And túrn sweet life into one lóng long nightmáre;
 Nay, if Heáven wants a bride there are plenty, I trow,
 To be proud of the honor, but keep from him thou;
 Time enóugh to bestow on that suitor thine heart,
 When to páck up thou 'rt summoned and múst hence depart."
 "As for thát," answered Shovel, "I 'm much of your mind,
 And feél no whit more for a marriage inclined
 With heáv'nly bridegroóm than with earthly; LIVE FREE,
 Might I bút choose my motto, 's the motto for me;
 If you doubt that on goód reason 's built what I say,
 Ask Mr. and Mrs. Tongs over the way;
 Or, withóut asking quéstions which might but perplex,
 Just judge for yourself how that rivet must vex
 Both the óne and the other; no matter how hot
 Poor Mrs. Tongs is, there she 's bound to the spot,
 Till it pleases her liége Lord and master to stir;
 While a sheép might as well think to sháke off a burr,
 As hé without hér to get nearer the fire —
 All in vain, all in vain, she would rather expire."
 "Say no more, Miss," said Poker; "a word to the wise —
 But deuce táke it that Shovels have súch pretty eyes."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 9, 1854.

THE YOUNG POET.

“SEE, what a pretty chain, Mamma,
 Máde of bright góld links threé;
Whát will you give me if I tell
 What thése three góld links bé?”

“Whát will I give you? I will give
 My Néddy kisses threé,
Íf he can tell me what they áre
 More thán bright góld links threé.”

“This énd one here is old grandmóther
 With the long lóng gray háir,
That sits beside the fire all day
 Ín the great élbowl-chair;

“And héré am I, at the other end,
 Mammá's good little són;
And, in the middle, there 's yourself —
 Haven't Í three kisses wón?”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 21, 1854.

TIRED.

ABOUT the meadow as I strayed
Once with Selina, to the maid,
Half joke, half earnest, thus I said: —

“I ’m tired of silence, tired of talking,
Tired of standing, tired of walking,
Tired of sitting, tired of lying,
Tired of laughing, tired of crying,
Tired of eating, tired of drinking,
Tired of acting, tired of thinking,
Tired of labor, tired of leisure,
Tired of pain and tired of pleasure,
Tired of ignorance, tired of knowledge,
Tired of school and tired of college,
Tired of false and tired of true,
Tired of Christian, tired of Jew,
Tired of myself, tired even of you
Despite those lovely eyes of blue.

“I ’m tired of up and tired of down,
Tired of country, tired of town,
Tired of fop and tired of clown,

Tired of high and tired of low,
Tired of fast and tired of slow,
Tired of near and tired of far,
Tired of peace and tired of war,
Tired of weak and tired of strong,
Tired of short and tired of long,
Tired of fair and tired of foul,
Tired of hat and tired of cowl,
Tired of pen and tired of sword,
Tired of deed and tired of word,
Tired of real, tired of fictitious,
Tired of virtuous, tired of vicious,
But most of all, tired of religious.

"I 'm tired of empty, tired of full,
Tired of lively, tired of dull,
Tired of merry, tired of sad,
Tired of sorry, tired of glad,
Tired of sane and tired of mad,
Tired of youth and tired of age,
Tired of fool and tired of sage,
Tired of noble, tired of mean,
Tired of dirty, tired of clean,
Tired of fat and tired of lean,
Tired of slender, tired of bulky,
Tired of jolly, tired of sulky,
Tired of rude and tired of civil,
Tired of saint and tired of devil.

"I 'm tired of black and tired of white,
Tired of day and tired of night,
Tired of sunshine, tired of shade,
Tired of forest, tired of glade,
Tired of hill and tired of plain,

Tired of wind and tired of rain,
Tired of dust and tired of slop,
Tired of bottom, tired of top,
Tired of crooked, tired of straight,
Tired of early, tired of late,
Tired of hot and tired of cold,
Tired of young and tired of old,
Tired of quiet, tired of noise,
Tired of girls and tired of boys,
Tired of uncles, tired of cousins,
Tired of tens and tired of dozens,
Tired of great and tired of small,
Tired of one and tired of all.

“Now, sweet Selina, ask not why
Of this fair world so tired am I,
Lést you should meet the rude reply: —
Of nothing half so tired am I
As the two questions *what?* and *why?*”

“It 's wonderful how we agree,”
Selina smiling answered me,
“For I than you am not less tired” —
“Hów, or of what, O most admired?”
“Bóth of yourself and of your ‘Tired’.”

Begun while walking from GÜCKELSBURG to CHEMNITZ, August 18, 1853;
finished at the Convent of VIECHT in LOWER INNTHAL, Sept. 7, 1853.

I néver was yét in such terrible haste
That I hád not a minute or two to waste,
If I met with a friend or a girl or a glass —
So hére 's to you, boys; let the bumper pass.

How many 's here óf us? one, two, three, four;
Odds bobs! I could never yet count to a score;
But évery man, sure, is a friend of mine,
That sits with me drinking the réd, red wine.

Lass, come hére if you 're merry, and sit on my knee;
Clasp your arm round my néck close, and táke kisses three;
Take the first for yourself, take the second for me;
And one ínto the bargain will surely make three.

But my glass lies in shivers; so now for a pull
At the deép bowl itself while it 's foaming brimful;
There 's the bottom, God bless it; amen and amen!
Now fill it up, boys, till I do it again.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 8, 1854.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

I dreamt one night — it was a hórrid dream —
Thát I was dead, and made was the division
Between the innocent flesh and guilty spirit,
Ánd that the former, with a white sheet wrápt round
And nailed up in a box, was to the bottom
Súnk of a deep and narrow pit, which straight
Was filled to overheaping with a mixture
Of dámp clay, rotting flésh and mouldering bones,
And lidded with a weighty stone whereon
Was writ my name and on what days precise
I first and last drew breath; while up the latter
Fléw, without help of wings or fins or members,
Bý its mere lightness, through the air, to heaven;
And thére being placed before the judgment-seat
Of its Máker, and most únsatisfactory
Ánswer returning to the question: — “Wherefore
Wást thou as I made thee?” was sent down
Túmbling by its own weight, down down to Hell,
To sink or swim or wade as best it might,
In súlphurous fires unquenchable for ever,
With Socrates and Plato, Aristides
Fálsely surnamed the just, and Zoroaster,

Titus the good, and Cato and divine
 Hómer and Virgil, and so many millions
 And millions more of wrongfully called good
 And wise and virtuous, that for want of sulphur
 And fire and snakes and instruments of torture
 And room in Hell, the Universal Maker
 Wás by his own inherent justice forced,
 That guilt might not go scót-free and unpunished,
 To set apart so large a share of Heaven
 For penal colonies and jails and treadmills,
 That mutinies for want of flying-space
 Began t' arise among the cherubim
 And blessed spirits, and a Proclamation
 Of Martial Law in Heaven was just being read
 Whén, in a sweat of agony and fear,
 I wóke, and found myself in Germany,
 Ín the close prison of a German bed,
 And at my bedside Mr. Oberkellner
 With printed list of questions in his hand:
 My name and age and birthplace and religion,
 Tráde or profession; wherefore I had come,
 How long to stay, whither next bound, and só forth;
 Áll at my péril to be trúly answered,
 Ánd upon each a sixpence to the State,
 Which duly paid I should obtain permission
 To stay where I wás so long as the State pleased,
 Without being prosecuted as a felon,
 Spý, or disturber of the public peace.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 15, 1854.

THOUGH day by day
She pined away
And wasted still,
She 'd éver try
When Í was by
Nót to seem ill.

At the sad last
Her look was cast
Ónly toward me,
And ón me still
She gázed until
She ceásed to be.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 24, 1854.

ÓN! to the field!
Néver to yield
Or turn or flee;
It is the drum
Cálling to come
To victory.

Together stand
For fatherland
And God on high;
Draw éach his sword,
Fóward 's the word,
Cónquer or die.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

A downright foól you máy persuáde,
A wíse man eásier still;
But hálf-fool hálf-wise, I 'm afraid,
Must álways háve his will.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

KIND heáven, in mercy to the fool,
Gáve him, I 've heard an Indian say,
Guíde of his life, a golden rule:
The foól he thréw the rúle awáy.

What wás the rule? To hold his tongue
And listen to what others say.
The wíse man found the rule, and sits
Sílent and heárs fools tálk awáy.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

TO SELINA.

"Something, I warrant you, that
the sun has never yet seen."

ÓFT as around the world the sun
His daily, yearly course has run,
Spýing all things with curious eye,
That stand, or walk, or creep, or fly,
There is a thing he has never seen,
Guéss, if thou canst, what is 't I mean;
Thou 'st seen it often, so have I,
In heat, in cold, in wet, in dry,
Súmmer and winter, day and night,
By gas no less than candle light,
In palace, cottage, wood, and glen,
In solitude and the haunts of men,
On land, on sea, and in the air,
The sky, the clouds — and everywhere.
Mány 's the time I 've seen it run
Across a lawn on which the sun,
Fróm a sky clear and without haze,
Was sending down his noontide rays,
And marked how never a ray at all
On the strange creature seemed to fall.

Mány 's the time I 've seen it float,
Without the aid of ship or boat,
Across some mighty seafrith wide,
And when it reached the further side,
Marked 'twas no wetter than before
It sét out from the opposite shore.
I 've seen it, when it heard by chance
A fiddle play, get up and dance,
But néver heard it sing at all,
Though it frequents soirée and ball
And therefore should be musical.
Sómetimes as slow as any snail
I 've seen it a steep house-side scale,
Ín at the topmost window peep,
Then down again as slowly creep.
Sómetimes I 've been amused to see
How with a squirrel's agility,
'Twould hop, in wood or shrubbery,
From bough to bough, from tree to tree,
Ór in a dingle play bo-peep,
Or 'cross the widest ravine leap.
I 've heard it said 'tis cowardly
And apt, if you pursue, to flee,
Bút, if it sees you turn, grows stout
And faces manfully about,
And follows you, close at your heels,
Until you turn again, then wheels,
And flees from your pursuit again
In terror, over hill and plain.
It 's philosophic, I 've no doubt,
For I have seen 't both cuff and flout
Endure with equanimity,
And never return an injury.
Sometimes indeed it makes a show

As if it would pay blow with blow
 And thrúst with thrúst; but never mind —
 To gentleness it 's still inclined,
 And lets its hand so lightly fall,
 Whenever it lifts a hand at all,
 It would not hurt an infant's cheek
 Or spider's slenderest gossamer break.
 Of áll God's creatures, it is said,
 'Tis the most docile and well bred —
 Áll education 's mimicry
 And hé 's best bréd who 's móst like mé —
 Go on, it goes on; stóp, it stóps;
 Léap and it leaps; hop thou, it hops;
 Look úp, it looks up; thine head stoóp,
 Íts head at once begins to droop;
 Walk, and it keeps thee company,
 And measures step for step with thee,
 Respectful, though not distant, still,
 And moulding after thine its will.
 Éven as I write these words, it writes
 Búsy beside me, and indites
 A copy or facsimile
 Of every word I write to thee,
 And now that I 've come to the end
 Subscribes itself with me,
 Thy Friend.

Begun while walking from BANZ to COBURG, Dec. 4, 1853; finished at
 DRESDEN, January 7, 1854.

HAD I MY WISH.

HAD I my wish my life should be
A mixture of philosophy
And practical philanthropy;
My house within a nook should stand
Upon my own ancestral land,
Sheltered on both sides and behind
From every colder, ruder wind;
Full to the South should look my door
Closed never 'gainst the neighbouring poor;
The morning sun should freely shine
Into my bedroom, and I 'd dine
In the west parlour ere his rays
Had blended with the evening haze;
At breakfast, dinner, evening tea,
I 'd meet my smiling family;
A girl, a boy, and their sweet mother;
At times a sister or a brother
Or valued friend; and at the fire
All winter should the gray grandsire
And his youth's partner, honored pair,
Sit in well bolstered elbow-chair,
And tell with lively, glistening eye
Stories of times long since gone by,
And how full forty years ago
Persons they knew said so and so.
My few, well chosen books should be
Not locked up in a library,

But free for use, some here some there —
Knówledge should common be as air.
Bétter have nó wall-fruit at all
Than round my garden build a wall;
A hedge of holly and wild rose
The little Eden should enclose;
Lílies within and pinks should bloom
And wallflower shed its sweet perfume,
And wintry robins safely sing,
And blackbirds hail the approach of spring,
And linnet gray and speckled thrush
Build in dense laurustinus bush.
And there a bower I 'd close entwine
Of clematis and eglantine,
Or darling sweetbriar, and sit there
At noontide heat in rustic chair,
Cónning the Homeric page divine,
Or Virgil's more pathetic line,
Or hapless Ovid's glowing Muse,
Ór, if a wayward fancy choose,
Ráving with Hamlet, or a tear
Shédning on Juliet's early bier.
Só would I live; and so I 'd die,
Ánd in the village churchyard by,
Whén my hour struck, be laid to rest,
Near those whom living I loved best;
A stone should mark the spot and say: —
He lived and loved and had his day.

Begun Sept. 14, while travelling in Stellwagen from STERZING to BRIKEN;
finished while walking from MALS to NAUDERS, Oct. 2, 1853.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER CONCERNING THE AUTHOR.

THE poet of these numbers lived in times
When men were rude and had no heart for rhymes;
When — gentler feelings, truth and honor fled —
Cómmerce raised high his ignominious head,
Strétched out his grasping arms from zone to zone,
And claimed earth, air, and ocean for his own;
When greed of gain and consequent power engrossed
The thoughts of all, and Christians' thoughts the most;
When men were not ashamed in open day
To crowd to church, lift úp their hands and say: —
“Great God, believe not those all-seeing eyes
To which our heart's foul closet open lies,
But trust those ears which hear us when with prayer
And praises loud we stroke thee with the hair,
And over to our purpose strive to bring
Our God as if he were some earth-born king
Accustomed to reward those courtiers best
Who deepest híde their réal thoughts in their breast.”
Our poet's lot was cast in that dark age
When steam, rail, telegraph was a public rage,
And every gentler voice and sweeter sound
Wás in one locomotive tempest drowned

Of screech and puff and whistle, truck and train,
Guards, luggage, porters jostling might and main,
And country squires and corporation cits,
Travelling each one as if he had lost his wits,
Or an express were, carrying the Queen's mail,
Or a mad dog with kettle at his tail.
Ah! hapless poet, that couldst not indite
A treatise on the Menai tunnel's height
Or breadth or weight, or how to cleanse a sink
And purify a trading city's stink;
That never, all thy life, couldst sing a hymn
Or even one Duddon sonnet dark and dim;
For whom or for whose Muse there was no place
Among that hard- that iron-hearted race;
Hadst thou but lived in this more generous age,
When nobler themes all heads and hearts engage,
How thou 'dst been honored! how thy praise had hung
On every lip, and thrilled from every tongue!
Laurels had crowned thee, and when thou hadst died —
For poets die although their country's pride —
Inscribed on adamant had been thy name,
And hung up in the eternal hall of fame.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 6, 1854.

FEAR NOT DEATH.

FEAR not Deáth — Death 's bút a cipher,
Á mere blánk, a nón-existence;
Whén thou diést thou bút retúrnest
Tó the státe in whích thou láyest
Únobstrúcted, únmolésted,
Áll the pást etérnal áges,
Whíle all thínks that líved were súffering.

Féar to líve; it 's Lífe that súffers;
Áll thínks róund are Lífe's torméntors;
Líving, súffering, bút two dífferent
Wórd's expréssive óf the sáme thínk;
Í and Thóú but thínks that súffer
Till we 're Í and Thóú no lónger;
Deáth an énd to Í and Thóú puts,
Ánd with Í and Thóú to súffering.

Thóú that díest, féar to díe not;
Nót even Lífe thou lósest, díýng;
Tó have lóst, thou múst survíve Death;
Lóss belónks but tó the líving.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 31, 1853.

ÁT this hoúr on this same évening
Lást year Í was gáy and háppy,
Hére alóng this grássy roádside
Saúntering wíth my nówly wédded.

Únderfoót the springy dáisy,
Óverheád the táll elm bráanches,
Ón this roádside wé were wáلكing
Ánd this háwthorn hédge admiring.

Rích it wás as nów with blóssoms,
Ánd as nów gílt wíth the slánt beams
Óf yon slówly sétting Máy sun,
Ánd the déw as nów was fálling.

Ón this spót, where nów I 'm stánding,
Árm in árm we stoód and listened
Tó the trílling óf the bláckbird;
Ín the sáme bush nów he 's trílling.

Ánd these swállows, thát have sínce then
Seén far lánds and seás and cíties,
Pást us tó and fró that évening
Smoóth and swíft as nów were glíding.

Háwthorn hédge and sétting Máy sun,
Trílling bláckbird, glíding swállows,
Déwy roádsíde, élms and dáisies,
Áll are hére as ón that évening;

Bút my nówly wédde'd 's lýng
Ín her cóffin, ín the chúrchyard,
Whére I 'd ráther bé besíde her
Thán here wándering bróken-heárted.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 10, 1853.

WHAT STRONG CASTLE 'S THAT YONDER?

“WHAT strong cástle 's that yónder, fair shepherdess, say,
That ón the hill's shóulder stands ríght thwart my way;
It 's late and I 'm weary, and nó hostel 's near;
In that cástle for wáyfaring pilgrim what cheer?”
“From that cástle's gate, pilgrim, keep far far away;
By thírty two warders it 's watched night and day;
Belów on the threshold stand warders sixteen;
In the gáte-tower, above, sixteen warders are seen;
In a suit of white armour each warder is díght,
In a suit of white armour keeps watch day and night.
Terrífic to come near, terrífic to see,
Stand those grím warders thére in their white panoplý;
Though to sleép they may seem, they are stíll on their guard,
And fáithfully róund the gate kéep watch and ward;
But shóuldst thou by sóme lucky chance pass them all,
And the gríding portcullis not down on thee fall

And crúsh thee to atoms, within hangs a bell
 Which rings of itself, to the castle to tell
 That a stranger has entered, and young and old call
 From guardhouse and battlement, bútt'ry and hall
 To lay hólð on th' intruder and heels over crown
 The steep, yawning abyss withinside hurl him down,
 To be smáshed in the fall, or, more painful and slow,
 In dámp, noisome vapors be stifled below;
 So for Jésus' sake, pilgrim, approach not that gate,
 What though thou be weary and hungry and late,
 But thy trust put in Him who for all men bore sorrow,
 And coúch on the bare wold, and fast till tomorrow,
 Then ón thy way speed to the next hostelrie;
 So shált thou survive, wife and children to see,
 And in thine own fatherland bléss God and me."
 So she saíd, and the pilgrim the warning obeyed,
 And, beseéching Heaven's bléssing upón the sweet maid,
 His weary length there on the grassy sward laid, '
 And till dáwn of light slépt sound, then wént on his way
 And in his own fátherland télls to this day
 Of those thirty two warders in white armour dight,
 And the stróng castle-gáte they watch all day and night,
 And the sélf-tolling bell, and abyss yawning deep;
 And may Gód's holy mother the wáyfarer keep
 From that ill castle fár, and with áll blessings bless
 Both now and hereafter that fair shepherdéss.

Begun while walking from ESSENACH (near RATISBON) to MOOSBURG,
 Aug. 29. Finished at INNSBRUCK, Sept. 11, 1853.

LARK'S SONG.

Up high, up high,
Intó the sky
And clouds I fly,
And joyous sing
On hovering wing
My melody:

Ptsit ptsit pteril'
Pteril pteril
Ptsit ptsit pteril.

The damp night 's gone,
The bright warm sun
Shines in the East,
And with one voice
All things rejoice,
Bird, man and beast:

Ptsit ptsit pteril
Pteril pteril
Ptsit ptsit pteril.

Above me high
How blue the sky
And free from haze!
How yellow glow
The fields below
In the golden rays:
 Ptsit ptsit pteril.
 Pteril pteril
 Ptsit ptsit pteril.

And yon snug spot,
Never forgot,
Where hid from sight
My faithful spouse
Nursing keeps house
All day and night:
 Ptsit ptsit pteril
 Pteril pteril
 Ptsit ptsit pteril.

With right good will
Ptsit ptsit I trill
As higher still
And still more high
Intó the sky
And clouds I fly:
 Ptsit ptsit pteril
 Pteril pteril
 Ptsit ptsit pteril.

Begun when walking from FELDKIRCH to TROGEN, Oct. 7; finished at
LEIBSTADT in Canton ARGAU, Oct. 21, 1853.

APOLLO AND THE AUTHOR.

APOLLO

(returning the Author his book).

Nor wholly bad this book, nor worthless quite;
And yet I thought thou couldst far better write.

AUTHOR.

Better no doubt I could —

APOLLO.

Why not, Sir, then?

AUTHOR.

Your Highness will excuse — I wrote for men.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

In a room where a corpse was laid out.

CÓME not near;
Deáth is here,
The high, the hóly;
Bénd to him
Heárt and límb,
Distant and lówly.

Í-AM-NÓT,
Nóught of nóught,
Ábsence of essence,
Ón this spót
To man's thóught
Reveáls his présence.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

THERE is a hall in which at times
I sit and meditate my rhymes;
'Tis with old tapestry hung round;
Dark figures on a sky-blue ground,
Drawn to the life, and changing still
As if obedient to the will
Of puppet-showman, or a wand
Waved by unseen magician's hand;
Unbid by me they come and go,
Such forms as long long years ago
My heart and arms and ears and eyes
Alas! took for realities.
Néver upon that tapestry
Shóws itself form unknown to me;
All áll are out of times gone by,
Familiar áll to heart and eye;
Yet not exactly they 're portrayed;
There 's still some difference in shade
Brightness, or outline; or a tone
Thrown over them not quite their own —
Not thát precisely which they wore
When they were known to me before;
Méllower, in general, they appear,
Méllower but less distinct and clear,
As the creations of a dream,
Or mountains in the distance seem.

It 's my delight to sit and gaze
On those fair forms of other days;
The well known lineaments to trace —
Each feature of each long-lost face;
And I'd that chamber never quit
If the dear images, that flit
Upon its antique tapestry,
Looked with the same kind glance on me,
As they looked on me in past years,
Sometimes in joy, sometimes in tears,
But still with love — Ah, no! ah, no!
Coldly they come, coldly they go,
And with the same look from me sever
As if before they had seen me never;
And so at last with watery eye
And heavy heart, and many a sigh,
I rise up slowly from my seat
And leave the Hall of Bittersweet.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

DEATH, I 'd beg one favor of thee:
Whénsoe'er thou 'rt pleased to take me
From my weeping Kátharine, take me
All at once — I 'd have no Farewells
Where the parting is for éver.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 13, 1853.

REÁDER, you 'll dó me jústice,
I húmbly trust and hópe,
And nótt class mé with Býron,
Or Longfellow, or Pope.

I 'll háve no second laúrels,
No lieútenant's renown;
This hánd 's made for a scéptre,
This brów 's made for a crówn.

The stáge has its four mónarchs,
The épos has its threé,
The lyrists on two thrónes sit,
The ténth throne is for mé.

All kinds of measures róund me,
All kinds of thoughts, shall stand;
All pássions, pains and pleasures
Kneel lów and kiss my hand.

And só I 'll reign for éver,
Supérieur and alóne,
Higher than King or Kaíser,
The póet on his thróne.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,
March 29 — 30, 1854.

ÓNCE it háppened — Í 'll not téll you
 Whén or whére or hów or whérefore,
 Lést you 'd think me bút concócting
 Óne of mý accústomed ídle,
 Slípshod, goód-for-nóthing fábles,
 Ánd not quárrying hárd and sólíd
 Hístóry, like Báb Macaúlay —
 Ónce it háppened, in a gárret
 Fóur pair báckward líved two rábbits,
 Thát had thére been géneráted,
 Bórn and bréd and éducatéd.
 Wíse they wére, those twó white rábbits,
 Ánd líved háppílý togéther,
 Álways sleéping in the sáme box,
 Álways eáting át the sáme time
 Oút of thé same péwter plátter
 Which the sáme kind-heárted místress,
 Líving in the streétward gárret,
 Twice a-dáy replénished fór them.
 Só they líved — those twó white rábbits —
 Ín all hármoný togéther,
 Till one dáy as théy wére whiling
 Time awáy in ídle góssip,
 Óne says tó the óther: — “Táttý,

Wás not thát a wóndrous rábbít
 Máde this greát room ánd this plátter,
 Ánd our kínd, good-heárted místress,
 Ánd the frésh leáves ánd the wáter
 Thát she bríngs us níght and mórníng?"
 "Í don't knów; I néver sáw him —
 Dón't care óne jackstráw abóut him.
 Goód 's our místress, goód the plátter,
 Goód the leáves, and goód the wáter,
 Bút I knów no móre than thou dost
 Óf the rábbít thát us áll made" —
 "Shócking! shócking! Í 'll not hear it —
 Óff! begóne, and bý thysélf live!
 Néver móre from thé same plátter,
 Únbeliéver, shált with mé eat."
 Só said, thé beliéving rábbít
 With a súdden leáp and báckward
 Kíck of híś hínđ feét híś cómrade
 Ín the ríght eye strúck and blínđed;
 Ánd from thát day fórwárd éver
 Wáging wár ágáínst each óther
 Fróm two ópp'síte gárret córners,
 Líved in míserý those rábbíts.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 16, 1854.

BRAVO!

OF all the darling words I know
There 's none I love so ás 'Bravó!
I never díd nor will decline
'Well done!' 'That 's good!' 'That 's very fine!'
But to my heart if straight you 'd go
You múst cry out 'Bravó! Bravó!
You 're free to say: — "I don't like rhyme;"
Plain trúth with mé was never crime,
Nor háve I ever hoped to find
Áll men to poetry inclined;
So if you 're of a different grain,
Téll me at once, and tell me plain;
But dole not out your approbation —
I spit upon a Poorhouse ration;
My heart and soul are in my verse;
Dóubled my life, while I rehearse;
I stand no more on earth, I rise
And soar in triumph to the skies;
I 've left, I 've left the world below;
I 've mingled with my verses' flow;
Higher and higher stíll I go —
Fóllow me with your loud 'Bravó!'

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,
Febr. 18 — 19, 1854.

"Sir, can you tell me what life is like?"

LIFE is like a river,
Ever flowing onward;
Life is like the deep sea,
Often vexed by tempests;
Life is like the blue sky,
Often by clouds darkened;
Life is like a high road,
Where men travel daily;
Life is like a great school,
Where boys learn their lessons;
Life is like a ladder,
We go up and down it;
Life is like a taper,
Ever burning shorter;
Life is like a treadmill,
Where you labour ever;
Life is like a long straw,
Scarcely worth the pulling;
Life is like a fever,
Hot and cold alternate;
Life is like a shadow,
There 's no substance in it;
Life is like an alehouse,
Drink, and pay your reck'ning;
Life is like a lawyer,
Full of quirks and quiddets;
Life is like a doctor,
We are all its patients;

Life is like a lóttory,
Full of blanks and prizes;
Life is like a treasure,
To be spent not squandered;
Life is like a gréat stage,
Tród by many actors;
Life is like a marriage,
Lasts until death freés you;
Life is like a sáwpit,
All can nót abóve be;
Life is like a picture,
Full of lights and shadows;
Life is like a foótrace,
When it lasts you lóse breath;
Life is like a mádhuse,
Many fools are in it;
Life is like a supper,
Eát, drink, and to béd go;
Life is like a smithy,
Hammer, hammer, hammer;
Life is like a chéssboard,
Many checks, then chéckmate;
Life is like a cúckoo,
Sings the same note ever;
Life is like a rocket,
Whizzes and then goés out;
Life is like a gréat wood,
Many paths are in it;
Life is like a nósegay,
Fresh a while, then withered;
Life is like a póet,
Full of whims and fancies;
Life is like a spoíled child,
Ever wanting sómething;

Life is like a swindler,
Cheats all who put trust in 't;
But of all things likest
Life is to a bubble
Which a child blows out of
Soapsuds with a pipestalk,
And which rainbow-colored,
Graceful, light and handsome,
Floats in th' air a moment,
Then all of a sudden
Bursts and to the ground falls
A mere drop of soapsuds.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 3, 1854.

“Praise, honor, power, and glory to his
NAME for ever and ever, Amen.”

GÓD, in his pity for the work of his hands,
Came down from heaven, put on the human form,
And went about among men doing good
And working miracles. Men spat upon him,
Tormented him to the uttermost, and killed him —
Himself, their maker, the almighty Gód, killed;
And, having killed him, fell down on their knees
And of his NAME begged pardon, to his NAME
Raised temples, to his NAME thanksgivings
Loud and long sang and still sing; ever ready,
In similar form should he appear again,
Again in his own NAME to spit upon him,
Tormént and put him to a cruel death.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 27, 1854.

MY STEARINE CANDLES.

HE 's gone to bed at last, that flaring, glaring,
Round, réd-faced, bold, monopolizing Sun,
Ánd I may venture from their hiding-place
To bring my pair of stearine candles forth
And sét them, firmly stayed, upon my table,
To illúminate and cheer my studious evening.
Thou hast my praise, Prometheus, for thy theft,
And, wére I to idolatry addicted,
Shouldst be my God in preference to Buddh,
Bráhma, or Thor, or Odin, or Jove's sélf.
Hér of the olive branch I 'd hold to thee
The next in honor, and before her shrine
In gratitude would keep for ever burning
A lamp of súch Athenian oil as Plato,
Demosthenes, Pythagoras, and Solon
Were wont in bed to read by, after midnight.
The third, last person of my Trinity
Should bé th' inventor of the stearine candle;
Hé that enabled me to sit, the long
Midwinter nights, in study, by a light
Which neither flickers nor offends the nostrils,
Nór from the distance of a thousand miles,
Or thousand years, or bóth perhaps, keeps ever
Ánd anon calling me — like some bold child
The mother's hand — to come and snuff and snub it;
But steády, cleánly, bright and inodorous,
Than tallow more humane, than wax less costly,
Gives me just what I want, and asks back nothing.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 25, 1854.

TURNING TABLES.

"Júst at this tíme last yeár, Lord! whát a rout
Our tábles kicked up, túrning round about!
What ails them, this yeár, that they stir no more
Than if each foot were mortised to the floor?"

As thus one night in pensive mood I said
Hálf to myself, as I undressed for bed,
I thought, or dreamed, a table, that beside
My bed was standing, in these words replied: —

"Sir, if you 'll condescend to hear a table,
To solve that question I 'll perhaps be able."
"Make no apologies," said I, "for who
Áll about súch things knóws so wéll as you?"

"I thank you, Sir; and what I have to say.
Is simply this: — I look upon 't this way —
Nóthing for ever lasts, but there 's no thing
Hálf so shortlived as Participle Ing.

"The Bringing of last yeár is this yeár Brought,
The Thinking of last yeár is this yeár Thought,
The same it is with Brewing, Baking, Churning,
I 'd like to know why not the same with Turning.

"Í, for my part, protest I cannot see
Why lást yeár's Turning Tábles should not be
Túrned Tábles this yeár." "Right, egad," said I,
"And cleáred up, all at oncé, the mystery;

"The Turning of last year is turned to Turned,
The Turning Tables turned to Tables Turned,
Túrned on the Turners this year are the Tables,
And lást year's histories turned to this year's fables."

So said, the table thanked, and round my head
Securely bound my cap, I went to bed,
And neither word said more nor heard, that night;
Bút as a tóp slept sóund till morning light.

TROMPETER-SCHILÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 29, 1854.

ÓNCE to his master said a youth: —
"Whát is a myth, Sir? Ís 't plain truth
Or is 't a lie?" "Don't bother me.
For whát use is your diction'ry?"

The youth has taken his diction'ry,
And turns it over patiently,
Leáf after leaf — mythology,
Religion, law, philosophy,
Tradition, history, poetry,
Phýsics and hieroglyphics, fable,
Hell, purgatory, paradise, Babel,
Míthra, Thor, Satan, Jove and Iris,
Buddh, Vishnóo, Brahma and Osiris,
Sámson, Goliah, Polyphemus,
The wolf of Romulus and Remus,
The rod of Aaron, the bush burning,
Witchcraft, possession, tableturning,

Deucálion, Japhet, Cuman Sibyl,
Priest, prophet, oracle, ghost, saint, devil,
Apocrypha, Zend, Talmud, Edda,
Kóran, Purana, Schu-King, Veda —
In vain, in vain; it 's áll one haze,
Mist, darkness, labyrinthine maze,
One long inextricable riddle
Without beginning, end or middle;
At last the book before his eyes
Began to swim and thus he cries: —
"I can't tell what it 's all about;
Do hélp me, Sir, to make it out."

The master flew into a passion: —
"A myth, Sir, 's a creed out of fashion;
Now go, sit down again, and read
Your book, to find out what 's a creed."
"Thát much I think I guess." "Indeed!"
"A myth *in* fashion, Sir, 's a creed."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 28, 1854.

SOVEREIGN PEOPLE AND DIVINE RIGHT.

SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

Dówn! kiss the dust; thus on the nape of thy neck
I plant my iron heel, and thus I crush thee.

DIVINE RIGHT.

Crúsh, and spare not; thy crushing with new vigor
Antéan fills me for my resurrection.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 3, 1854.

HIST! COME DOWN.

Hist! come down;
In the whole town
 Nó one 's awake;
Cleár and bright
Thé starlight;
 Húsh, no noise make.

Nóthing fear,
Édward 's here,
 The ladder tight;
Néar the ground;
Thé last round;
 All right, all right.

Móunt the steed;
Neéd of speed;
 Thine árm round mé;
Sóft and slow
Fírst we 'll go,
 Then bold and free.

Streét the last;
Tówngate passed;
 Don't loók behind;
Swift with me
Ó'er the lea,
 Swift as the wind.

Break of day;
Fár away
See those gray walls;
Mine those towers,
Mine those bowers,
And lofty halls.

Mátn chime;
Ín good time
We 're át the gate;
Enter in
Hé rzogín;
On theé all wait.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 3, 1854.

IRISH THUGS.

BÁRNEY, clóse behind the ditch down;
Nót a stír until I bíd you;
Hé 's too fár off yét entírely;
Póint the múzzle, bút don't fire yet.

Whén you dó it, dó it coólly,
Yóu are dóing Gód good sérvíce;
Nót a bít of dánger ín it;
Nów he 's neárer; áre you réády?

Stáy; not yét — there 's sóme one cóming;
Fire! he hás it — hów he júmped up!
Wé 've both hít him, bút he 's nót dead —
Thrów the gún down; táke the hámmer.

Smásh his heáð into a jélly;
Whó 'd have thóught his skúll so hárd was?
Húrry nóthing, nó one 's cóming;
Róll him tó the dírch shóugh óver.

Thát 'll dó — give mé your coát now;
Hére, take míne; and úp the loánin.
Néver stóp till you 're past Biddy's.
Áfter máss — in Býrne's — next Súnday.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

BÚDDHA, thé humáne and kíndly,
Ás he trávelled thróugh a júngle,
Cáme to whére lay strétched a tigress
With her fóur cubs, weák and húngry.

Búddha with him you may guéss well
Nó food hád to suít a tigress,
Ánd the neárest hóuse was míles off,
Ánd the tigress' cáse was úrgent.

Whát hadst thou done, géntle réáder,
Hádst thou beén in his posítion?
Áh! I dóubt not, léft the tigress
With her cúbs to díe of húnger.

Ór hadst thou the nécessáry
Cóurage hád, and múrderous weápons,
Thou hadst sláin and óut of páin put
Bóth the tigress ánd her fóur cubs.

Bút a different heart was Búddha's,
Ánd his false religion taught him
Sýmpathý with áll things líving, .
Ánd to dó good, tó his ówn loss.

Ánd he 'd álwáys beén accústomed
Tó think húmbly óf his ówn self,
Ánd did nót belíeve God's créatures
Wére made sólely tó be mán's slaves.

Só he wént, and nót with Christian
Vérbal sélf-humiliátion,
Bút in fáct himsélf despising,
Ánd his féllow créature pítying,

Láid himsélf beside the tigress
Ánd her fóur cubs, fór their súpper —
Áll in váin! they 're too exháusted
Tó lay fáng or cláw upón him.

Gét up, Búddha, ánd be óff fast;
Thóú hast dóne enóugh in cónsience;
Cúrtius, Régulus ánd the Décii
Áre but égotists beside thee.

Different Búddha's wáy of thínking:
Fróm the gróund he picks a shárp stone,
Cúts his fínger ánd the bloód smears
Ón the tigress's and cúbs' lips.

Néver tó tired pílgim's párched mouth
Dróp of wine half só refréshing,
Ás the táste of Búddha's wárm blood
Tó the fámished cúbs and tigress.

First they licked their lips, their ears cocked,
And from sleep seemed as if waking,
Languidly on Buddha's head then
Laid one of the cubs his forepaws.

Buddha's pity 's not away thrown;
Taste of blood 's elixir vitae
For your Bluecoat and your Redcoat,
Why not for your jungle tigress?

With returning strength and fierceness
Fell the tigress and her four cubs
On the meal by Providence sent them,
And no bone left of kind Buddha.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 9, 1854.

O ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ.

IN my well bolstered study chair as once
In busy idleness I sat, reflecting
On human vanity, there came a thought
With such a lively motion 'cross my brain,
That from my seat I started and cried out,
Though there was no one within call or hearing: —
“I 'll do it and begin this very moment.
What though I 'm inexperienced, and before
Have never anything of a similar kind
Attempted, there 's a charm in novelty
That recompenses labor, failure, blunders;
Better and nobler even the abortive effort
Than sheer do-nothing, mere passivity,

Dull vegetation in my elbow chair." —
 So saying I rang the bell, and bade my servant
 Bring me a billet of wood out of the cellar,
 And a sharp knife, back-saw, and whetting stone,
 Oil and a chisel, and should any one
 Ask for me, enjoined him strictly he should answer
 That I was sick, busy, or dead, and could not,
 Would not, and at the peril of his place
 Should not be interrupted: — "For I was" —
 But here my prudence interposing cried: —
 "Silence!" and with my hand I motioned him
 Out of the room, and straightway fell to work.
 And, first, of all the unsightly prominences
 And residue of bark I cleared the billet,
 And, having satisfied myself that sound
 And suited for my purpose was the wood,
 Drew with the point of my knife a circle round it,
 Nearer so much to one end than the other,
 That one end for the head, the other end
 Might for the trunk serve and extremities
 Of the doll whose image, sketch or prototype
 Had for some days, weeks, months past, like a ghost,
 Haunted me day and night, sleeping and waking.
 The circle then with my knife's edge I notched,
 Deepened and widened, and by slow degrees
 Fashioned into a neck not utterly
 Inelegant or shapeless; next the corners
 So pared and rounded of the shorter end,
 That underneath my diligent hand I soon
 Began to see a head growing apace,
 With nose, ears, cheekbones, brow, and underjaw,
 And on the skull sufficient prominences,
 Moral and intellectual, to fill
 The heart of a phrenologist with rapture.

A transverse slit the mouth made, and for sockets
 The eyes had two holes burnt out with the red hot
 Point of an old, attenuated poker;
 Two kidney-beans, stripped of their shells and rounded,
 Did very well for eyeballs, and had each
 A pupil in a jet-black miniature wafer.
 The seat of reason and expression thus
 Completed happily, I had less care
 About the more ignoble parts; a few
 Bold, rough and rapid strokes turned all below
 The neck into the taper trunk of a *Hérmes*;
 Inscribed on which with eager, trembling hand
ΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ and the poet's name,
 I sat me down to admire and contemplate
 My handywork, and had perhaps till now
 Continued sitting, and admiring still,
 Had not a gentle tap come to the door,
 And, peeping in, my servant: — "Please, Sir — morning;
 And breakfast more than two hours on the table."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 7, 1854.

PERPETUALLY successive, in the gross
 Material circumambient atmosphere,
 The light of day, the darkness of the night;
 Perpetually alternate, in the fine
 Refined ether of the sentient spirit,
 Joy's radiant brightness and the shade of sorrow.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

LÓVELY 'tís indeéd, this gárden
With its áppletreés and róses,
Túlíp béds and stráwberry blóssoms —
Bút it is not Émma's gárden.

Smoóth and neát these grávelled wálks are,
Ánd not bý one weéd disfigured —
Bút they 're nó the wálks in which I
Úsed to stróll all dáy with Émma.

Sweetly óut of yónder thórbush
Thrills the bláckbird's évening whistle —
Bút it 's nó the évening bláckbird
Whistling únder Émma's window.

•Cheérful peéps that whitewashed cóttage
Throúgh the lílac ánd labúrnum —
Bút no Émma 's listening in it
Fór my foótlep át the hál door.

Whitewashed cóttage, thrílling bláckbird,
Grávelled wálks, and stráwberry blóssoms,
Yé are tó be hád in thousánds —
Bút I ónly knów *one* Émma.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

WOLF WOLF.

A húndred thousand yeárs ere
 Ádam was made, or Eve,
Sir Wólf was this world's máster,
 I 've heárd and dó believé.

“We dón't care fór those óld saws;
 Lét us have something néw;
What 's háppened so mány yeárs since,
 Who knóws if it be trué?”

I bég your pardon húmbly;
 Áge is best guaranteé
For the trúth of many a stóry;
 So listen, pray, to mé.

A húndred thousand yeárs ere
 Ádam and Eve were born,
Ór the far-famous six days
 Cóunted up even and morn;

Befóre the Irish fórests
 Were túrned into black bóg;
Befóre the realms of Frógdóm
 Were góverned by king Lóg;

Before the chalk deposits,
Before the sands of gold,
While yet about the fixed earth
The sun and planets rolled;

I 've heard, and do believe it,
Wolves were as numerous then,
And lived in the same manner
As now-a-days live men.

They had their town and country,
They had poor, rich, wise, great;
They had King, Lords and Commons,
They had the Fourth Estate.

Their Kings derived their titles
From a great wolf above,
Greater than Buddh or Bráhma,
Than Ódin, Thor or Jove.

They had their courts of justice,
And of injustice too,
And preyed upon each other
As men at present do.

They had their trade and commerce,
Exchanges and townhalls,
And flirted with fair wolves
At operas and balls.

They had their soldiers, sailors,
And great ships of the line,
Their Congreve rockets, cannon,
And Minie rifles fine;

And júst as unconcernedly
Would cut each other's throats
As if they Mussulmén were
Or Christians in red coats.

"And whát did those wolves fight for?
If we may be so bóld" —
If you hád not interrúpted,
It had beén already tóld.

Sometimes they fought for hónor,
Sometimes they fought for spite,
And sómetimes — would you think it? —
For a bit of lamb they 'd fight.

But whát they oftenest fought for,
All chrónicles declare,
Was whether red or yellow
Wás the great Wólfwolf's hair.

Sometimes the Reddites cónquered,
Sometimes the Yellowites —
Ah, many and many a bráve wolf
Fell in those bloody fights!

"Hów was the question settled?
It 's thát we 'd like to knów;
They 'd surely time to settler it,
It háppen'd so long ago."

Whenéver the Reddites conquered,
Wolfwólf, as it is said,
Grew red, all of a súdden,
And still continued red

Until such time as victory
For the Yéllowites déclared,
And thén as 'twere by miracle
Wolfwólf grew yellowhaired.

“How wás the question settled?
We wónt bear this suspense;
It 's not to be believed but
At lást they learned some sense.”

At lást to armistices
And prótocols they cáme,
And dréw up a convéntion
And úndersigned the sáme,

To thé effect that thénceforth
Wolfwólf from tail to head
On óne side should be yéllow
And ón the other réd.

“We 're really quite delighted
There 's an énd to the dispute;
There 's sómething very húman
In that ferocious brute.”

Unlúckily howéver
Not óne word had been said
Which side should be the yéllow
Or which should be the red;

So ón the morning áfter
The peáce was ratified
They fóught another báttle
The néw point to decide;

Neither would take the léft side,
And bóth would have the right,
And só they slew each óther
From mórning until night.

“But whát was Wólfwolf dóing
While théy were fighting so?
We ’re cúrious upon thát point;
Do téll us if you know.”

Wolfwólf — you need not dóubt it —
Had quíte enough to do,
Striving to please both párties
And always changing hue.

“But whát did it all cóme to,
For súde it had some énd?
Which of them got the right side?
Do téll us that, good friend.”

As thús both parties brávely
Contéded for the right,
And sléw each other nóbly
In fáir and open fight,

Anóther party, slily
Fórmíng itself by night,
Came dówn on the bellígerants
With óverwhelming might,

And right and left both Réddites
And Yéllowites hewed down,
Crýing: — ‘Up with the Brównites!
Wolfwólf was ever brown.’

“And whát then did Wolfwólf do?
He couldn't, sure, forsake
The friénds that had bled fór him,
Ór a new color take.”

Again I beg your párdon;
True tó his policy,
Wolfwólf with victory sided,
And chócolate brown was hé;

And Yéllowites and Réddites
Were hunted up and down
And cáptured on search warrants
Cóuntersigned: Wólfwolf brown;

And sóme on Wheels were broken,
And sóme burned at the stake;
The rést flayed, hanged or shót were;
Áll for brown Wólfwolf's sake;

And néver from that dáy forth,
As hístories declare,
Had Wólfwolf even so múch as
One réd or yellow hair.

“We thánk you for your stóry,
And óne and all agree —
If éver there was a villain,
Wolfwólf was surely he.”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 2, 1854.

MY DREAM IN BETHEL.

LAST night, methought, I fell asleep in Bethel,
And saw a ladder reaching to the clouds,
And on its rounds the poets of the world
Toward heaven ascending, each with golden harp
Or lyre in hand, and crown upon his head,
And flowing raiment of pure, dazzling white;
And on the lowest round I saw my shadow;
And, all about, the nations of the earth
Stood looking on and cheering; and behold,
As higher still and higher on the ladder
The poets mounted with their harps and lyres,
My shadow mounted not, but stood stock still
Upon the lowest round, till all the crowds,
That round the ladder's foot were gathered, vanished,
And other crowds came with new, strange hurrahs,
When suddenly my shadow grew gigantic
And, spreading out a pair of huge wings, soared
Above the ladder and all those upon it
Into the clouds, which opened and I saw
My shadow light upon the highest of two
Bright, snowy, mountain pinnacles that peered
Above the clouds into the clear blue ether —
Whereat with a loud cry of joy I woke.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 15, 1854.

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

A STETHOSCOPIST AND AN UNBORN CHILD.

THE UNIVERSITY OF

THE STATE OF

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A STETHOSCOPIST AND AN UNBORN CHILD.

STETHOSCOPIST (*applying the Stethoscope*). Holla! any one there?

CHILD (*within*). Who calls?

S. A friend.

C. Let me alone; what do you want?

S. The time 's come; all 's ready.

C. What time 's come? what 's all ready?

S. Warm water, clothes, and nurse.

C. What warm water? what clothes? what nurse?

S. Warm water to wash you, clothes to dress you, nurse to suckle you.

C. Don't want any of them — wont have any of them.

S. You must have them; you can't do without them.

C. I can, and I will; let me alone.

S. I wont let you alone, you must come — you must have them.

C. I say I wont. Who are you at all? or what have you to do with me?

S. I 'm the Doctor.

C. Who 's the Doctor? what 's the Doctor for?

S. To take care of you — to do you good.

C. I don't want any care; I don't want any good. I'm well enough as I am.

S. Come; you shall and must.

C. I wont; where do you want me to go? what do you want me to do? let me alone.

S. I want you to come here — to come to me.

C. Where are you?

S. Here.

C. Where?

S. Here.

C. Where 's here?

S. Here.

C. Go away; let me alone.

S. Come, I say.

C. I wont.

S. You must.

C. You 'll do something to me if I go.

S. Never mind, but come.

C. Tell me first will anything be done to me if I go.

S. Yes, you 'll be washed.

C. What 'll I be washed for?

S. To make you clean.

C. I 'm clean enough — let me alone. If I go, is that all will be done to me?

S. No; after you 're washed you 'll be dressed — the clothes will be put on you.

C. What for?

S. To keep the cold from you.

C. Then it 's cold where you are?

S. Yes.

C. I wont go.

S. You must.

C. I wont go where it 's cold.

S. You wont feel the cold once the clothes are on you.

C. Well, is that all? will it do when I've got the clothes on me?

S. No, you must get suck.

C. What 's suck for?

S. To keep you from growing sick; and dying.

C. What 's growing sick, and dying?

S. You can't understand that yet.

C. Well then, when I 'm washed and get on the clothes, and take the suck, is that all?

S. No; that 's only the beginning; after that you must get medicine.

C. What 's that?

S. Something to keep you from growing sick, and dying.

C. Then it 's the same as suck?

S. Not quite, but for the same purpose.

C. I wont go. It 's a bad place you 're in.

S. Good or bad, you must come.

C. Well, is there any thing else after the medicine, or is it the last?

S. Then the clothes are to be taken off you, and you are to be washed again.

C. And that 's all?

S. No; then the clothes will be put on you again, and you 'll get suck again, and then —

C. I tell you I wont go at all; let me alone; I wont talk to you any more.

S. Make haste.

No answer.

S. Make haste, I say.

No answer.

S. Holla! holla!

C. Let me alone; go out of that.

S. Are you coming?

C. No; would you have me go to where it 's cold, and where I must be washed twice, and put on clothes twice, and take suck twice, and medicine twice?

S. Like it or not it 's all one — come you must.

C. Well if you promise me that I 'll have to do all you say only twice —

S. I 'll make no promises — I 'd be sorry to deceive you.

C. Must I do it all more than twice?

S. Yes; very often — over and over again.

C. How often?

S. I don't know; very, very often. You 'll be always doing some one or other of these things, or having some one or other of these things done to you, or if not exactly one of these things, something pretty much the same.

C. How often in all do you think?

S. I really can't say how often; almost always until you die.

C. Die! I thought you said doing these things would keep me from dying.

S. Yes, for a little while, but not always.

C. How long?

S. I really can't say. You will die immediately if you don't do them; and not quite so soon if you do.

C. Then if I go, I think I wont do them at all. Better die a little sooner and save all the trouble.

S. You would not say that, if you knew what a terrible thing death is.

C. Go away; it 's very bad of you to want me to go to a place where there must be always something doing to me to keep me from dying, and where nothing will keep me long from it. I wonder you would ask me to go to such a place at all.

S. Staying where you are wont save you; you 'll die equally whether you stay there or come here.

C. Then I 'll stay here, where there 's nothing to be done to me, rather than go to you where there 's so much to be done to me to so little purpose.

S. But it makes a great difference whether you die where you are or here.

C. Why, what difference does it make? Didn't you say it was a terrible thing to die where you are? what worse can it be to die here?

S. A great deal worse — no comparison worse.

C. How 's that? I don't understand that; it 's dying in both cases; where you are, after much trouble and doing all manner of things to keep yourself from dying, and here, after no trouble at all.

S. Poor innocent child, how little you know about it! I pity you.

C. Do you know I think I 'd begin to like you if you wouldn't frighten me so. I 'd never have known any thing about dying if you hadn't told me — but what 's the difference between dying here and where you are? it 's dying, after all.

S. The difference is this: if you die where you are, you 'll remain dead for ever; if you die here, you 'll be made alive again, and never die any more.

C. Then my mind 's made up to staying and dying here. Alive, and dead, and then alive again, seems to me a very clumsy round-about way; once dead, I think one may as well remain dead, and no more about it; especially if the life one is to have after being made alive again, is anything like the life you say you have where you are.

S. I shudder when I hear you talk so. It is an awful thing to die and remain dead for ever.

C. As to the dying, you have it equally whether you remain dead or are made alive again; and as to the remaining dead, who knows but if I were made alive again I would come in for as bad a life as you say you have where you are.

S. It would be either a great deal better or a great deal worse than this; certainly not the same — not like this at all.

C. Would it be like what I have here?

S. No, not at all — quite different.

C. Then how do I know that I would like it?

S. If you happened upon the one that is worse than this, you certainly would not like it, for it is made on purpose that you should not; but if you happened upon the other, it is equally certain that you would like it, for it is made on purpose that you should.

C. And which would I be most likely to happen on?

S. Why, to tell you the truth, you would be beyond all comparison most likely to happen on the one you wouldn't like.

C. What are the odds?

S. I don't know precisely; some say a thousand to one, some say a hundred thousand to one, some a million to one.

C. I believe you take me for a fool.

S. Why?

C. To suppose I would think for a minute of running such a chance. But stay — would I be let come back again if I didn't like that second life?

S. No; never.

C. And, I must always stay in it no matter how much I disliked it?

S. Yes; for ever and ever and ever without end.

C. And do you really think me such a fool? No; if I must die I 'll stay and die here, where I am sure of not being made alive again. I 'll run none of your chances.

S. By doing so you lose all chance; not only the chance of the bad life, but the chance of the good one also.

C. How do I know I would like the good life, as you call it, even if I was so lucky as to get it? maybe I mightn't think it good at all; and even if I should find it as good as you say, I wouldn't like to go and live where you are, in order to get it; it is a shocking idea to me, to go where I must be always washing, and putting on and off clothes, and taking suck and medicine, and then, after all, dying, and being made alive again with nine hundred and ninety nine chances in a thousand that I would get a life made purposely to be disagreeable to

me and in which I must stay and live for ever, and only one chance in a thousand of my getting a life intended to be agreeable to me, and if I should be so fortunate as to hit upon that thousandth or hundred thousandth or millionth chance, finding after all that it was the very kind of life that above all others I hated.

S. I say again you don't know what an awful thing it is to remain dead for ever.

C. How do you know better than I? Were you ever dead for ever?

S. No; certainly not.

C. Then how do you know it 's such a terrible thing?

S. Why really I don't know from experience, but I guess it is so.

C. Then it 's nothing but a guess you 're making all this work about. Can you tell me what being dead for ever and never made alive again is like?

S. No, I cannot.

C. And yet it 's so awful? It 's being made alive again should be awful to you, and not being let remain dead.

S. Why?

C. Because the second life must be at least something like the first else it wouldn't be life at all, and the first according to your own account of it is awful enough.

S. I have just thought of something that being dead for ever is like.

C. Well, let 's hear.

S. Why, I should think it 's very like the state we were in during the past Ever.

C. What state 's that?

S. The state of not being at all — the state of nothing, or nothingness.

C. Well, at all events there 's nothing bad in nothing — neither good nor bad; it 's sheer nothing, and therefore neither bad nor awful.

S. I see there 's no use in arguing with you.

C. Not a bit, unless you argue better than you have done yet. Every word you have said has only made me more determined to stay where I am.

S. I wanted to persuade you to agree to what you couldn't help — to do willingly what you must do whether you will or no.

C. You have just produced the opposite effect.

S. Well, I must say I rejoice that it does not depend on your will; that you will be forced to your good.

C. It 's a sad condition to be forced to do what you think good, and I think bad. Would you like to be forced to do what I think good, and you think bad?

S. No matter whether I would like it or not, it 's the very condition in which you are.

C. Alas! Alas! what a sad condition! well at all events I 'll stay here till I 'm forced.

S. If you only knew what a fine thing is to happen to you on the road, you 'd be in a hurry to come at once — you 'd think you never could be here soon enough.

C. Hah! hah! hah!

S. What makes you laugh?

C. I 'm laughing at yourself. When you find you can't frighten me into what you want, you think you 'll try what coaxing and cajoling will do. Go on; what fine thing 's to happen me?

S. On the way between where you are and where I am, you 're to get a soul.

C. A soul! what 's that?

S. I can't describe it to you better then by saying it 's a soul, a spirit.

C. At least you can tell me what it 's like.

S. No, I can't.

C. Did you ever see one?

S. No, I never did.

C. Did you ever feel one?

- S. No, never.
- C. Ever taste, or smell, or hear one?
- S. No.
- C. Have you one yourself?
- S. Yes.
- C. Have you it long?
- S. Yes; as long as I can remember.
- C. Then surely you must have either seen or felt or tasted or smelled or heard it before this.
- S. No.
- C. Then how do you know you have it?
- No answer.*
- C. What use is it to you?
- No answer.*
- C. Where did you get it?
- S. On the way between where you are and where I am.
- C. Then you were once here?
- S. Not exactly there, but in a precisely similar place.
- C. And were forced out of it as I am to be forced out of this?
- S. Yes.
- C. And got the soul on the way?
- S. Yes.
- C. Whereabouts on the way did you get it?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Was it near here or near there?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Was it waiting for you, or was it coming to meet you?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Where was it before you got it?
- S. I don't know.
- C. What did you do with it when you got it?
- S. Nothing.
- C. But you're quite sure you got it?
- S. Yes, perfectly sure.

- C. And have it still?
- S. Yes.
- C. Where?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Was there warm water and clothes and suck and medicine waiting for you too?
- S. Yes.
- C. Maybe the soul was in some of them.
- S. No; I got it first.
- C. Between the place you were forced out of, and the first washing?
- S. Yes.
- C. Was it far between?
- S. No, quite close.
- C. That was lucky; you hadn't to go far looking about for it.
- S. No; I hadn't to look for it; I didn't know any thing about it at all.
- C. Then nobody had told you about it, as you have told me?
- S. No; I was forced out at once without any notice.
- C. My obligation to you 's the greater.
- S. I beg you 'll not mention it.
- C. It 's well you got it at all, as you weren't expecting it, didn't know anything about it, and couldn't either have seen or felt it, if you had; I suppose it knew about you.
- S. I think it must, else how so exactly hit the nick of time?
- C. Wouldn't it have done equally well a little later — suppose after your first being washed and dressed and getting suck and medicine?
- S. No; not by any means as well.
- C. Why?
- S. I might have died in the interval, and then what would have become of me?
- C. You needn't ask me; it 's I should ask you; tell me what would have become of you in that case.
- S. I should have remained dead for ever.

C. Now I begin to understand you; it 's by means of this soul you get the second life. Am I right?

S. Perfectly; the soul is immortal, never dies.

C. Then the soul has only one life; what never dies can't have two lives, unless it has them both together.

S. Certainly.

C. But you die, don't you?

S. Yes, to be sure.

C. And are made alive again?

S. Yes.

C. Then while you 're dead what becomes of the soul that never dies?

S. I never thought of that.

C. Well, no matter about that; I suppose it will be taken care of, as it was before you got it.

S. I have no doubt of it.

C. It will be kept for you and you 'll get it again when you 're made alive the second time, just as you got it when you were made alive the first time?

S. I suppose so; there can indeed be no doubt of it.

C. Then after all it 's not by means of the soul you get the second life, any more than it 's by means of the soul you get the first life; on the contrary you get the soul after you have already got the second life, just as you get the soul after you have already got the first life. If I 'm not right I hope you 'll correct me.

S. You must be right, for it 's certain I die, and it 's equally certain the soul never dies.

C. Then the way is really this: First you 're made alive, as I am now, without any soul; then you go from where I am to where you are, and on the way you get the soul; then you die, and, as the soul never dies, it leaves you and you are without a soul again; then you are made alive again, and then finally you get the soul again.

S. Just so; I think that is a very clear account of the matter.

C. You 're made alive first each time, and get the soul after; and the first time you get the soul it doesn't hinder you from dying, but the second time it does.

S. Yes.

C. It 's a pity it hasn't the virtue the first time you get it.

S. Aye, that it is! then we 'd have no dying at all; that indeed would be the fine thing!

C. I don't mean that it would be better there should be no dying — unless indeed one would be allowed to stay always where I am at present — but as you tell me that can't be, and that I must go to where you are whether I like it or not, then I think it 's better there should be dying, provided only that dying was final and would put an end to your trouble; but as you inform me again that it 's not final and will not put an end to your trouble, but rather be the beginning of it, and that after being dead for a while, you are to be made alive again, and live on for ever, just as if you had never been dead, then I think it better to have no dying, at all, for what is it but mere lost trouble — sheer bad management — bother for nothing? — Stay, what 's that pulling me? Is that the soul? am I getting the soul now?

S. As there 's no use in talking to you —

C. Oh! oh! oh! don't pull me so hard.

S. Come along — this way — come along —

C. Oh! oh! oh!

S. Come along, I say — come along, my little philosopher — come along —

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 4, 1854.











